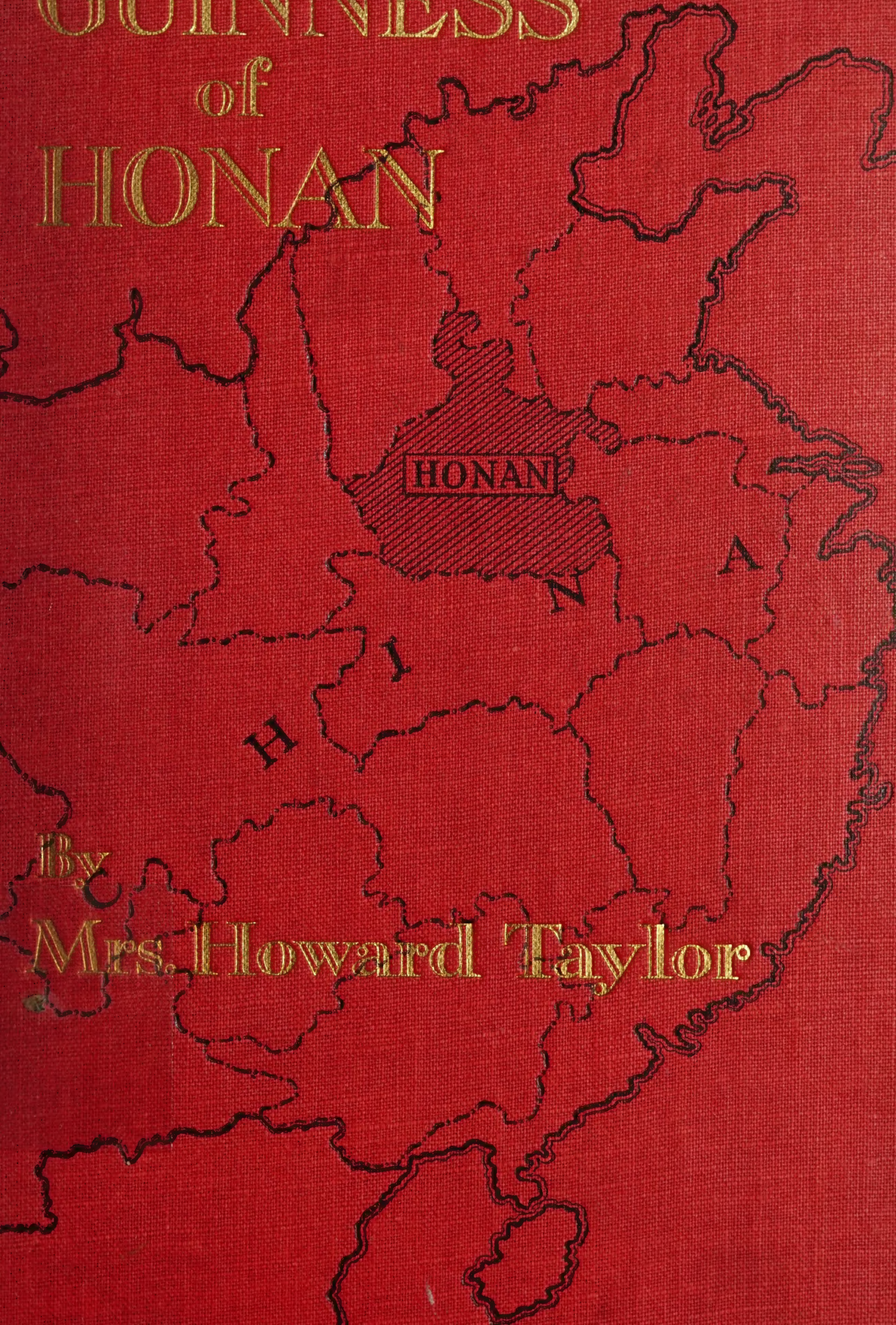
GUINNESS of HONAN

By
Mrs. Howard Taylor


HONAN
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GUINNESS OF HONAN

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G. WHITFIELD GUINNESS

For thirty years Doctor and Missionary in the Province of Honan

GUINNESS OF HONAN

BY HIS SISTER

MRS. HOWARD TAYLOR

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THE CHINA INLAND MISSION, LONDON
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TO THE ONE WHOSE LOVE
AND STEADFAST SPIRITUAL LIFE
MADE WHITFIELD GUINNESS'S HOME WHAT IT WAS
AND TO THE SON AND DAUGHTER
WHO BY THE GRACE OF GOD
ARE FOLLOWING IN HIS STEPS

FOREWORD

HONAN is one of China's most populous provinces. South of the Yellow River it has some thirty million inhabitants, and north of the river several millions more. Its influence is evident from the fact that it has ruled China under seven dynasties, one or other of its cities having during 2500 years been the capital of the empire. To-day it is one of the chief storm-centres in that land.

Among the pioneers of the China Inland Mission in Honan was the "beloved physician" whose life-story is recorded in these pages. He had the privilege of opening, with Dr. Sydney Carr, the first hospital in Honan south of the Yellow River, and of being throughout most of his thirty years in China the leader in its fruitful spiritual work. That work, to-day, needs our prayers, sympathy, and succour more than ever before. Two doctors are trying to fill the place of four or five. The opportunities around them are overwhelming. They long to reach out to other parts of the province, in the sphere of the mission, where Christian communities exist which could give much assistance, where no doctor or hospital is to be found, and where multitudes might be blessed with healing for body and soul.

The Kai-feng Hospital stands to-day amid a veritable welter of confusion and suffering. Like a lighthouse on a stormy coast, or a haven of refuge, it is needed by those in peril, buffeted amid dangers and distresses of which we in the homelands have little conception. And all over China such succour is needed. Surely that land, "the open sore of the world" to-day, presents the greatest opportunity the Church has ever known for her ministry of healing, in fellowship with Him Whose heart is still "moved with compassion" for the suffering bodies and perishing souls of men.

That this book may show something of the joy of such a life and of its rich reward is the prayer of those who, in His Name, send it forth, having given in it of their best.

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CHAPTER I

PARIS AND BEGINNINGS

WHITFIELD GUINNESS was born in Paris on the 25th of April, 1869. The gaiety and beauty of the French capital were enhanced with the charm of spring, and there was little to presage the serious crisis that was drawing near. Napoleon III. was on the throne and at the Court of Versailles the Empress Eugenie reigned in the height of her loveliness. But the war she was pleased to call "*ma guerre*" was soon to lay her unfortunate ambitions, together with the empire, in the dust.

Almost at the moment war was declared (July, 1870), while the fateful message from Paris was on its way to Berlin, Mr. and Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness left the doomed city to return to England, according to previous arrangement, little realizing that the events taking place were to have far-reaching issues in their lives. With them, too, a time of crisis had been reached, but a crisis that was to lead upward to undreamed-of developments. Processions were parading the streets; groups of French *ouvriers* in cap and blouse were to be met with in all directions shouting, "à Berlin, à Berlin!" Whitfield was only a baby of fifteen months, but the older children could never forget the tumult and excitement, and the sight of the nurse carrying their little brother thrown down in the crowd of passing vehicles and nearly run over. The child's life was saved that day—for impossible as it seemed, he was recovered from the horses' hoofs without injury. For him, too, a life-work was waiting.

Though still comparatively young, to Mr. and Mrs. Guinness had been given the privilege of widespread usefulness. Even before he left College, at twenty-two years of age, the former had for three months supplied the pulpit of Whitefield's great Tabernacle in London, and had received a unanimous invitation to undertake the pastorate. As the venerable Dr. Urwick of Dublin, who had baptized him in infancy, himself a noted preacher, wrote at the time:

> His engagement at the Tabernacle did much to determine Mr. Guinness's career. In that spacious edifice, revered and almost accounted holy, as having been built and occupied by the illustrious George Whitefield, he had the memory of that great evangelist vividly present with him. He sat in the vestry which Whitefield once used. As he entered the pulpit he could not but feel that Whitefield had ascended it before him. When he surveyed the crowd assembled around him he reflected that equal or greater numbers had crowded the same pews, benches and aisles, as Whitefield's congregation. On rising to offer prayer or to preach the Word, he was conscious that Whitefield had risen there to pour out his soul in supplication and declare the whole counsel of God, his labours being followed by astonishing effects. With these associations telling week after week upon him he was deeply moved with firm resolve, by the help of God, according to his measure, to live and labour for Christ and souls as Whitefield had a century before him.
>
> Pursuant to this resolution he was ordained as an "evangelist" in July, 1857. The service was held in the Tabernacle, ministers of several denominations taking part in it, as recognizing that he was in their judgment called of God to the work, and devoutly commending him to the favour of the Divine Lord in whose employ he was engaged. The proceedings were deeply solemn, and opened to him a range without limit or

trammel, save such as his own infirmity and God's providence might impose.[1]

Leaving London the day after his ordination, he paid a passing visit to Cheltenham, where his mother lived, and the very next Sunday began an evangelistic journey throughout the whole of Wales. While many of the meetings were held in churches, some had to be in the open air—thousands of people flocking to hear the Word. Similar work was undertaken in many parts of England and Scotland, attended with so much blessing that a generation later his own children met with hundreds of people widely scattered throughout the world who attributed their conversion, under God, to Grattan Guinness's ministry, and who in almost every case could tell the passage of Scripture and the very words from which the young evangelist had spoken.

Invited by Dr. Urwick and other ministers in Dublin, Mr. Guinness commenced there in 1858 a series of meetings which extended to *every town in Ireland.* His life was more than once in danger in Limerick and other places, but the hunger for the Word of Life evinced by crowds of eager hearers drew him on. In Dublin, admission had to be by ticket, the throngs were so great, but even so buildings were crowded to their utmost capacity long before the hour for commencing, and that twice daily. A leading daily paper wrote:

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[1] Of these circumstances Mr. Guinness himself wrote: "On the 10th of June (1857) at a meeting of the deacons of the Tabernacle, I was invited to become the Pastor, but after serious and prayerful consideration declined the proposition, feeling called to evangelistic work in the wider sphere opened to me in the country at large.

"On Wednesday the 29th of July, I was ordained in the Tabernacle, in the presence of an audience which filled the place, to the work of an itinerant, interdenominational evangelist. . . . The whole service was deeply moving."

> Few preachers have ever addressed congregations more influential. . . . The wealth, the respectability, the cultivated intellect as well as the evangelistic piety of the city have been represented in a measure unprecedented, we believe, on such occasions in this country. Judges, members of Parliament, distinguished orators, Fellows of College, the lights of various professions and, to a considerable extent, the rank and fashion of this gay metropolis have been drawn together daily. On Wednesday morning the Lord Lieutenant was present, with the gentlemen of His Excellency's household; and yesterday morning we observed among the audience the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Justice of Appeal, and Baron Pennefather.
>
> Such a preacher is a great power, prepared and sent forth by God for the good of the Catholic Church, and as such Mr. Guinness has been hailed by all denominations.

In the country places it was the same. Descended from an old Irish family,[1] Mr. Guinness was well able to understand and appreciate the character of the people for whom his heart was burdened. As Dr. Urwick wrote soon after:

> Without an exception, the welcome he met with in the provinces resembled that in Dublin. Altogether, nothing to compare with it had been known in Ireland within living memory. An announcement that he was to preach was enough to put the population on the move. The largest buildings available failed to accommodate the numbers who thronged to hear him. . . . The local press everywhere chronicled and commented on his appearances as leading topics of interest. Letters applying for his services poured in from all parts of the country, beyond the power of acknowledgment. Wellnigh as numerous were the notes from inquirers, seeking spiritual help.

Looking back upon it all in later years, Mr. Guinness could see "a gracious Providence in this widespread work of evangelization *which heralded the great revival of* 1859.

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[1] The Magennises of Iveagh in the County Down were his ancestors, "a family allied by ties of blood with almost all the distinguished native and Anglo-Irish families of Ireland". The name became modified to MacGennis and finally Guinness.

See *The Four Masters*, and other ancient records.

"The Spirit seemed to brood over crowded congregations. What upturned faces; what falling tears; what a solemn hush on audiences spellbound under the power of infinite, spiritual realities!"

When the blessing of that wonderful revival was at its height, Mr. Guinness was already in America, called over by a similar movement taking place in the United States. Urgently invited by a number of ministers in Philadelphia, of various denominations, he spent three months there and in New York, passing on subsequently to other cities and to Canada. There was little rest between the great, crowded meetings, for so many were burdened about their condition before God that they came seeking help, often in great distress of mind. Years before, as early even as 1856, when he was preaching in the open air and the Town Hall of Cheltenham, his mother's house would be filled with anxious inquirers, seeking salvation, sometimes no fewer than seventy in one day.

Worn with five years of such work, the young evangelist had at length to seek rest and quietness for a time, and found himself on the north coast of Devon, at Ilfracombe, a place ever afterwards memorable to him and his. For there he met, all unexpectedly, the one who was to be his crowning gift from God.

Fond of rowing—having spent a year at sea in boyhood—he had escaped from everyone and everything, and with long strokes of the oar was gliding under the cliffs one day, little thinking that in the merry party on the rocks above was the woman who of all others could complete his life. Often he had prayed for one who would be a true helpmeet. But he had no home to offer, no salary to depend upon, for never in his life did he stipulate for financial returns for the work to which he was called of God. He was looking to the Lord for the supply of his daily needs, on the strength of the Divine promise, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you". At twenty-five years of age, with a reputation that comes to few preachers in a lifetime, absorbed in his work and constantly giving out to others, he was lonely in heart as only those set apart from their fellows by great responsibilities can be.

Fanny FitzGerald, sketching on the cliffs that day, was somewhat in the same position. Left an orphan at eight years old, she had been adopted into a quiet Quaker family, and had found much need as time went on to curb the proud spirit of her Irish ancestors. Coming of a long line of soldiers and leaders in social and political life, she had the warm enthusiasms and brilliant temperament of the clan of which it was said, "the history of the FitzGeralds was for many centuries the history of Ireland".[1] Years of discipline, the practical limitations of a life in which she worked as a teacher while caring for her adopted mother, had strengthened and deepened an already rich nature and had taught her many lessons of faith in God. To her He was a real Father and His Word was her delight. She had long studied it with intelligence, profiting greatly by the teaching of the "Brethren", who at that time were so saintly and united a body that it was like heaven on earth to be among them.

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[1] Quoted from an ancient volume on "the great, historic families of Britain".

And so these lives were brought together. There at Ilfracombe they met. In Bath, where Miss FitzGerald was living, they saw more of one another. And then a single evening did the rest—one memorable evening spent in quiet intercourse over the Bible.

> Because the day through all the years was fixed;
> Because our inmost beings met and mixed . . .

Recalling that evening long after, Mr. Guinness wrote: "I felt that I had found, for the first time in my life, a woman with a mind and soul that answered to my own. With her I was no longer alone."

Within three months the simple wedding had taken place in the Friends' Meeting House in Bath, and bride and bridegroom were on their way to America to begin the pilgrimage and service of their united lives.

Six years later (in 1866) they were in Dublin, and Mr. Guinness was carrying on, in addition to his evangelistic work, a class for young men who desired to prepare themselves for missionary service at home or abroad. More and more his heart was drawn to the great unreached fields of the world, so that when a pamphlet fell into his hands entitled *China's Spiritual Need and Claims*, he was ready for its burning message. Young Hudson Taylor, at home on furlough from China, pleaded for the eleven vast provinces of the interior in which were more than two hundred million people waiting for the message of salvation. Not a single Protestant missionary was to be found in that vast region, where month by month a million souls were passing from the sin and darkness of this life into eternity without God.

Finding himself in Liverpool for meetings, Mr. Guinness was unexpectedly brought into touch with the returned missionary and heard of the way the Lord had been leading him in China, responding to very simple faith and raising up a group of converts who were carrying on the work. Eager to give his young men the opportunity of hearing him for themselves, Mr. Guinness urged Mr. Taylor to return with him to Dublin, and had the satisfaction of sending word to Bagot Street that they were coming.

It was evening when the class assembled, and young Barnardo among others was on the tiptoe of expectation. When the tall figure of their leader appeared, Mr. Guinness seemed to be alone, but a moment later he stood aside and Mr. Taylor entered. Small, quiet and unassuming, he was so different from the pioneer missionary they had expected that Barnardo, who was of like stature, whispered impulsively to M'Carthy, "There's hope for me!"

No words can describe the hour that followed nor the power of God that came down in that quiet room, as the reality of what it means to be "put in trust with the Gospel" was brought home to prepared hearts. Six of the young men present offered for China, four of whom subsequently joined the Inland Mission,[1] with no promise of salary but with a certainty of precious fellowship in the sufferings of Christ. To Mr. and Mrs. Guinness also the call came for deeper consecration, as they wrote:

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[1] Barnardo, who offered at the same time and for years hoped to go to China as a missionary, was drawn, as is well known, into work at home for suffering, neglected children.

From our intercourse with Mr. Taylor we acquired an intense conviction that love and fidelity to Christ demand of Christians immensely more missionary service than they are rendering. It led us to feel that while millions, tens of millions, hundreds of millions of our fellow-creatures are living and dying without ever having heard of a Saviour, we ought not to act as if Christendom were the great or even the principal sphere for Gospel work. . . . We saw that to evangelize among those who are professing Christians already is not to fulfil our Lord's last behest, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature", and our souls were exercised as to personal duty in the matter.

It was under these convictions that the poem "The Voice of Thy Brother's Blood" was written. The fact embodied in its refrain, "A million a month in China are dying without God", weighed so solemnly on our hearts that we offered to go ourselves as missionaries. Our friend Mr. Hudson Taylor, whose experience enabled him to form a wise judgment, considered that for various reasons we could serve the cause more effectively by staying at home; and the seeking out and training of suitable men even then presented itself as an effective way of doing so.

Several years were to elapse, however, before this thought came to fruition. Meanwhile, Mr. Taylor went on his way to China with the first party of the Inland Mission, little thinking that one of the children he had held on his knee in Dublin was to be come his daughter-in-law and with her husband write the story of the wonderful work into which God was leading him.

But though Mr. and Mrs. Guinness were not privileged to go in person to China, the missionary spirit more and more possessed them. Far nearer home, they knew, there were great needy spheres, and to one of these their way soon opened. They did not know of the earnest prayers going up in Paris for an outpouring of spiritual blessing in that gay and godless city, nor of the terrible judgment so soon to fall upon it, but it was to

Paris they were led, that stronghold of Romanism and infidelity.

Paris at that time was untouched by the tide of revival which in Great Britain and America had swept many thousands into the Kingdom of God. The work of M'All and Saillens was yet to be begun and the Salvation Army had not come into existence. But a few earnest people were meeting daily to wait upon God for an outpouring of His Holy Spirit. As they gathered in a quiet room on the Avenue de Montaigne, they may have seemed to be doing little or nothing to touch the situation around them, but "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of". At that very time God was laying those needs on the hearts of His servants in Ireland, with the result that Mr. and Mrs. Guinness decided to spend a year or two in the French capital and provinces. They knew nothing of that praying group, but soon found in them a nucleus of willing fellow-workers. With the aid of such well-known leaders as M. Bersier, the Monods, De Pressensé and Armand Delille the work took on extensive proportions. Halls were engaged in seventeen different parts of Paris and eight hundred meetings were held, drawing in thousands from the crowded thoroughfares who thus heard the Gospel in its simplicity for the first time.

It was not all smooth sailing. There were discouraging, lonely days when Mr. and Mrs. Guinness learned more of what it means to be a stranger in a strange land. Their children, however, were a constant comfort—a boy of eight and two younger girls, chatting away in French as easily as in English. And then, at Easter, came the happy event which the father recorded in the following note in his Bible:

> *Sunday, April* 25, 1869.—Rose at 5 A.M. Walked and sat in the open air till nearly seven, with English Bible. Returned, exceedingly refreshed in soul and body. Song of S. 6. 10-13. "Early will I seek Thee."
>
> On the same day at 2 P.M. *our little son was born*, to whom we have given the name, Gershom Whitfield.[1] With his first cry ascended my prayers for his salvation.

Looking back through the mist of years, one is impressed with the inspiration the children found, even then, in their parents. The link was all the closer for the reason of their being, in a sense, homeless. Father and mother were home to them, the heart and centre as well as the circumference of their lives. And then mother was so unusual—like no one else! In things great and small she seemed to have a way all her own.

One afternoon, for example, a lady called to see her when Whitfield was about eight months old. Finding Mrs. Guinness out she went into the nursery to watch from its western window a specially fine sunset. But the baby seemed determined to engross attention, as she recalled:

> He was a fine little fellow with a will of his own which something had crossed, and he let us know it. His nurse did all she could to stop his screams, but without the least effect. Nothing quieted him, and we were nearly in despair when his mother entered the room. She went straight to the nurse, took the yelling child from her arms, carried him to the window and held him up, saying—"Look!"
>
> There was instant silence. The child's mind was taken off himself entirely. It was not a vacant stare but a look of beautiful intelligence which lit up his eyes as he gazed at the glowing sky.

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[1] The name, Whitfield, was chosen as a link with the great evangelist, and Gershom because of its meaning, "*a stranger here*".

It was a face to gladden a mother's heart, and as she stood there for quite three minutes she watched it intently, both of them bathed in the sunset glory. Then, without a word, she handed the quieted child back to the nurse and turned to me to speak of other things, not at all aware that she had given me one of the finest object-lessons of my life.[1]

Before leaving Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Guinness had the joy of seeing the work they had been instrumental in founding pass into the hands of the gifted and devoted Pastor Armand Delille. The English chapel on the Rue Royale continued to be the scene of the principal daily meetings, and there, in the very heart of Paris, between the Madeleine and the Place de la Concorde, a spring of living water welled up for the refreshment of multitudes. All through the terrible months of the siege and of the Commune which followed, those doors were kept open, and thousands of suffering civilians and soldiers found there the comfort the world could not give. For many years after the war the good work continued, and not a few saved in the Rue Royale became in their turn preachers of the Gospel and witnesses to the transforming power of Christ.[2]

Obliged to seek a more settled home for their children Mr. and Mrs. Guinness returned to Bath, and there an unexpected trial turned their lives into the new channel. How often it is so—that we have to be held up, made to pause in quietness, before the Lord can give the wider vision!

To the little family it seemed a serious calamity when an accident laid the mother aside with a badly fractured leg, and for months she could not leave her couch. Mr. Guinness had to be more at home, and with his books about him was free for consecutive thought and study. In the papers, day by day, news was coming of the devastating progress of the war. The spectacle of Paris—the city in which they had recently held so many Gospel services—suddenly invested by German armies, surrounded by a gigantic ring of artillery fire from which there was no escape, of the tragic fall of Napoleon, the rise of united Germany and the unification of Italy, clearly pointed to the passing away of the old order of things on the Continent and the advent of a new era. Nor was this all, for linked with the crushing defeat of France and the unexpected developments in Italy came the sudden downfall of the agelong temporal power of the Vatican.

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[1] Miss Kate Drew tells the sequel to this experience in a little booklet called *The Escape Upward.* Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling, Scotland.

[2] Pastor Hirsch, one of the most noted evangelists and preachers in Paris, was converted through attending the Rue Royale meetings.

While still on the Continent, Mr. Guinness had met with an experience in Spain which profoundly impressed him. It was in Madrid, where a number of workmen making a road had come upon a stratum covering the brow of a low hill. Unexpectedly they had cut into a broad bank of ashes, buried for a couple of centuries. Mingled with the ashes they found a quantity of charred human bones, with fragments of rusted iron and melted lead. The spot was soon verified as the famous Quemadero, or place of burning, one of the twelve localities where so-called "heretics" were burned in Spain during the reign of the Inquisition.

> I found [wrote Mr. Guinness] that the road had been cut through the centre of this band of blackened bones and ashes. The strange stratum displayed seemed about six feet in depth

and covered quite a large area. There, exposed to the light of day, were the actual remains of Spanish martyrs. I stood in silence before the ghastly fact. I had seen before not a little of Romanism, on the Continent and in other places, and had read of those who had suffered in past ages cruel deaths at the hands of priests and inquisitors on account of their faith in the pure Gospel and testimony against superstition and idolatry. Now for the first time I found myself face to face with a terrible demonstration of the truth of these histories.

There, lying before me, were the bones and ashes of martyrs who had died at the stake. I could examine them, and did. Reverently I removed some from the general mass and wrapped them in a Spanish newspaper which I still possess, bearing the date of the day. Sadly turning from the spot, I carried the parcel to my hotel, where that evening, under the influence of strong emotion, I wrote the following lines:

Ye layers of ashes, black and half-burnt bones,
Ye monuments of martyrs' stifled moans,
Of human agony and dying groans,
Cry out till every ear has heard your tones!
Cry till the murderess tremble, though her brain
Is drunken with the blood of millions slain.

She did not mean to show you: 'twas the spade
Of simple workmen which your horrors laid
Unearthed and bare before the light of day.
They only dug to open a new way.
As they advanced the ground beneath them grew
In patches softer, changed its wonted hue,
And with the smell of death defiled the air.
They dug and they discovered, layer on layer,
Black bones and rusted chains and human hair,
And iron nails and bits of melted lead
And the burnt fuel of unnumbered dead.

They cut the heap across, it crowns a hill—
Its length is shown, its breadth lies buried still—
Doubtest thou, reader? I was there to-day;
I saw them at their work; I brought away
Some pitiful remains, which, while I write
These very words are lying in my sight.

A piece of paper on this table holds
Some of this martyr-dust within its folds.
I pause and gently touch it with my hand;
It is not common earth, it is not sand.
I look at it—the tears have filled my eyes.
My God! What is it that before me lies?

. . . . . .

O Rome, thou mother of a cherished race,
Blush not to show the world thy kindly face!
Thy bosom—hide its demons! hush—thy breast,
'Tis here alone that suffering men find rest.
How mild the chastisements thy love has used
Whene'er thy children have thy laws refused!
Gentle coercion! Pity's tender tones!
Tell me, thou murderess black, what mean these bones?

These bones before me, those upon that hill,
Who, what were these, thus slaughtered by thy will?
What did these helpless women, these poor men?
Why did'st thou shut them up in thy dark den?
Why did'st thou rack their limbs and starve their frames,
And cast them, bound, into devouring flames?

True, they reproached thee for thy crimes and lies
And prayed for thee with sin-forgiving sighs,
Thy multiplied idolatries abhorred,
No Mediator honoured but their Lord,
Condemned thy priestcraft and thy love of gold,
Clung to God's Word and for its truths were bold,
Adorned by blamelessness the Name they bore,
Loved not their lives to death. What did they more?
Were they adulterers, these prisoned saints,
Or murderers, these who died without complaints?

Hush! for they sleep in Jesus—soft their bed.
His suffering saints their Lord hath comforted.
Hush! for the sevenfold wrath of God grows hot:
Hush! for His righteous judgment slumbereth not.

What was Mr. Guinness's amazement when that very year—within a few weeks of its highest self-exaltation, when the Pope was declared infallible—*the sovereignty of the Papacy suddenly fell* and Rome became a part of united Italy![1] Those were epoch-making days, and to Mr. Guinness's mind the question could not but present itself: "What has the Word of God to say about these events? What has it indicated as to the rise, course, and fall of the papal power?"

Already a student of the prophetic Scriptures, Mr. Guinness now gave himself to thorough investigation of the whole subject. The quiet of their home in Bath gave opportunity for research and Mrs. Guinness's long convalescence afforded leisure to discuss with her husband the conclusions to which he was led. The result was a volume published some years later, though begun at this time, which expressed their mature convictions—

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[1] "It was on the 18th of July, 1870, that the great Œcumenical Council, meeting in Rome, promulgated the decree of the infallibility of the Pope as head of the church universal. The dogma was read by candle-light amid the rolling thunders of the storm which broke over the city:

" 'The definitions of the Roman Pontiff are of themselves, and not from the consent of the Church, *irreformable*. But if anyone presume to contradict this our definition, let him be Anathema.' "

The reader ceased. The storm alone was speaking. For a moment no human tone disturbed the air. But memory was repeating *two terrific words*, and imagination kept saying that the winds were whispering, "Irreformable! Anathema!"

Speedily was the blasphemy of this decree rebuked by the Most High! The very day that it was published, there was dispatched from Paris to Berlin the declaration of war which sealed the fate of the second French Empire, and with it that of the temporal power of the Papacy. We know what followed. . . . Before the end of the year, France lay bleeding and prostrate at the feet of her Protestant foes, without an army in the field or an ally in Europe. And we know also how, long before this crisis arrived in France—Rome having been evacuated by the French troops, which were sorely needed at home—the Pontifical government fell before the advance of Victor Immanuel. Rome decided by an overwhelming vote for union with Italy, and was with its surrounding territories incorporated with the Italian kingdom in October, 1870.

From *History Unveiling Prophecy*, by H. Grattan Guinness, D.D., p. 354, who in this passage quotes from *The Pope, the Kings and the People*, by the Rev. William Arthur, author of *The Tongue of Fire*.

The Approaching End of the Age. Fresh light on this important subject led to practical results. Mr. and Mrs. Guinness could not feel as they did about the duty of the Church to evangelize the world—the whole world, "every creature"—without a new sense of urgency possessing them in view of the shortness of the time. If it were indeed true, and their prayerful study of the subject left them in no doubt upon the point, that the end of the present age was at hand, then nothing could compare in importance with obedience, simple obedience to the Master's great command. Whatever they *could* do they *must* do, and that speedily.

But there, just there, endless difficulties presented themselves. For the work to which they felt called was nothing less than the establishment of a Training College on interdenominational lines for the help of young men who desired to go to the mission field. Such a college was needed. Nothing of the sort was in existence, and from their wide experience Mr. and Mrs. Guinness had reason to believe that there were many men of ability and devotion who, for lack of a university education, would not be considered by the regular missionary boards, but who might do valuable service as pioneers in Africa, China, and other mission fields. To call out such men and give them needed preparation was the work laid on their hearts. But they had no means, neither income of their own nor salary, and with a growing family expenses were considerable. They had found it a blessed experience through many years to depend upon God alone. Though faith had often been tried, His faithfulness had never failed them. "When I sent you forth without purse and scrip . . . lacked ye anything?"

And they said, "*Nothing*". But the project before them now looked very different. What would it mean, in addition to their own six children, to have large premises and a growing number of young men to care for? Yet the need was urgent, time was short, and the command was plain; so, thank God, was the long-tried promise, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and *all these things shall be added unto you*".

This was how it came about that Mr. Guinness, alone in Ireland for meetings, walking under some ancient trees in the city of Armagh, resolved at length to go forward.

"The cloud moves," he wrote in his journal that day, "may we have grace to follow."

For the children it meant some sacrifice as well as for their parents, but already they were beginning to share the interests of a wider life. For the first step Mr. and Mrs. Guinness had taken was to receive into their home a young Hindu, whose earnest desire was to return to his own country as an evangelist. He had a good position in England, but was willing to give it up for the training he needed and for which his Christian character fitted him. It was not without some "fear and trembling" that the responsibility for this young man's future was assumed, but of this the children were unconscious. The flashing smile, dark eyes, and responsiveness of their new friend soon won their hearts, while his very name, Joshua Chowryappah, had a fascination. A brilliant young Frenchman was the next, who had to be talked to in his own language,[1] and before the close of the year (1873)

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[1] None other than the well-known Pastor Ruben Saillens, founder and Director of the *Institut Biblique* near Paris (Nogent-sur-Marne) and for many years one of the leading evangelists in France.

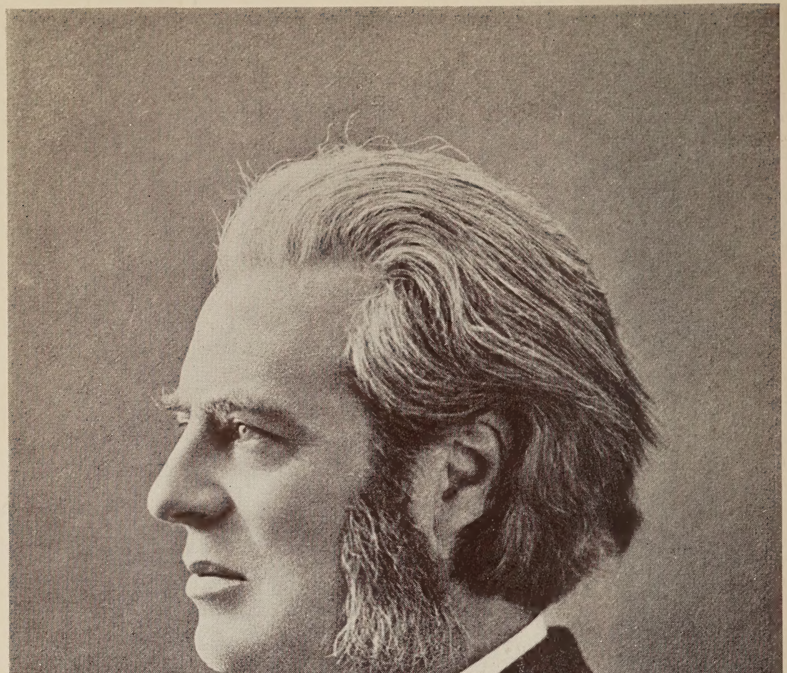

Photo by *Hardy, Boston, Mass.*

H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, D.D.

Father of G. Whitfield Guinness

nine students were under their father's care and training. But that meant moving to London and a new life indeed.

Dear old home in Bath! Before it fades from view let me recall its most precious memory: Firelight in father's study, and the big arm-chair in which he sat with two or three of us in his arms; the sacredness of the evening hour we so often spent with him, when he talked about the Lord and we knelt together in prayer; and then his voice, that deep, rich voice that carried ours through the familiar verses of the hymn we loved to sing,

Jesus is our Shepherd, wiping every tear,
Folded in His bosom, what have we to fear?
Only let us follow whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.

Father, did you know the treasure you were laying up in the life of each of those children? Did you ever think how they would rise up and call you blessed? Deep was the longing of the heart from which you wrote in those days:

> If the Lord should call me to Himself while my children are young, I hope that they will never forget their father: that they have had a father, an earthly father, who has loved them with a tenderness no other man on earth is ever likely to feel for them; who from the first moment of their existence, onward, has never ceased to long and cry to God for their salvation, and who hopes to meet them every one in glory and to spend eternity with them in the presence of Jesus.

CHAPTER II

LONDON AND DEVELOPMENTS

1874–1879. Aet. 5-10

So the home in which Whitfield Guinness grew up was unusual in many ways. To begin with, it was in the East End of London, the least attractive part of the great city, where docks and factories abound. The neighbourhood was one of general poverty, a million or more—chiefly unskilled workers—living in crowded streets and squalid courts, swarming with children and infested with public-houses. To his sister who was trying to explain to him the map of London, the little boy exclaimed, "But why are all the parks at one end and the docks at the other?" a question which was suggestive.

But that was the very reason which had led Mr. and Mrs. Guinness in search of a home for their Missionary Training College to settle upon the neighbourhood of Whitechapel. Unless the students were soul-winners at home would they be likely to be soul-winners abroad? and where could they be trained and tested better than amid the uncared-for multitudes of such a district?

With young folk of their own to educate, the choice had not been lightly made. People said, "But what about your children? There is no school they can attend. They will have no friends of their own age, and no advantages." But the parents had counted the cost. They only desired for their children the privilege of usefulness in the Lord's service; and they knew that you can give young people no greater advantage than surroundings which draw out the best that is in them. There might be little to attract in East London, but there were great needs. And is there any time in life when there is more capacity for devotion than when young hearts are filled with their first love for the Lord Jesus?

Untroubled by such considerations the children welcomed the change to East London, for the old house which had been found there had a wonderful garden. True it faced the Bow Road, that great thoroughfare with its unceasing roar of traffic from 4 A.M. till midnight; but through the glass panels of the front door and the garden door in line with it could be seen a wide lawn, the splashing of a fountain, an old pear-tree with spreading branches and quite a vista beyond of trees and greenery. For there was a paddock, almost an acre in extent, connected by a bridge over a grassy ditch with the garden of Harley House.

No wonder Mr. and Mrs. Guinness rejoiced to find such a property for sale in East London, one of the old homes that dated back to the time when Bow had been a pleasant suburb at some distance from the city. The house itself was spacious and old-fashioned. The front windows had a southern aspect and the back windows looked out on the garden. Dining-room and classroom for the students could be arranged on the ground floor, their dormitories being in separate houses, and upstairs was a sunny schoolroom for the children, right over mother's study.

How we loved it all, with the joy of being near our parents in their work! In its initial stages, the College had been in one place and we in another; but now we were together in the midst of everything that was going on, weekdays and Sundays. Up in the schoolroom, of course, our chief interests centred, but the garden was a continual delight, and we could well appreciate the feeling of one of the "Mothers" at a garden party, who said, as she lingered near the fountain:

"Shouldn't think, Miss, as 'ow you'd ever want to go to 'eaven—with that there waterspout!"

Our older brother was by this time at boarding-school, but Whitfield was one of the younger ones and shared our governess. There was quite a succession of governesses indeed, for several met their fate at Harley House in the shape of some promising student on his way to the mission field. One dear governess stayed with us many years as mother's right-hand in correspondence and account-keeping, and when she could no longer be spared for the schoolroom her place was taken by a veritable fairy in disguise. To Miss Gardiner this coming to East London was something of a trial.

> It was a wet January evening [she wrote recently], when I wended my way to Harley House. I had been accustomed to the country, and shed some tears as I passed through the dismal, crowded streets in the dull, old-fashioned cab, wondering what lay before me. But I soon passed out of gloom into brightness, for the house was lighted up and I found that a visitor was expected to dinner in the person of Harry's headmaster. How well I remember that evening, and the kindness with which Mrs. Guinness drew me into the conversation and made me feel at home!
>
> After dinner we climbed the winding staircase which led to the children's rooms. There, kneeling round the schoolroom table, the mother prayed for us—teacher and pupils—and a

blessing seemed to fall upon us as she commended us to the Lord.

Next morning we began our studies. There was Geraldine, a second mother to the younger ones, loving and beloved; Lucy, so frail and brilliant, destined to do a great work in days to come; Whitfield, at that time called Gershom, and the two younger girls, Phoebe and Agnes, so soon to pass together to the heavenly home! These, with a boy cousin, made up our schoolroom party, and very happy we were. Gershom was a rosy-cheeked little fellow, about eight years old, full of fun and frolic, devoted to his violin, and a general favourite, specially with the students.

That first day when I went down to breakfast, I was surprised to see with the family two swarthy Syrians, one of whom was blind. These, I found, formed part of the missionary college soon to become so widely known. Mr. Guinness was then completing his great book, *The Approaching End of the Age*, and Mrs. Guinness was putting it into more simple, popular form, so those were busy days with them. But meal-times afforded a little leisure, and the gifted mother would come down from her study, keen to know what progress the children were making —always so encouraging to them and their teacher, and generally with some interesting fact, scientific or other, which she would explain in her own lucid way; and Mr. Guinness would come in from his writing, radiant with the light of heaven, absorbed in some fresh thought connected with the Second Advent, but always ready to return to earth and take an interest in his children's doings. I admired him very much. His daily life was blameless.

If our new governess was forming pleasant impressions, what of the reaction of the schoolroom party? Recalling it after so many years, an exclamation of one of our East End neighbours comes to mind, who, *à propos* of the change in her good man, said earnestly:

"Why, Miss, he's more like a *friend* than a 'usband!"

More than governess, more than friend was the little lady who swept into our schoolroom that evening with mother, in a trailing silken gown, and captured our hearts right away with her dark eyes full of merriment. How she entered into all our life and interests! How she made dull lessons glow! How lavishly she spent herself, gathering us round the schoolroom fire many a wet or foggy day, to reward our diligence with stories she knew so well how to tell! Who could be naughty or ungracious in such an atmosphere?

So our life ran in its own channel, alongside the broader, fuller life of which it was a part. The boys found many friends among the students, Whitfield being specially devoted to Canton, a young carpenter with whom he was allowed to go home one vacation, to live in "a real carpenter's shop". Busy though they were, father and mother delighted to take us on occasional expeditions to the Zoo or Madame Tussaud's, Kew Gardens, the Museums, or even the golden ball above the dome of St. Paul's. When away from home, father would write us "poetry letters", which were greatly treasured and sometimes replied to in the same vein. Lucy was only twelve when she wrote:

My own precious Father—Oh, how shall I thank you
  For granting so kindly your daughter's request,
And taking the trouble to write me a letter,
  Which I reckon of all my possessions the best?

Your time was not wasted, Papa, I assure you,
  I shall treasure your letter as long as I live;
As I climb up the ladder I'll carry it with me,
  And pleasure and profit to me it will give.

And then, by and by, when my hair is like silver,
  And children and grandchildren crowd round my knee,
(Should that time ever come) I will shew them the letter
  Which, when I was little, my Father sent me.

Full well I remember the day you allude to,
  When together we climbed to the top of St. Paul's;

It was two years ago, on my tenth happy birthday,
  We gazed over London's proud towers and walls.

Your hand led me so high, your prayer led me higher,
  Above the gold ball and above the blue sky—
To the presence of Him to Whom earth is as nothing,
  But Who for earth's sons condescended to die.

We lingered a moment, but then we descended;
  We can't, alas! live at the top of the mount;
But oh, for how little the treasures of London
  Seemed after that moment in heaven to count!

How vain seemed the hurry, the turmoil and bustle
  Of crowds bent on business and pleasure below,
While there, up above them, so calm and untroubled,
  Was a rest undisturbed by earth's care and woe!

But when we have climbed the bright ladder you speak of
  And tread the gold streets of the City of Light,
Thank God, we need never again leave its glory
  To return to the land where each day ends in night.

When we *get* there, we'll stay there and never be parted—
  One east and one west with the wide sea between;
For when I've my wings I will always fly with you.
  Believe me, your loving Evangeline.[1]

Speaking of treasures, one that our parents valued, perhaps more than we did, was the simple wooden frame in its prominent position over the fireplace in the dining-room containing the photographs of twelve young men—the first twelve sent out by the Institute—of which Mrs. Guinness wrote:

> Never did we look at picture of any kind with more interest. It carried our minds back to the workroom or office, chapel or hall where we first met each one of these dear labourers, and to the vessel's deck where we took farewell of them. It carried us away in thought to lively Japanese towns, to crowded Chinese

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[1] Lucy Evangeline was the full name of the sister four years older than Whitfield.

cities and water-ways, to the scorching plains of India and Burma, the simple Kaffir kraals of South Africa, and many other scenes in which *our first twelve* were soon located. It carried our minds forward too to the great Harvest Home, where each will appear by the grace of God, as we hope and believe, laden with precious sheaves, and where, if never before, we shall meet them again.

Looking at them as a vanguard of a host to follow, we rejoice in hope. We love them almost as sons, remembering them as dear young brethren with whom we have worked in the Gospel, joined in praise and prayer, and to whom we are linked by many bonds of affection. Our hearts yearn with desire for their peace, prosperity, and success; and those who remain with us are the more drawn out to the foreign field because their companions are already there.[1]

For the work of the Institute grew continually, and in the third year (1875) there was added a country branch, to the joy of the children at Harley House no less than the students. It was a beautiful place, just as different from East London as well could be.

For some years a gentleman living in the north of Derbyshire, scene of Scott's famous *Peveril of the Peak*, had been thinking and praying over the disposition of his property, longing to use it for the advancement of the Kingdom of God. Driving home one day from the station, five miles from Cliff House, he said to his wife:

"I think I have it now! Yes, I am sure this is the right thing."

The project he went on to unfold was that the farm, the house, the extensive outbuildings and the little chapel should be used as a place for training "lay agents" for missionary work at home and abroad. A few months later, Mr. J. H. Hulme was taken ill, and only the day before he passed away was again talking about Cliff.

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[1] The usefulness of many of those early missionaries was indeed remarkable and still gives cause for thanksgiving, as does the fact that the first twelve were followed by no fewer than *fifteen hundred*—fifteen hundred men and women, helped by the training and influence of Harley House to enter upon their life-work.

"The Lord grant your desire", his wife said, impressed by his earnestness.

"I hope He will", was the reply. And then, "*I believe He will*".

Not long after, in her bereavement, Mrs. Hulme was visiting East London and saw something of the work carried on by Mr. and Mrs. Guinness. Here, she felt, was the very thing her husband had thought of for Cliff. The property, which she had placed in the hands of trustees, was offered for the purposes of the Institute. Fifty young men were then in training at Harley House, many of whom were looking forward to work in Africa, and Mr. Guinness greatly desired to give them some experience in farming. The offer of Cliff was prayerfully considered, with the result that a party of students, including Whitfield's friend Canton, went down that very winter with plenty of tools and paint to get the place in order.

There was much to be done before the spacious old house and outbuildings were adapted to the end in view. The students fitted up dormitories and classrooms; cleared away superfluous shelves found in every corner; made friends with the village people and carried on meetings in the quaint little chapel. Their services soon came to be in demand, as one of them recalled:

> The people expected us to be great guns, coming from a college in London and having attended Moody's meetings. So we tried not to disappoint them! Sometimes we sat up late at night to study, and during the day we were always thinking,

more or less, over our subjects—jotting down thoughts as we planed and fitted and painted, talking over them at meals and praying together in our times of leisure. Thus, when Sunday came, we were generally pretty full of good things and ready to give them out. Bright and early we used to start, those winter mornings, for our long walks through the snow, sometimes getting home very late at night. At work through the week and on our tramps on Sunday we kept ourselves fresh by singing many of the new 'Sankey' hymns.

To these singing and working evangelists a deputation came one day in the person of a Deacon from one of the neighbouring chapels to secure a preacher for some special services. Several workmen were engaged, when he arrived, in demolishing an old building, having clothed themselves in sacks with holes for head and arms. Covered with debris, their appearance suggested "sackcloth and ashes" rather than pulpit eloquence. But he addressed himself to one of them, saying that he wished to see the students from London. To his surprise he was informed that his desire was already realized.

"What, *you* a student!" he exclaimed.

Then, seeing an acquaintance in the farmyard, he made some excuse to slip over and ask him whether these were really the students from Harley College. The sack, meanwhile, was discarded, so that when the worthy Deacon returned he was encouraged to present his invitation, which led to better things than he had even hoped.

Cliff College, Derbyshire, is now so widely known and loved that it is interesting to recall those early days and the first group of its missionary students. Hundreds have gone forth from its doors, preaching and singing, to all parts of the world, and a hundred or more are there at the present time in training.[1] Summer vacations see it filled with successions of missionary-hearted people, but the first to delight in those long summer days when classes were discontinued were the children from Harley House, to whom the joys of "Cliff" were more than words could tell.

On its terrace a hundred feet above the Derwent, the old home had a lovely outlook over the river and surrounding hills, while behind, the farm and neighbouring fields stretched away toward the moors, where rock and heather, grass and bracken climbed to the limestone cliffs and formed, beyond, a glorious vista as far as eye could see. Then the farmyard was entrancing. Not only did the cows come for milking, morning and evening, but there were unused mushroom-houses, calves-houses and unused pigsties, as well as storerooms for fruit and vegetables, built into a curious rambling structure at various levels, connected by winding steps, and forming the most attractive suites of little apartments to play in. Altogether, Cliff was a paradise for children, and they did long, that first summer, that mother could be there to enjoy it too. But mother had been left, far from well, in London, thankful to be able to have her couch under the old pear-tree.

It was a time of growth in more ways than one. The work was growing and knowledge of God was deepening, sometimes through trial and suffering. This too, in measure, the children shared. They were learning more perhaps than their elders realized of the meaning of prayer, that God's Word may be depended upon and His promises put to the test.

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[1] There has been no break in the succession of young men in training at Cliff for home and foreign missions since that first winter of 1875. To-day the College, greatly enlarged, is being carried on by the Rev. Samuel Chadwick, of the Joyful News Mission, and has about a hundred students in residence, who are much in demand for evangelistic work all over the neighbourhood. For fifty-five years the prayers of Mr. and Mrs. Hulme have been richly answered.

They knew, for example, that their parents were exercised about the need for a college building in London. Four houses were still being rented as dormitories, while at the back of Harley House was the garden with plenty of room for a building that would be rent-free. But to provide the accommodation needed would cost about three thousand pounds. They began to realize, too, that their parents were not wealthy; that all they could give to the work was their time and strength and prayers. For the daily expenses of the Institute they had nothing, save as it was supplied through those who loved the work, and for the special need of the new building they could only pray. But there was a Father in heaven who knew and cared.

> Memorable day! [wrote Mrs. Guinness in her journal when this prayer was answered]. Our dear friend, Mr. W. T. Berger, called this evening and communicated to us, in the most simple and kind manner, his generous purpose to devote three thousand pounds to the erection of the new halls and dormitory in the garden. Much moved by this noble munificence! Surely we may take it as an indication of the purpose of God to bless and prosper our work.[1]

The children's interest in this answer to prayer was by no means lessened when the building began and they found endless occupation in helping, let us hope not hindering, the workmen at their task. Wonderful forts or castles could be made out of the piles of boards placed in great triangles to dry, the spaces between the planks forming ladders by which little feet could climb over and little people take possession, for feasts and visits and adventures in peace or war.

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[1] Already the money needed for the purchase of the lease of the Harley House property had been given by two other friends, six hundred pounds each. The building was begun in March, 1878. The College was opened on the 8th of October, the same year, and immediately occupied by fifty students.

But chief of all joys in those schoolroom days was the glow and welcome of mother's room, when she was back at her desk, working as hard as ever. We little dreamed what it meant to edit two missionary papers, to carry on all the secretarial work of the Institute and missions connected with it, as well as to produce with father book after book of untold value to the Christian world. We only knew that mother's fireside was the most attractive spot that could be imagined. Somehow, mother was always beautifully dressed, the lace cap on her dark hair giving a touch of grace. The look of love with which she would raise her head and smile when we crept in quietly, so as not to disturb her, was like sunshine. There was that perfect understanding children are so quick to appreciate, and even the little ones knew without a word that mother loved to have them there.

Phoebe and Agnes were "the little ones" in those happy days. Younger than Whitfield, they were his merry companions, but between the two there existed an even closer bond. Never apart, they were like song and music, or warmth and sunshine. Phoebe was the tender, deep, responsive soul and Agnes the radiant expression of love. In the album of a friend their handwriting still shows the trend of each nature. Agnes, when six or seven years old, wrote gaily:

Moments are useless, trifled away;
So *work* while you work and *play* while you play.

Phoebe, a year older, added from her much-loved Longfellow:

Life is real! life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal:
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

It was a pretty sight to see them together on the sofa in mother's room playing chess, their favourite "quiet game", or reading with subdued delight, *The Adventures of Alice in Wonderland.* It was characteristic of mother that it never disturbed her to have them there. Her eyes would rest on them with delight from time to time, and all her powers seemed quickened by the consciousness of their love. Her one recreation, indeed, was the enjoyment of her children. How much it meant to them in later years that she could say:

"Not one of you has ever been anything but a joy to me!"

There were red-letter days too when mother would leave her desk, come to the fire and tell us about some of the articles she was writing. Once it was a story, *A Strange but True Story* she called it, and it moved our hearts.

It was about someone who owned a great deal of property, and who before going away on a journey called his tenants together and committed to them his cherished projects for improving and reclaiming the whole estate. Part was already cultivated, but much valuable land still needed to be cleared, drained, and brought under crops. Even the hills were to be terraced and the mountain pastures fertilized, so that no single corner should remain barren and neglected.

Thinking of Cliff, we could realize very well what that meant.

Ample resources were left [the story continued] for the work to be done, and there were hands enough to have managed it all within the first few years of the owner's absence. He was detained so long that those who were children when he left had grown to be men and women before his return. This meant that the number of his labourers was greatly multiplied. Was the task he had entrusted to them accomplished? Alas, no! Bog and moor and mountain-waste were only wilder and more desolate than ever. Rich virgin soil, by thousands of acres, was bearing only weeds and thorns. Meadow after meadow was barren for want of culture. Indeed, by far the larger part of the estate seemed never to have been even visited by his servants.

Had they been idle? Some had. But many had been industrious enough! They had expended a vast amount of labour, skilled labour too, but they had lavished it all on the park immediately round the house. This had been cultivated to such an extent that the tenants had scores of times quarrelled over their operations, one interfering with another.

More than this, a large amount of labour had been *lost* in sowing, for instance, the very same patch with wheat fifty times in one season, so that the seed never had time to grow; in caring for forest trees as if they had been tender saplings; in manuring soils already too fat and watering pastures already too wet.

The owner of the property was grieved and astonished at the misplaced ingenuity with which effort, seed, time, and strength had been wasted for so little result. The same amount of toil and capital expended *according to his directions* would have brought the whole estate under culture, yielding a noble revenue. But season after season had rolled away leaving those vast acres of various but all *reclaimable* soils barren and useless. As to the park, it would have been in far better condition if it had been relieved of the surplus energy expended upon it.

Why did these labourers act so absurdly? Did they wish to labour in vain? On the contrary, they were always craving fruit, coveting good crops, longing for great results! Did they not intend to carry out the owner's views about this property? Well, they seemed to have that desire. They frequently read the directions he had put in writing, and said to one another, "You see, we have to bring *the whole estate* into order". But they did not *do* it.

Some tried, and ploughed up a plot here and there, sowing corn and other crops. Perhaps their efforts failed, and so the rest were discouraged? Not at all! They saw that the yield was magnificent—far richer, in proportion, than they had themselves. There was no doubt about that. Yet they failed to follow a good example. Even when the labours of a few, in some distant valley, resulted in a crop they were unable to gather in by themselves, the others would not go and help them to garner the sheaves! They preferred watching for weeds among the roses and counting the blades of grass and leaves on the trees of the garden.

Then they were fools, you say, not wise men; traitors, not true servants of their Lord!

Ah, I cannot tell! You must ask *Him* that. I only know their Master said, "Go ye into *all the world* and preach the Gospel to *every creature*", and that more than eighteen hundred years after, they had *not even mentioned that there is a Gospel to half the world.*

Rich, virgin soil, unclaimed territory—how the burning truth was brought home by the discoveries of Stanley, who even then was on his way down the unexplored waters of the Congo, to open up as never before the new world of central Africa!

It was in July 1877 that he reached the mouth of the Congo, that mighty river which he had struck eight months previously in the heart of the continent. Livingstone had seen it, years before—rolling its tide a mile wide ever northward—and had thought it must be the Nile, but no one had followed its course beyond Nyangwe, and although Stanley had already been two years on the road from Zanzibar he determined to make the effort.

Half a continent lay before him, still totally unexplored. Strange tales of its horrors were poured into his ears, but undeterred, pausing only one week to make preparations, he plunged into the unknown.

For the first fortnight the expedition tried to get on by land and struggled with desperate effort through the woods of Uregga. But the difficulty of penetrating those dense primeval forests disheartened and discouraged the force. Then, gazing on the broad, swift-flowing river, Stanley came to the resolution to take to it and keep to it, till it should lead him to the ocean.

> I seek a road! We have laboured through the terrible forests and manfully struggled through the gloom. My people's hearts have become faint. I seek a road: why, here lies a broad, watery avenue cleaving the unknown to some sea, like a path of light! Here are woods all round sufficient for a thousand fleets of canoes. Why not build them? To-day I will launch my boat on that stream, and it shall not leave it till I finish my work.

This resolution was kept. For *four long months* the explorer was borne down the steady current of the unknown river, through fourteen hundred miles of territory never before seen by European eyes, past the mouths of twenty or thirty large rivers, right down to "Stanley Pool" where the great waterway ceases to be navigable, and contracting from a width of several miles rushes, an impetuous torrent, through mountain gorges in the series of cataracts and falls by which it descends to the Lower Congo and the Atlantic.

> Never, never could the leader forget the terrible experiences of those four months of floating down the great river—the furious onslaughts of savage cannibals; the desperate conflicts which drove his fleet to take refuge amid uninhabited islands in the centre of the stream, at the risk of starvation; the battles

which had to be fought for dear life; the incessant cries of pursuing hordes, shouting, "Meat! meat!"

At the Pool came a change of experience, but it was scarcely an improvement. The natives became less terrible, but the waterway more so.

> Our frequent contests with the savages culminated in tragic struggles with the mighty river, as it rushed and roared through the deep, yawning pass that leads from the broad table-land down to the Ocean.

For *four months more*, all through the summer of 1877, their struggle with the river had to be daily maintained, and an awful struggle it was. To navigate reaches of comparatively calm water was easy, but to drag the canoes overland past each fall and rapid was difficult, dangerous work. Fourteen of the expedition were drowned in the descent and semi-starvation disabled many more. It was a wayworn, suffering band that reached the Tsangila Falls at the end of July, 1877. Forty were on the sick-list, and the number was rapidly increasing. But the long, long journey was wellnigh ended. The last major problem of African geography was solved. The sea was almost in sight, and abandoning the river at last Stanley led the remnant of his party over land to Emboma, just in time to save their lives.

The *Lady Alice*, Stanley's boat, was lifted from the river after a journey of seven thousand miles up and down and across broad Africa. And through all those nine hundred and ninety-nine days from coast to coast, among wellnigh countless peoples, kindreds, and tongues, he had not met one single Christian, or seen a solitary man, woman, or child who had ever heard the Gospel. He had looked on the faces of men representing tribes numbering many millions, but to none of them had the message of mercy ever been proclaimed; to none of them had the glad tidings of salvation and eternal life through Christ been carried.

From that time on, perhaps the greatest interest of our lives became the Congo Mission. For men were ready at Harley House to take up the gauntlet thus thrown down to the Christian Church. A Committee was formed of ministers and laymen of various denominations, and in June, 1878, the first pioneers went out. The Committee met at Harley House, and from the first our parents were among its most active members. Much of its correspondence was carried on from mother's room, and it was not long before she became its recognized Secretary.

By this time the College building in London was completed, and among the students in residence was a young African traveller who was a hero to us all. Wonderfully converted, after seven years of Government service and big-game hunting on the Upper Zambesi, he had consecrated his life to God for the far harder, higher work of His Kingdom. The great need on the Congo was his call, and he soon became the leader of the little band that went from Harley House to start the new enterprise. One of them impressed us children by saying at a farewell meeting:

"I go gladly on this mission, and shall rejoice if I may only give my body as one of the stones to pave the way by which others shall pass into Congo-land."

Dear Telford! His was the first missionary grave on the banks of that great river.

But it was not on the Congo only that shadows fell.

Before Adam M'Call could go out as leader of the infant mission, the great and unexpected sorrow came that changed our lives. In one short week, after only a few days' illness, our little sisters, Phoebe and Agnes, were taken from us. Bright, lovely, and in perfect health, the Master called them, and though the valley was dark through which they had to pass, it was to go to Him.

Diphtheria came, and the best medical skill was unable to check its dread progress. Whitfield, happily, was away from home, and Harry and Lucy were at school. But mother and elder sister tended the little sufferers until they too were laid low.

The rest cannot be told. It was early morning when the last conscious look lit up the face of our darling Phoebe—a momentary, peaceful, loving, beautiful smile—and evening the same day when Agnes passed over and the little sisters were reunited. "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus," were the last words on her dear lips.

Beside their quiet resting-place in Abney Park, father wrote not long after:

Droop snowy wings around; let angels bend
And star-like eyes look down upon this spot
Where sleeps sweet innocence in dreamless rest;
Where mute and voiceless as the hush of eve
And silent as the stars are they whose tones
Were once our music; where the merry feet
Are folded motionless, and clasping arms
That held us in embraces cling no more,
And forms which were so active and so full
Of living loveliness are cold and still
As is the pale white monument which marks
Their sleeping place.
Droop snowy wings around,
Unseen by mortal eye, and let pure lips
Wont to celestial anthems softly say,

"Here are our sisters laid. This is the place
Where they await the resurrection call,
Which shall dissolve the victory of death
And clothe them with the radiancy of heaven".

Droop snowy wings around; . . .
Ye too shall throng the air when He shall come
To gather to His presence all His own.
O that triumphant and most joyful day
Of His appearing, all things to restore,
Lo, how it hasteth! Yet a little while
And we shall meet in its unclouded morn.

CHAPTER III

HOME LIFE

1879–1883. Aet. 10-14

WHITFIELD was spared to us and was now the youngest. His little companions gone, life seemed very different, not only for him but for us all. Time never changed the love we bore them, though it mercifully lessened the first keenness of grief. And meanwhile it was no little comfort that Whitfield could remain at home. He was not strong, and it seemed wise to defer his going away to school for a while. Already he was filling the rôle that was specially his through life, that of "a son of consolation".

For he was unselfish and full of sympathy for others. A sweeter or more sunny disposition it would be difficult to imagine. He was attractive, too, and full of joyous life. His eyes were so blue that it made you smile to look at them, and one could never tire of his lovely voice. Clear and sweet as a bird's, it could soar to the upper C with ease, and through and through he was the soul of music. The spell of those moments is over one yet, when we would sit in the gloaming—perhaps at Cliff, while sunset faded from the hills—just sit and listen, as Lucy at the piano and Whitfield walking up and down the room would fall into the same mood and song after song would carry us to another world, leading up to those we loved best, "I waited for the Lord", or "I know that my Redeemer liveth".

There was music in London too, though we did live in the heart of the East End. We had no drawing-room; the requirements of the ever-growing work left neither time nor space for anything unnecessary. We did not live a drawing-room life. But in the dining-room was a grand piano of the richest tone, and few were the meals that were not enlivened with snatches of music. Harry had a delightful facility for reproducing on the piano any music he heard, as well as for improvising on his own account.

For him college work had begun, and he was already studying medicine at the London Hospital. This enabled him to live at home, and brought some of his fellow-students a good deal into the family circle. Girl friends and cousins were with us also from time to time, so that the group round the piano was often a lively one.[1] Whitfield was more and more devoted to the violin, and one well remembers seeing him and Harry riding their bicycles—in the days of the old, tall machine—round and round the garden at Harley House, playing at the same time on their fiddles in excellent harmony.

That perfect home life—how rich it still is as a possession! We may have been drawn together in an unusual way by reason of our bereavement, or because of the isolation in East London, but certain it is that we were everything to one another.

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[1] Maud and Florence Charlesworth, daughters of a neighbouring clergyman, were our chief friends in East London. The former became Mrs. Ballington Booth of the Salvation Army, and now The Volunteer Prison League of America, and the latter Mrs. Charles Barclay, author of *The Rosary* and other works which attained great popularity.

All was love in that family [recalled a cousin who lived with us for five years]. I never heard a single cross word from anyone to anyone else. Life was gracious and courteous throughout. And there was absolute freedom. The self-determination that is so much talked about nowadays was ours without question. Whatever we could do or be was *needed*, and auntie was always so ready to draw us out.

It has been interesting to come across an address delivered in London about this time, in which father touched upon some points important to remember in dealing with young people, and to find in his own words an unconscious picture of what he and mother were to us.

I want to urge upon Christian parents not only to devote their children to the Lord in prayer and faith, but to use suitable means to bring them to Christ both by example and precept. Never be a stumbling-block in the way of your children. Do not make religion a burden to them or a weariness. Put forward its attractive aspects. Never repel or weary or disgust, but attract, woo, and win them to Christ. Exhibit Christ to them in the power of His grace and love. It is folly continually to harass children with prohibitions. There are parents who, in their desire to keep their children right, are perpetually forbidding this or that. The word most commonly upon the lips of people who have to do with children is DON'T: "Don't do this and that". They are constantly repressing, forbidding, prohibiting. Now there is another, far better, more useful word—that is, DO. Instead of continually saying "Don't", substitute the word "Do". Substitute positive for negative precepts, and let the power of example be used. Lead the way yourselves where you desire them to follow. Keep them employed with what is suited to their development in every right direction.

Then as regards leading children to the Lord, there are many Christian parents who satisfy themselves with an occasional exhortation, or setting the Gospel before their families in a general way. Love and wisdom would lead, I think, to a different course. There is a wonderful power in personal influence, in conversation, in dealing closely and privately with particular souls, and in choosing the right time and place.

How wise he was himself in this connection, choosing the opportunity for those little talks which left their mark on character! Alone with a reserved child who idolized him in her heart, he said one day:

"I wonder whether you have chosen a motto for your life?"

"No? Then let me tell you what has been my life-motto."

The young mind was all intent, though the lips said but little, as father went on to explain what it means to take a motto and seek to follow it out in life. And then he repeated once or twice the words so full of meaning:

"Live for the glory of God and the good of many."

"The glory of God"—he explained what that meant; "the good of many"—not a few only, but multitudes, just as many as one could possibly reach, and specially those who need one *most*.

"Live for the glory of God and the good of many."

Father was called away, but the child hastened to the room she occupied with her sister, pulled out her little bed, slipped in behind it and wrote in pencil on the wall-paper, round the petals of a flower where no one else would notice it, the precious motto, that it might meet her eyes the first thing every morning. It was father's *life* she was thinking of—father's life which gave meaning to the words—and father's life that she prayed her own might resemble.

Or another time, when one of his daughters was considering an important question that had to be answered, a question that opened up fair possibilities to the young girl's heart, father came into the room where she was alone with her letter and tenderly said:

"My child, in this as in every other question in life, let me give you one great, guiding principle: 'Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you'."

Without another word he left the room. But the question was settled, though it cost many tears, and settled right.

Very sacred to us was the consciousness that every Saturday evening, no matter where he might be, our father was alone with God. It had been his habit for many years to go without the evening meal that last day of the week, that he might give himself to intercession, especially for his children. At home we all knew what was meant by the closed door of his study, and a hallowed sense of something very precious stole into our hearts as we thought of father there, upon his knees, for us.

Seeing the reality of these things day by day, and the joy of living wholly for the Lord and His service, it was not difficult for us to make our choice. We could have gone into the world had we pleased. We sometimes visited cousins in the West End, a family of lovely young people who always made us welcome, and the way was open to be presented at Court as they were, and enjoy what is called society. But society came to us, in the form of men and women of distinction, attracted by the work carried on at Harley House, and we had no desire for the unsatisfying round of amusements many young people seem to crave.

Lord Shaftesbury was a familiar figure in our garden, under the old pear-tree, talking with father or mother over important measures for the uplift of suffering classes. Lord Polwarth was a member of the Congo Council, and would come up occasionally from his home on the Tweed. Carlyle's friend, Lady Louisa Ashburton, was often with us, discussing in her large-hearted way the problems of home missionary work. Mr. Eugene Stock of the Church Missionary Society was "a friend of two generations", as they say in China, welcomed by the young people no less than by their parents, as were also Dr. Baedeker from his long journeys in Russia, Lord Radstock and some of his family, Mr. Reginald Radcliffe, who always kindled afresh the highest enthusiasms, not to speak of missionaries from all parts of the world. Even as busy a man as Charles Spurgeon would come over, bringing the students from his Pastors' College for athletic contests with the Harley House men, when Harry and Whitfield would be in their glory, and the best part of the proceedings was the racy, helpful address the great preacher would give after supper in the College Hall.

The steady growth of the work, with its ever-widening interests, meant also increasing burdens for our parents of which we were becoming conscious. Soon after our explorer friend, Adam M'Call, went to the Congo, for example, the Committee of which Mr. and Mrs. Guinness were members begged them to assume the responsibility of leadership in connection with the mission. A Director and Secretary were needed, and there seemed no one else to fill the place. Thus it was that mother at her desk became "the Mother of the Congo Mission", while father pleaded its cause throughout the country.

Terrible were the difficulties met with by the early pioneers on the great river, struggling to surmount the thirty-two cataracts and rapids that barred the way to the interior. Life after life was sacrificed in the attempt, and nobody knew as we did the tears and prayers, the deep exercise of heart with which the work was carried on. We rejoiced with our parents in the launching of the first mission steamer sent to the Congo, the *Livingstone*, which enabled M'Call and his companions to establish station after station, and press on at length to Stanley Pool where eight hundred miles of waterway lay before them, free from rapids, an open road into the heart of Africa.

But by that time Lanceley had fallen.

> I am where I wish to be [he wrote in one of his last letters], here at the front, bearing the enormous difficulties incident to the establishment of our mission. If we fall in the fight JESUS will welcome us! To lay down life for Him—what an honour!

And Mrs. Richards—dear, devoted Mary Richards—whom we knew so well, the first missionary woman on the Congo, was resting from her labours. Her husband with his own hands had laid her in her lonely grave. But what had her welcome been above? More than this. Adam M'Call himself had passed by the pathway of suffering to his eternal reward.

> Thou knowest the circumstances, Lord [he breathed in prayer, dying among strangers in Madeira]. Lord, do as Thou pleasest. I have nothing to say. I am not dissatisfied that Thou art about to take me away. Why should I be? I gave myself, body, mind and soul to Thee—consecrated my whole life and being to Thy service. If it please Thee to take me, instead of the work I would have done for Thee, what is that to me? Thy will be done. . . . Yes, blessed Jesus, I shall be with Thee!

These were the things that deepened life and taught us something of the cost at which, alone, God's great redeeming purposes can be accomplished. But they taught us too how sure is the promised harvest: "If it die, it bringeth forth much fruit".

Yes, Pentecost came on the Congo! Within five years, in the very stations founded at such cost, we rejoiced to see a glorious movement of the Spirit of God.[1] Who could have believed that so soon dear Richards would be writing, within sight of that lowly grave:

> The glorious fact is that Banza Manteka is no longer a heathen country but more Christian than any I know of. I have scarcely time to eat, for from morning till night I am busy preaching, receiving inquirers, and treating the sick. . . . The *Nkimba* and *Nkissis*, the poison-giving and throat-cutting, the demoniacal yells and dances, and the witchcraft are things of the past here, glory be to God our Father! Old things have passed away, all things are become new. Now, this part of Ethiopia stretches out its hands to God.

That very month seven hundred people were blessedly converted. Their faces told the story and their lives confirmed it. No wonder the question came home to our hearts: "What would you wish to see as the outcome of your one life, when you look back on its finished story?"

Very happy were the summers spent at Cliff during those years. When Whitfield went to school at Brighton, it was to Cliff he looked forward for the holidays. Harry, studying medicine at the London Hospital, found there again the joy of living; and from the busy work of home and missions in the East End, it was to Cliff we turned for rest.

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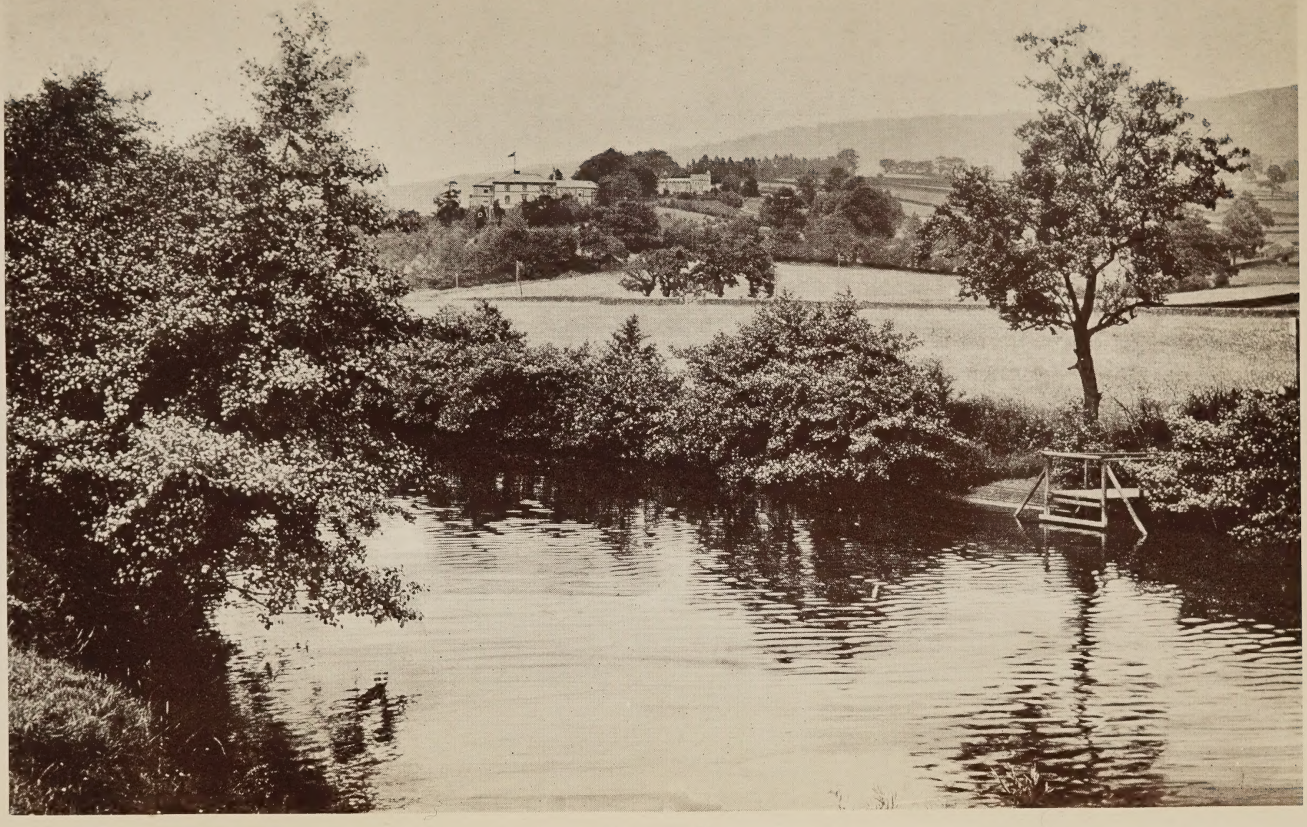
[1] The deaths mentioned above took place in November, 1881, and January, 1882. The revival began in August, 1886.

The new college building there, in full use during term-time when fifty students were in residence, was available through the long vacation for summer guests, and then it was that friends would come to enjoy the beauties of the far-famed Peak District. Paying enough to cover expenses, the same families returned year after year, so that quite a company of young people grew up there together in delightful intimacy. The students' classroom made a spacious drawing-room, when the piano was brought from the other end of the house and study-tables gave place to summer furniture and flowers. The dining-hall could accommodate sixty at the long tables, and the chapel was large enough for the usual village congregation as well as the household.

Nothing was quite like those Sunday mornings at Cliff, with the sunshine flooding the valley and grey limestone rocks that climbed to the moor, while the murmur of the river made music in the silence. Some of the most helpful, wonderful discourses father ever preached were given there, to that small but appreciative company; and there the young people began on Sunday evenings to take part themselves in evangelistic services, when the chapel would be crowded with village folk.

Through the week, tennis and games of all sorts were the order of the day, with glorious picnics to Haddon Hall, Castleton, with its famous caves, or the old Hunting-Lodge on the moors. Twenty or thirty lively boys and girls meant stirring times, and older folk perhaps were not sorry when they all went off to climb the



"CLIFF"

The Derwent Valley and the College, with the rocky edge of the moor, six hundred feet above the river

Eagle Rock or to boat on the river. A journal entry recalls some of those memories:

> What a happy month we had at Cliff [August, 1882]! There was a tennis tournament during one week of splendid weather, and we were out on the courts all day. Then we had a chess tournament, Mr. White, Mr. Barfield, and Mr. Ripon against Harry, Ashley, and me, and *we* won! There was music (piano) from Mr. Ripon and others, with six and sometimes eight violins; then walks, excursions, and picnics, and best of all, bathing and boating on the dear old river.
>
> Oh, the pleasant mornings at tennis, the afternoon walks and splendid rows, the evening games, and then sometimes the moonlight strolls up to the observatory, where, in the darkness, Harry would tell some thrilling tale! Often, specially toward the end of the summer, we would lie for an hour at a time in the shade under the bank just at the bend of the river with as many as twenty in the boat, while someone told a story and the others listened, watching the swiftly flowing water. How sweet it looked—up toward the bathing-house and pier, with the wooded hills behind, the Middleton Valley on the right, and the old cotton-mill among the trees by the Duke's Drive!

The river witnessed more lively scenes, however, it need hardly be said, as for example when six of us persisted in rowing up the mill-stream when the water was running in full force, and were finally capsized, and the girls came up dripping on the bank, while the boys swam shouting after the boat; or when Whitfield stood in the prow of the canoe—quite a small one—while Howard paddled with skill and care down the rapids, and just where they came to the final plunge, Whitfield was so excited that he dived with a great whoop into the water—and *still* the canoe kept its balance!

Morning and Evening Prayers were the hallowed opening and close of those happy days, and often in addition father or mother would be persuaded to give a lecture which none of the young people would have missed. Talks on prophecy, on the Jews, on the new world of Central Africa, or on astronomy, followed by hours with the telescope, were all made thrilling with the vividness of their own interest.[1] No one ever seemed to tire when father or mother talked!

And at times there were other speakers. The summer when Mr. Hudson Taylor came will never be forgotten by some who slipped away from the drawing-room after his address and found a quiet place in the chapel where he told them more about what God can be, and is, to those who seek for nothing less than abiding fellowship with Him.

And then came one summer when a new life opened suddenly for Whitfield and the sister nearest to him in age. Mrs. Henry Reed was with us that year, with her son and three daughters, on a visit to England from their far-away home in Tasmania. Deeply interested in missionary work, Mrs. Reed had recently given a steamer for the Upper Congo, to be called in memory of her husband the "Henry Reed", and with her family was on the eve of returning to Launceston. Lucy and Whitfield were about the ages of her young people, and the invitation was urgently given that they should accompany the party for a long visit to the southern hemisphere. At first it seemed impossible! But when it appeared that their education could be continued at suitable schools and that the sea voyage and perfect climate would greatly benefit their health, it became a matter for prayerful consideration. Finally, it was decided that Mrs. Reed's generous offer should be accepted and the brother and sister, then fourteen and seventeen years of age, be committed to her care.

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[1] The telescope was equatorially mounted and had a lens twelve inches in diameter. Mr. Guinness was a member of the Royal Astronomical Society. Mr. David Baron told the writer that when he was alone in the observatory one day, he noticed, carefully cut on the instrument, the Hebrew characters for, "*Holiness unto the Lord*". It was so like father to have traced them there!

Preparations were quickly made and the time drew near for sailing. Just before leaving home, Whitfield desired to take a step which until that time had been deferred. He wanted to make public confession of his faith in Christ. The writer can still see the earlier scene in Paris, in the English Chapel in the Rue Royale, when he was dedicated to the Lord in infancy—the gathered friends, Russian, French, and of other nationalities, and the baby-brother in long robes lying on a pillow in the midst. But now he wished, himself, to confirm that gift. In the very Bible in which his birth had been recorded, and that with his first cry father's prayers ascended for his salvation, a note was thankfully added by the same dear hand:

> Whitfield baptized in confession of personal faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, at the Tabernacle, Burdett Road, London, E., on Tuesday, September 11, 1883.

Though a boy of only fourteen, the joy of living for Christ and His service was very real. Whitfield could not have told just when he came to know and love the Saviour; none of us could. Before we were four years old our parents had led us each to a personal knowledge of Christ, and the bond to Him was no less real than the bond to them. Moreover it had implications, as we were coming to see.

I am young, happy, and free!
I can devote myself; I have a life to give.

CHAPTER IV

TASMANIA

1883–1886. Aet. 14—nearly 17

It was with brave hearts the young travellers set out, though the parting was not easy. A voyage to the antipodes was something of an event in those days, when flights round the world were undreamed of. Henry Reed had taken the journey more than once, but to Whitfield it was one great thrill from beginning to end.

> From the first [as one of Henry's sisters recalled], they had the run of the ship, making friends with officers and passengers alike. How well I remember the long hot days in the tropics and the evenings in the music saloon when Whitfield's beautiful voice was often heard and the violin he loved gave so much pleasure.

Some home-sickness crept into the first letters, but the interest of shipboard life kept it at bay.

> What travellers we are [Whitfield wrote from the Mediterranean]. We have seen France, Spain, Portugal, and Africa! Yesterday we passed Algiers. It is a very pretty little town, snuggling under a mountain and cape. Just above it is a most beautiful mosque, and on one side of the harbour stands a lighthouse. It was disappointing to find that we were not to stop at Gibraltar and were to pass it at about 5 A.M. But we all got up and went on deck. It was misty and we could not see the rock very well, specially as we were nearer the African coast. That was very fine, with great mountains of rock. How wonderful it seemed really to see it! What lay beyond those mountains —thousands of miles, stretching away—what plains, forests,

lakes, rivers, what peoples and tribes and noble missionaries? I often wonder whether I shall be a missionary in Africa.

They were unable to land in Egypt, on account of quarantine, and were detained in the Suez Canal by what might have been a serious accident.

Last night I was in my berth when our maid, Fanny, called me, saying the ship was on fire! All the others were on deck, except Mary. We dressed as hard as we could, and I got my things on mostly inside-out. A lot of men were working at the pumps. I ran past them all, down the passage, which was full of smoke and swimming with water. The men were shouting and officers calling out orders. The smoke grew thicker and thicker and the water rushed along flooding cabins that had their doors open.

When I got on deck I saw sheets of flame and clouds of smoke coming from near the engine-room. The steam-pumps were working as hard as they could and before long the fire was put out. They continued to pour water on the place, because of the heated iron and woodwork. . . . The Captain was very cool, and they say it was owing to his calmness the ship was saved. But you should have seen men and women rushing through the smoke to get their children! . . . When the fire was out there arose three cheers from our ship, echoed by another "P. & O." near us, called the *Malwa*.

The great heat of the Red Sea seemed to affect Lucy more than the boys. It was she who wrote:

Here we are at Suez, as you see, melting in the heat. I say *melting* advisedly, for I literally am melting. Sitting here in a hot chair on the hot deck, under a hot awning, in the hot shade, surrounded by the hot sea and the hotter skies overhead, and in the distance the hot sands of Suez—melting! It is quite a new experience to some of us—not altogether pleasant, but interesting. Whitfield is happy fishing in the clear green-blue water, swarming with thousands of fish that look like sardines. The boys, of whom there are several, take great delight in catching them. They let down long strings over the side of the ship, baited with bread, by means of which they occasionally catch a little silver fish, which is the cause of much excitement and delight. . . .

The colours here are wonderful. The Egyptian and Arab boats which come off to the ship are *pictures* in all manner of gay tints—red, green, blue, and yellow, within and without—laden with gay wares, beads, corals, eastern shawls, and all sorts of curiosities. The dark crews, turbaned and Arab-dressed, the white sails and clear green water reflecting it all complete the picture, flooded with sunshine. . . .

Everyone wears coloured spectacles, helmets, pugarees, and hardly anything else! Punkahs are kept going in the saloon and passages, and are a slight relief. Ices, iced water, fruits, and jellies are also most acceptable; and when we can no longer forbear, we go below and lie in delicious cool baths. Really such heat makes one feel as if one scarcely can write, read, or work. Most people do nothing but sleep, yawn, and smoke—the men, that is. They actually do smoke on through it all! . . .

This shipboard life with its dancing and card-playing is so different from life at home; one feels the sudden change very much. There are no outside helps here to lean upon. One is thrown back on the only true source of strength, Whose fulness is most realized when most sought and needed. We know you are praying for us. . . . What a strong unchanging bond faith and love make.

Ceylon was full of charm, from the tall palms with cocoa-nuts hanging in bunches under the graceful fronds, to the train by which they went up to Kandy, which was "all green, with green shades standing out from the roof".

The journey was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. We passed forests of palms. Every now and then a hut would peep out amongst them; then a few rice-fields, all under water; then a lovely valley covered with exquisite trees—some tall and straight and others drooping to the ground—with sweet little streams and great rocks here and there. I cannot describe to you how beautiful it was! . . .

The people were "real missionary-picture natives", dark brown and little clothed.

The women wear a cloth round the waist drawn over the left shoulder. The men dispense with the shoulder contrivance, and are content with the simpler waist-cloth. The children do not go in for even this. Some of the older ones, being more decent, wear a bracelet or two, a nose-ring, perhaps, or less! . . . The men in the shops sit on the counter, surrounded by their goods.

It was not till they were near Australia that rough weather was experienced, and then it was rough indeed!

I can hardly write for the rolling of the ship, first over to one side and then to the other. The walls are at times where the ceiling should be; the curtains drift out into the middle of the room; the boxes slide hither and thither; the things on the table at which I am seated promenade about in the small squares allotted to them by the "fiddles", and people who are coming down the passages or decks make most extraordinary angles with the floor. You know all about it, Papa, but to me it is a new and very strange experience to be thrown from right to left, north to south, up and down, to and fro, here, there, and everywhere, in the most undignified and diverting manner. I think I must be a good sailor, for in spite of it all I am not in the least ill, though others are, including poor Whitfield. I rather enjoy the motion, and am getting quite clever at walking up and down the deck, balancing myself in the most approved manner.

It looks rather dreadful at times, though, to see the vessel heeling over to one side, down, *down*, DOWN, to the very water's edge, as if she must really go under! Then she rights herself again and sweeps to the other side, the decks at a frightful angle with the horizon. Horizon, however, we cannot see, for the mountainous swell of the deep blue water rolling on us shuts it out from view. . . . It is most amusing to see people in their chairs when the vessel gives a special lurch—they go flying backwards, sometimes with the chair on top of them, looking the picture of misery. An old gentleman will skim gracefully along on his back, or a lady will make a bow and then lie extended on the deck. Some gallant gentleman will run to help her up;

> the ship gives another lurch and he goes flying; then a wave comes over and they are all soused! We have some scenes, I assure you!

So it was not altogether with regret they found themselves at the end of the journey; though, after six weeks on board, the *Ballarat* seemed almost like a friend to say good-bye to.

It was wonderful when they arrived in Launceston, after the trying crossing from Melbourne. Mount Pleasant was in its glory. Flowers filled the beautiful house and gardens. Cherries and strawberries were almost ripe, while apricots and peaches were coming on, not to speak of pears, apples, and other fruit in abundance. It was no little change from winter in East London, though the Mission Church built by Mr. Reed in the poorer part of the town recalled something of the atmosphere of home.

> Whitfield entered eagerly into colonial country-life [wrote one of his companions], learned quickly to ride and drive, set up poles on the lawn to vault over, played tennis better than anyone else, and practised the beloved violin at every available opportunity.
>
> At the Mission Church he was much in request. He taught in the Sunday School twice on Sundays, and I can still see him in the opening service, before classes, bending over his little boys, keeping them in order. We stayed down at the Mission House for midday dinner, and before afternoon Sunday School I often heard sweet strains coming from the big church. Stealing in unnoticed, I would see Whitfield—face radiant and uplifted—improvising on the organ, all unconscious of his surroundings, lost in music.
>
> Soon after we arrived in Launceston it was arranged for Henry and Whitfield to go daily to the school of Mr. E. A. Nathan, who was unusually good as a teacher. A light trap and horse were specially bought, and the boys drove into town, taking dinner with Mrs. Nathan, who formed a strong attach-

ment for Whitfield and always asked after him when I met her in later years.

At this school Whitfield studied for the Melbourne Matriculation, an examination which admitted to the world's universities. As I went up at the same time, great was the competition, and when the fateful day arrived we drove together to the examination hall and under the awful eye of the Examiner, Archdeacon Hales, we tensely and silently scribbled for the appointed time, to come out afterwards into the fresh air and compare notes. Great was Whitfield's joy when he discovered the mistakes I had made in my French paper. I shall never forget his—

"Marie, how *could* you!"

Nevertheless, during a holiday at the coast to refresh our weary brains, the telegram came that brought rejoicing—we had both passed!

During the summer we all went up to Wesley Dale (one of Mrs. Reed's large sheep-stations) and there Whitfield was a vivid figure. A boy of boys, he loved sport of all kinds. Well do I remember one afternoon when we set out together and wandered over Wiggan's Hill at the back of Mountain Villa in search of rabbits. Whitfield on ahead, crouching out of sight, noiselessly stealing round the thick growth, I following at a discreet distance and helping to carry the rabbits he shot. Our way lay through thick bush and gullies, some parts so shaded by overhanging trees that ferns grew quickly on fallen logs, and the beauty of it all greatly appealed to one.

Perhaps the most memorable day of that summer was when we climbed Mount Ironstone, over four thousand feet high, quite an undertaking in those days, as there was only a foot-track and the ascent was in parts precipitous. Our joy was great when, after much persuading, we were included in the party.

Up before dawn, breakfasting by lamp-light, all stores safely tucked away in the country trap, we set out over the mist-laden flats for the mountain's foot. How cold it was! But then came the sun, and soon warmed up and greatly excited we trotted gaily along till the cottage of Parsons, our guide, was reached. There the ascent began—gradual at first, up grassy slopes, but soon the "bush" thickened, giant gum-trees rose overhead, damp gullies were laboured through, till we came at last to an ice-cold stream and sat down to rest.

Soon came the order, "Up and on again!" The path gets steeper and steeper. We are out of breath. We cannot go another step. Yes, we can! We *will!* We push on till the precipice is so sheer that we can only ascend by pulling ourselves up from one tree to another. At last we come out of the forest on to the final stretch—thickly strewn with great boulders right to the summit. Almost exhausted we labour on, each one keen to be first at the top. This achievement was Whitfield's—as he stood ahead of us all, waving and cheering. I made a bad second, as I had been helped by the guide.

A glorious view rewarded us, as we looked out from the highest point of the Western Tiers. Untouched forest clothed all the lower slopes of the mountains, while our eyes travelled over miles of sunny plain, right away to the broad level of the ocean. Whitfield's artistic soul rejoiced in all this beauty, and his boy's spirit delighted in every bit of the struggle and fun of the day.

On the mountain-top a fire was lighted and the "billy" boiled. Did ever cold roast beef taste so good!

Always, beneath the study or recreation, one felt that with Whitfield the main object was preparing himself to make the most of his life for God.

This comes out in not a few of his boyish letters written at the time. They show, too, the tenderness of heart with which his thoughts turned homeward. Delighting in the healthful life of which he was a part, and keenly appreciating the generous kindness that surrounded him, there was an undercurrent all the while of love and longing for those left behind. While still a new-comer at Mount Pleasant he wrote of some of the deeper things:

December 31, 1883. For the last two weeks before Christmas we had special services. A Mr. Harrison from Spurgeon's College has been preaching, and many people have been saved. We went out every night with the procession and paraded the streets for about half an hour. In the afternoon we distributed bills announcing the meetings. . . . There are many infidels here, and some have been brought to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus.

How much we have to praise God for! He has given us such advantages! And we must use them; we must indeed redeem the time, and study and learn now. Yesterday week we had a Children's Service and a great many came forward to consecrate themselves to Jesus. I have done so, and I want to spend and be spent for Him. . . . It is my great ambition. May I get prepared while I am young.

From Wesley Dale he wrote in the summer holidays:

January 1884. I am getting on a little with riding and have been over several "jams" (logs of tree-trunks, etc.) and had some splendid gallops.

We have been having special services up here lately and several people have been saved. When I think of one soul being saved from hell, it seems such a glorious thing! I mean to give my life to Jesus and serve Him. It is the only thing worth living for. I must and will live for Him.

The mail came in just before tea—oh, darling Mother, it was delightful! I got a letter from father, such a beautiful one! What a thought it is that we have a Father in heaven to whom we can always go in prayer, and tell Him our troubles!

In his answer to father's letter he wrote:

January 12. I suppose you are very busy with your book. Mrs. Reed says she hopes you will have some more books to write so that you will not come so soon to take us home. She is very kind; and how kind God must be who put it into her heart to bring us out!

It is a lovely place here; more countrified than Mount Pleasant. The "bush" is thicker and the trees are bigger . . . and not far away are the mountains. They are about four thousand feet high, covered with thick "bush"—trees and ferns. They look very beautiful. The lights and shades on them are always changing. Beneath these mountains run wonderful caves, more than three miles long. No one has ever been to the end of them, but they have been in three miles and have come upon holes of tremendous depth. We are going to the caves and up the mountains some time.

His letter giving an account of these trips was a long one. In the caves they had to wade through water up to their knees; but for the dryness of the season it would have been much deeper.

April 15. At one point I saw a light ahead, and found it was a lovely lake with a beam of sunlight which came through the roof shining on it! We skirted the water and went on. Where we thought we might lose our way coming back, we left a candle burning. Altogether we were in about two hours, and saw some most lovely places that I cannot possibly describe.

Back at Mount Pleasant, he tells of hard work at school, but soon comes to the little horse he delighted to ride:

May 30. She is a beauty and never seems to tire. She can go splendidly fast, can race in fact, and is nice and spirited, but not vicious. Lucy has ridden her too and likes her immensely.

I am now waiting for the next mail. It gives me more pleasure than you can think to get letters from mother and father, brother or sister. I have a Father in heaven who is always near me and guards me, and I look up to Him when I am in trouble. He has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee". I can look up to Jesus and get lightened. Write to me when you can. Your letters give me so much pleasure.

Lucy was by this time studying in Melbourne with Mrs. Reed's younger daughters, and it was a great event when they came home for the holidays. To his brother in London, Whitfield wrote:

July 11. "Lucy has come back from College. It is so jolly to see her again! She won the musical scholarship. It is a fine thing to get it; they have to play before a lot of swell Melbourne musicians. . . . Mary was second. They played a duet together on two grand pianos. . . . We had the piano here tuned up to concert pitch to be ready for them, and last night they played the Wedding March by Mendelssohn as a duet. Then Mary played "Duetto", and Lucy an Impromptu in A flat, by Chopin. . . . We have your swell hymns out here! They are indeed beautiful.

Love of music and keenness in study did not prevent the girls from caring deeply about more important matters. Margaret, who was a little younger than Lucy, wrote to Mrs. Guinness these holidays:

July 11. I do think it is fine to be at College. I love studying, and we have plenty of it there. . . . Lucy and I are very great friends. I am sure I shall not be able to let her go away when Mr. Guinness comes!

While we were in Melbourne, Lucy went with Mrs. Baeyertz [a converted Jewess, now an evangelist] to a meeting one Saturday evening. There were about two hundred and fifty present, and after Mrs. Baeyertz had given an address she asked Lucy to speak. I was not there, but Mrs. Baeyertz said that she spoke very sweetly and well. Seven professed to find Christ, which was most encouraging.

Just a year after their arrival in Tasmania, they were looking forward to a visit from Harry, who had completed his medical course and was coming instead of father to bring the younger brother and sister home. Anticipation ran high. Early in the new year Whitfield wrote:

January 31, 1885. Harry's coming draws nearer and nearer! Every day as we go to school I look down the river to see if he is in sight. I seem to imagine him on a bicycle riding up to meet us. How jolly it will be! I will take him out shooting. I shot a wallaby —like a kangaroo, only smaller—and I get lots of rabbits.

April 19. Harry is to be here next week. How fine it will be to see him! I hardly know how to contain myself. . . . Not long now, Mother! A few months, and I shall be home to take care of you.

May 9. Harry is here at last! *It is grand!* He brought news that you were better. What a jolly telescope you sent me! Harry used it on the voyage and says it is a very good one. He preaches at the Pavilion on Sunday nights. We had a great meeting to welcome him. Some people thought that Harry was a D.D., others that it was father who was to speak. . . . The place was crammed, and a number professed to receive the Lord as their Saviour.

It will be grand coming home through America! It will be winter, and we shall have fine skating and go in sledges as you did long ago. Mrs. Reed may come with us as far as New Zealand. Then on to Fiji and America, and home to father, mother, and Geraldine—how glorious it will be!

But the return was delayed and yet delayed, and there was not much shooting for the elder brother. Fond of sports and devoted to athletics, he was first and most of all an evangelist. During his medical course in London he had always given Sunday to helping in various mission-halls connected with Harley House. Latterly none had been large enough to accommodate the meetings, and a big tent had been put up in the garden on the "Old Palace", once a royal hunting-lodge in Epping Forest. The forest had long since disappeared, but the old mansion surrounded by crowded streets formed an admirable centre for smaller meetings, while in the tent hundreds could gather for the Sunday services. There, week by week, a quiet work of God went on, and many were the reclaimed drunkards and other converts who loved the young preacher with a great love.

On the voyage to Tasmania, though an exceptionally bad sailor, he was still busy about the Master's work. While Whitfield was exploring the caves at Wesley Dale, Harry was struggling to his feet on the *Lusitania* to make friends with the steerage passengers and crew.

> The second Sunday on board [he wrote], I went forward with my cornet in the afternoon and held an open-air meeting at which we obtained an excellent hearing. The people seemed so friendly that I offered to come again in the evening, and at their request had a second service. The Lord was present in power, and there were hands raised for prayer at the close. Only last Sunday (a month later) a big Irishman came up and, gripping my hand very warmly, said:
>
> "Sir, the *Lusitania* has been my birthplace. Here I have passed from death to life. The first time you spoke to us I laid my sins on Jesus; and now, though I have no friend where we are going, Jesus is with me and I rejoice in Him."
>
> You cannot think how happy it made me! The attention on Sunday was so good that I offered to come at other times if they cared for extra meetings. Ever so many hands at once went up, and since then we have been going three times a week. They like to sing Sankey's hymns, and we have taught them a number of new ones in which they join heartily. The cornet is a wonderful help. . . .
>
> I am greatly enjoying a reprint of some of father's old sermons, *Preaching for the Million*. I devour them and learn much in matter and manner. . . . Many of the young men in the second class come and listen most attentively at our meetings, and I have often seen the Captain sitting above the steering-house in front of the bridge, listening to every word. He is a jolly Irishman, and heard father preach many years ago.

Arrived in Launceston, it was good to find himself in a warm spiritual atmosphere at the Mission Church as well as at Mount Pleasant.

> We have glorious prayer-meetings [he wrote in May], and I have received such blessing in my soul that I am glad on that account alone that I ever came here. Many of the sceptics of the town are coming to the meetings, and on Sundays hundreds are turned away unable to gain admission to the Pavilion.
>
> If you could see us all, how happy and busy and well we are, you would rejoice greatly. Whitfield is very wiry and strong. Henry and he are getting on capitally with work for the Melbourne Matric., reading Xenophon and Cicero and all sorts of

learned books. . . . They are both decidedly capable. . . . Whitfield is great at athletics, jumping with the pole, etc., and with Henry and myself delights to go out shooting in the bush. Yesterday I got an enormous hare and so helped to supply our table. . . . Lucy is much improved in health and other ways. She will make an exceptional speaker. Last Sunday evening she and Annie (Mrs. Reed's eldest daughter) took the overflow meeting, and I heard such warm commendations in the town afterwards! Better still, the Lord has been saving souls through their speaking. Away up at Piper in the country, several have been led to trust in Christ in their meetings. Dear Mrs. Reed is making arrangements for evangelistic services here and there, both on this island and in Australia.

A little later he was almost too busy to write:

The way is opening out on every side. . . . The mission in Hobart was much blessed, specially in stirring up Christians to activity and zeal for the Master. About a hundred names of converts were handed to the various Pastors whose churches they wished to attend. The people came in great crowds, especially to the Town Hall and Exhibition Buildings. Hundreds had to be turned away, and overflows were held outside. . . . I play so much on the cornet that I am improving considerably.

One very fine man, saved under father's ministry twenty-five years ago, was reclaimed from backsliding in the Hobart meetings. He was full of praise to God that the son of the one whose preaching had first reached him should have laid hold on his wandering steps and brought him again to Christ.

Back in Launceston, he was claimed for special meetings in the new Mission Church, which seated fifteen hundred. The opening of this fine building given in memory of Mr. Henry Reed was a great occasion, and the young people at Mount Pleasant had their hands full. Fourteen hundred people were to be provided for at the tea-meeting, "a gigantic undertaking", Harry wrote, "to be managed entirely by Annie and the girls".

> They are providing sandwiches, cake, tartlets, bread and butter, and fruit for the whole company, besides quantities of tea that would alarm you to contemplate. Annie is just splendid! . . . I found Whitfield just now, filling the tarts with jam, and Henry washing plates.

So the work opened up, and the return of the brothers and sister to England was delayed until the New Year. To his father Harry wrote in July:

> Were it not that my heart's affections are closely twined around the old fireside and foggy, damp, dingy London, I might soon get to love the freedom and sunshine of this lovely island and want to labour here altogether. But there is no danger! . . . I hope to get up to Brisbane soon, and I don't know where else. The Lord is shining so sweetly into my soul day by day! I never have enjoyed so much spiritual blessing as of late—Hallelujah!

Wonderful times in Adelaide and Melbourne followed, when hundreds were won for Christ. From the district of Hindemarsh he wrote in August:

> The bone and muscle of Adelaide are to be found in this quarter, and it is among the brickyards, tanneries, and gas-work men that the Gospel is being proclaimed. The inquiry-rooms have been crowded night after night, and during the past two weeks seventy have professed faith in Jesus. . . . Our best workers are among the young converts. Some of the most notorious drunkards have been won to Christ, and they stay up till midnight in their homes, praising God. As these men keep bringing others, and their "mates" are getting saved, I have declined to go into the city itself at present. . . . Nearly the whole audience rose to their feet the other evening to request me to stay with them, and promised to work with all their might throughout the mission.

In Melbourne it was the same. So much was the city stirred, that the leading infidel, a man named Simes who had a large following, determined to break up the meetings. The Town Hall was filled every night, and he planned with his followers to make a demonstration sufficiently alarming to keep people from coming. In the midst of the service one evening, when thousands packed the great building, Simes rose to his feet and shouted that he wished to ask a question.

"Certainly," the young speaker replied, "at the close of the meeting——"

"No," was the irate answer, "if I cannot ask a question *now*, I shall go!"

This was the signal, and waving his hat round his head he began to push his way out. All over the hall, immediately, his followers were shouting and pushing for the doors. A panic was imminent, but with a flash of inspiration the speaker seized his cornet and calling out, "*Rise and sing*", began the grand, familiar air, "All hail the power of Jesus' name".

Instantly the great audience was on its feet, and with the chorus, "Crown Him Lord of all", it almost seemed as if the roof would be lifted!

Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him—
Crown Him Lord of all.

Before the splendid singing ceased, every last man of Simes' following had left the building, and the meeting was resumed in peace and with added power.

Opportunities opened on every hand, until it was evident that the young evangelist must not think of leaving Australia for a time. Lucy and Whitfield would have to go home alone. Then it was decided that Annie and Henry Reed should accompany them, the latter to continue his school-life in England. With joy Whitfield wrote in October:

Mrs. Reed has given me a lovely cornet! It looks like gold all over. Such a sweet instrument . . . the best that is made! I have been teaching myself and can now play a number of hymns. It will be useful for open-air work.

And early in the new year (1886):

Just think of it—in five weeks we shall have left dear old Mount Pleasant and be on the ocean bound for home! If Henry and I go to The Leys it will be fine for both of us. . . . Annie says, is there a cornet for her too? She wants lots of work, perhaps at Berger Hall with Geraldine.

You have never seen my dear little cornet! I was playing last night in Harry's meeting.

Not long now! . . . *Coming!*

Before they could sail, however, another wonderful thing happened. Annie Reed, whom Whitfield admired so much, became engaged—and to his brother! Their cup of happiness was full, and it was as a bride-to-be she joined the little party for England.

CHAPTER V

CAMBRIDGE: SCHOOL AND UNIVERSITY

1886–1891. Aet. 17-22

It was to The Leys at Cambridge that Whitfield and Henry Reed went to prepare for college, and they had the good fortune to enter when its great headmaster was in his prime. What the influence of Dr. W. F. Moulton was in the school which owed its existence to his wisdom and enterprise it would be hard to tell. From the heart of China, Whitfield wrote some years later:

> I was deeply moved to read of the death of Dr. Moulton, my revered and beloved headmaster. I cannot imagine The Leys without the Doctor. Only a few days before, I was thinking of writing to him. It is, indeed, a privilege to have known him. The memory of his great-hearted sympathy and love, his indefatigable labours and his noble character will ever be an inspiration.

Cambridge in "May Week" is something which for charm and beauty stands alone, and it was just at this season that the two boys from Tasmania first came under its spell. They went up soon after Easter, when the old colleges and gardens, the river with its boats and bridges, and the quaint streets of the town were more fascinating than anything they could have expected. But it was the school itself that absorbed their interest. About a hundred and fifty boys were in residence, and they found themselves in the Upper Fourth and Lower Fifth respectively and rooming in the fine new Dormitory Building, North House, B. Looking out on the Quad a wide sweep of grass stretched away to the cricket ground, partly enclosed on the west by the Great Hall and the headmaster's residence. Other buildings had begun to outline the back Quad, beyond which lay the river, across intervening fields. It was a fine location, worthy of the complete equipment which distinguishes the great school now.

More important to the boys, however, was the fact that even in those early days The Leys was making its name on the football field. One of its first teams was famous as having gone through four seasons practically without defeat. In the fourth year it lost to Emmanuel College by a score which, under modern rules, would have meant a victory to the school. Out of sixty-five successive matches, fifty-three had been won and twelve drawn, and forty of these had been played with colleges of the University.[1] So the school had already considerable reputation as far as sports were concerned.

Whitfield was just seventeen when he entered The Leys, and had seen more of the world than most people of his age. But he was still a boy, with the fresh enthusiasm that characterized him all through life. He loved cricket, so much so that he used to dream about it. He was most ambitious to succeed in doing the "hat trick", taking three wickets with three successive balls, and he never rested till he did. Games meant so much to him that it was no little trial when he broke a finger playing cricket, and had to be content with less than he had hoped to attain.

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[1] Eighty-three goals and one hundred and forty-seven tries had been scored for The Leys and only three goals and six tries against it.

Pole-jumping was splendid exercise as well as fun, and he easily cleared eight feet six. So active was he and agile that he used to take a great wooden ball into partnership for exercise on rainy days at Cliff. The ball dated from time immemorial. It had come to us with the old house, and no one could tell what its use had been. It was something like a large globe, solidly made and about two feet in diameter. On the top of this smooth sphere the boys would balance themselves and then try to make it run down the long passages without their slipping off. Whitfield was the most successful, and his supple figure and light step kept the ball rolling until the excitement would be intense, and guided it seemingly wherever he would.

"Jiu-jitsu" was another of his favourite forms of activity, and one that stood him in good stead in his school-life. Attacked once by a rough bully in Tasmania, he fell back on his experience in Japanese wrestling and succeeded in flooring the aggressor to the satisfaction of the school. He was no fighter, but at The Leys he took one younger boy in hand and deliberately taught him to stand up for himself. Others were getting into the way of bullying him, and Whitfield saw that the boy's character would suffer. "Now, Jones," he would say, "I am going to hit you—and you must hit back." And he kept this up until the boy learned not to knuckle under.

But serious work was the order of the day. Dr. Moulton was himself a man of the highest scholarship and took more part than most headmasters in the actual teaching as well as supervision of the school. The door of his study was never closed to the boys, except when he was engaged with Canon Westcott (afterwards Bishop of Durham) and Dr. Hort, in their prolonged task with others, of Scripture revision.[1] At all other times he was accessible. Even at meals, if his quick ear caught a step in the hall he would be out at once, in case some boy might be in trouble or wanting to see him privately.

> When I first went to the school [wrote an old Leysian from South Africa] I was in a form in which the boys were older than myself and much bigger. Just before Christmas when the exams. were on, we were down for a *viva voce* with the Doctor in Greek. When the time approached I was in great trepidation, for besides being the youngest I was by far the naughtiest boy of the lot, and thought that any shortcomings of mine would surely be visited.
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> The awful moment arrived. We were seated round the Doctor and construing had commenced. As my turn came nearer, my mouth became drier and the book shook in my hands. At last the Doctor called my name, but not a word would come as I vainly attempted, with all eyes upon me, to make a start. The Doctor called my name again, then looked up and, I suppose, saw what was the matter, for he began at once to tell us some most interesting things about the finding of an old manuscript of the book we were reading. I became interested and forgot the ordeal, so that when he finished speaking and turned to me again I took my part with ease and fair correctness.

It was just this sympathy and understanding that gave Dr. Moulton so great an influence over his boys, combined with the character they all respected.

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[1] Dr. W. F. Moulton was one of the original company appointed in 1870 for the revision of the Authorized Version of the New Testament, a task completed ten years later. "The accuracy and thoroughness of his scholarship are wonderful", wrote Bishop Lightfoot, one of his fellow-revisers. Moulton's *Weiner*, a translation and enlargement of Weiner's Greek Testament Grammar, is still invaluable to the student.

> To have one's work criticized by him was a fine enjoyment [wrote one who afterwards attained distinction[1]]. Not a fallacy remained undetected; not the smallest point of error was slurred over; your argument might be torn to pieces, your ignorance stare you in the face; yet it was all done with such modest and playful irony, with such an ingenuity of kindness, with so perfect an avoidance of every wounding suggestion and so careful an appreciation of the smallest fragment of merit that censure became encouragement and you were taught to discover, through failure, the road to success.

It was Dr. Moulton's habit to look over the books the boys brought back from home, before they were allowed to read them. Sending for Whitfield on one occasion he talked kindly and helpfully about a certain book, but did not keep it from him.

"Read it," he said in conclusion, "but you will have to keep your eyes open."

That study, always so welcoming, that ready sympathy, that splendid confidence that clothes a boy with self-respect and inspired him to do and be his best, how memorable it all was!

"Remember, I trust you", from Dr. Moulton, was a prize to be guarded at any cost.

> Who ever from that gracious presence came
> But raised in hope, in faith more pure and strong,
> Stirred strangely to a higher, nobler aim,
> Or wooed, he knew not how, from all things wrong.[2]

Before Whitfield had been long at The Leys, he was promoted to the dignity of a prefect's study. To one of his sisters he wrote:

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[1] Professor G. G. Findlay of Headingley College, in *The British Weekly*, February 10, 1898.

[2] From the Memorial Number of the school magazine; a poem by one of the Assistant Masters.

How funny I must look sitting at my study-table! On my left are some tadpoles I have reared from frogs' eggs. A cricket bat and tennis racket are on my right, books all around, and papers with calculations everywhere. In fact, I am in an untidy mess! But I wish you could see me here, even for a few minutes. . . .

I have to work very hard just now. My first B.Sc., London, comes off in a few weeks. I am afraid I have not much chance of getting through, but I am going to try and do my best. . . . The greater the difficulty, the more must we attack it with ardour and overcome in the name of the Lord and for His sake. It is nice to think that we can do everything *for His sake*. This thought makes life appear so different—completely changed!

Two happy years spent at The Leys brought Whitfield's school-life to a close. He carried off a number of prizes as well as cups for athletic events. Harrington Lees, afterwards Archbishop of Melbourne, was a fellow-prefect and also an active member of the Christian Union. Years after, when Whitfield was in China, the Archbishop spoke with manifest stirring of heart of the fellowship of those Cambridge days and his loving regard for his old friend. They went up to the University together in 1888, Harrington Lees to St. John's and Whitfield to Caius, the recognized science college, familiarly known as "The Stinks". He was taking up medicine with a view to pioneer missionary work in some needy field. It was hardly like leaving The Leys when this development came, for Dr. Moulton's heart was always open to his "old boys". Help and counsel were to be found just as before, in the familiar study, and even coaching in different subjects the busy headmaster would make time to give.

But the atmosphere, of course, was very different when school was exchanged for university life. Whitfield delighted in it, from the charm of his college rooms overlooking the Senate House in the heart of the town, to the Rowing Club on the river and the music in King's College Chapel which he could almost hear from his windows. Visiting him that winter, father was interested in the young undergraduate's enthusiasm over the colleges and their surroundings no less than in the beauty of the place itself. Together they passed through court after court, under historic archways, visiting lecture halls and libraries steeped in the ancient spirit of learning, breathing in the atmosphere of culture that pervaded even the gardens with their silent exclusiveness and charm. At length father stopped and turning to Whitfield said, with the tone that opened far vistas:

"But there is a higher atmosphere, my son; seek it, live in it!"

It was that higher atmosphere which, from the first, Whitfield was enabled to bring into his life at Caius. Bright and natural as he was, contributing largely with his music and genial spirit to the social life of the college, he was not carried away by the currents around him. To his own son he wrote, long after:

> I remember the day when I went down into the waters of baptism, in confession of the fact that I accepted the Lord Jesus as my personal Saviour and gave myself to Him. From that fact, that confession, I have never gone back, and though there has been many a failure I have never doubted that I am a child of God (John i. 12). Faith based upon facts is a sure foundation.
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> Fact I. *He loved me and gave Himself for me*, Gal. ii. 20.
>
> Upon a life I did not live,
> Upon a death I did not die,
> Another's life, Another's death,
> I stake my whole eternity.

Read, think about and accept Romans viii. 33-39. "More than conquerors" (verse 37). Victory through faith! And then, 2 Cor. v. 15: "Henceforth live . . . unto Him".

Fact II. *I believe and I belong. Not my own.*

These were the facts that underlay the steady life he lived at college. Certain principles were settled once for all and he did not go back upon them. He had clearly seen that for him, as a follower of Christ, smoking, theatres, and dancing were not helpful. This was final, whatever situations might arise, and the weakness and want of testimony that arise from indecision were cut out. His position was soon understood and respected, and many were the "good times" at his fireside, though the Bible might lie open on the table.

Needless to say, there were big tests to be met. Such, for example, was the Boat Club Supper at the end of his first term. The language used seemed worse than usual, and to crown it all the Captain told a most objectionable story. No protest was raised, but it was more than Whitfield could stand. To everyone's surprise the "fresher" was on his feet. He simply said that if there were any more such stories he would be obliged to leave the Boat Club. The effect was an immediate change of tone. No more stories of the kind were told, and bad language was stayed that night at any rate.

Rowing was the exercise Whitfield most enjoyed, and when he was offered a demonstratorship in biology he made what he afterwards felt was the mistake of refusing it, that he might give more time to the river. Later on he woke up to the importance of working in a more serious way for his tripos, and then he even declined an offer which must have tempted him sorely—

when Dr. Mann, the celebrated organist, asked him to sing in his choir at King's College Chapel.

In the musical life of Caius, Whitfield took a considerable part, playing both in the annual concerts at the Guild Hall, when more than a thousand people would be present, and in semi-private affairs in the dining-hall of the college. The following is one of repeated records:

> On the evening of Saturday the 28th of May, the Caius courts were alive with a moving mass of human beings struggling beneath chairs of wicker, chairs of damask, chairs of solid wood, in fact all sorts and conditions of chairs, on their way to the College Hall. It was one of those occasions upon which "Gentlemen are requested to bring their own chairs", and when the humdrum attendant upon college dinners gives way to sweeter, more melodious sounds. . . .
>
> Mr. Guinness . . . was next heard in a violin solo, admirably suited to display his exquisite rendering of pathetic pieces, for which he gained a thoroughly well-earned recall.

Two outstanding experiences in his undergraduate days brought him into serious danger.

One evening at "Fenner's" (Athletic Ground) Whitfield was bicycling alone, practising round a course which is not there now. He had got up speed and was going over twenty miles an hour, bending over the handle-bar, when something impelled him to look up. Sudden death confronted him! For there, through the gathering dusk, he saw just before him the heavy wooden beam, something like a toll-gate, put up to bar the course. Instantly he threw himself sideways and was swept under the bar. Had he crashed into it, head first, he must have been killed on the spot. As it was he was not seriously hurt, saved by that strange impulse to look up.

His other escape, though less dramatic, was no less real.

Among the undergraduates at Caius was one who had gone pretty far as a spiritualist and was understood to be a medium. At his invitation several Caius men met one afternoon for a séance, including Whitfield and his friend, D. M. Panton. One of the group was an agnostic and another an Anglo-Catholic. For about twenty minutes nothing particular happened. The table round which they were seated gave no response to the questions put to it, and they were getting distinctly tired.

"Just two minutes more", urged the medium.

The table began to move a little, round and round, then rolled right over and across the room.

Aroused to interest, the group began to ply it with questions—two bangs on the floor meant "No", and three "Yes".

One asked whether his brother had passed his examination (he had just received the news himself). The table gave the right answer. Another wanted to know the number of books on the bookshelf over which a curtain was hanging; it was not the medium's room. The table said forty-nine, which proved to be exactly right. For almost an hour they went on showering questions, all of which were answered correctly. Greatly intrigued, they now came to more serious matters, and asked how long it would take for them to become initiated—how many séances they would have to attend before they could be considered mediums? An arrow drawn on paper was placed on the table, pointing to each in turn, and the answer was rapped out:

"Panton, 15; Guinness, 13 or 14; the Anglo-Catholic, 5; the agnostic, 1."

A strange consciousness of some unseen power was stealing over them. Whitfield began to be uneasy. Then he remembered the passage, 1 John iv. 1-3: "Try (or test) the spirits, whether they are of God. . . . Every spirit which confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God; and every spirit which confesseth not Jesus is not of God."

Quietly he put the question: "Has Jesus Christ, the Son of God, come in the flesh?"

The table rose right up, about two feet high, and crashed out an unmistakable "No!"

That broke up the atmosphere and, for Whitfield, put an end to tampering with Spiritualism. Some who went on with it had grave cause to regret the first steps by which they became enslaved.[1]

Letters to his elder sister, who was by this time in China, give glimpses of the inner life, though few and far between.

> How long this letter will take to reach you I do not know, but it carries with it heartiest Christmas greetings and birthday wishes to my own sister from a brother who never, never can forget her. You are serving Him whose birthday we remember on that day, and though far from home this is a joy beyond all others. "For to me to live is Christ": I do long to realize this spirit. It must be grand always to do everything for the Master, in a sense of His presence.
>
> Dear father has been here the last three Thursday nights, lecturing on Romanism. The meetings have been very well at-

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[1] Not long ago, the writer met a woman, the mother of a young family, who was terribly possessed by evil spirits—suffering a veritable hell upon earth—who told her that the trouble began in just the way detailed above, by attending spiritualistic séances and allowing herself to become a medium.

tended and father has spoken grandly. Mother is writing another missionary book, about the Upper Congo region. How she does work! As far back as I can remember, it is always mother writing away late at night, by the light of a green-shaded candle-lamp. Darling mother, may God still keep her strong and well!

What a grand thing health is, and what a glorious thing health of the soul! It is that I want and seek after—communion with God, nothing between; a perfect way, open to Him. Ah, Geraldine, how far, far short I come of even my own desires; how immeasurably short of His desire! Oh, to know Him perfectly and to *live* Christ!

I do miss you so much! You were always such a help to me. . . . Living for God does change our lives, doesn't it? Pray that for me to live may be Christ. I am afraid that my life does not speak for Him as it should. May God help me to realize the fulness of Christ in my life.

I wish you could see my rooms here at College. The study is not too big to be cosy, and not too small. It is just right. Your dear photograph stands on the mantelpiece with one of Father, also some pictures of Cliff and neighbouring places. There are two texts on the wall near the fireplace. I like having texts up in my room; they catch one's eye at lunch perhaps, or breakfast, and give food for thought.

Mr. Moule of Ridley Hall is a great help to us here. He takes a Bible Class for University men every Sunday evening after service. I have been to some of them and regret that I cannot go regularly. But I am helping at present in a mission carried on in the "East End" of Cambridge. We go round before the meeting and invite people to come in, visiting many homes and public-houses. Then a few of us give short addresses in the mission-hall, after which we go on to the gas-works and speak to the men congregated there. We do not get back till ten o'clock at night, and Mr. Moule's Bible Class is over long before that. I am sorry to miss it, but someone must do the mission work, *n'est-ce pas?*

One of the greatest helps in his University life was the daily prayer meeting, organized and conducted by undergraduates themselves. That prayer meeting is still carried on. For wellnigh seventy years it has been the power-house of the Christian forces at Cambridge, the attendance being "a fairly trustworthy indication of the rise or fall of spiritual life from year to year".[1] The beginnings of this remarkable meeting may be traced back to the Revival of 1859, when Cambridge University was not unresponsive to the spiritual influences that pervaded the land. In Whitfield's day it was attended by fifty men on an average, divided into two groups, each of which met for a quarter of an hour only. A hymn, a short reading from the Bible, without comment, and prayers that were real and to the point brought an uplift in the middle of the busy day, and the newly opened Henry Martyn Hall where the meetings were held became a sacred spot in many a life.[2] Above the oak panelling of the hall runs a gold-lettered frieze, filling rapidly now, with the names of Cambridge University men who have given their lives for Christ on the mission field.

Out of this prayer meeting had grown all the developments of the Cambridge Inter-collegiate Christian Union—the C.I.C.C.U., as it is familiarly called—of which Whitfield was an active member. Formed in 1877 to promote closer union between undergraduates of all colleges who were working for Christ, the C.I.C.C.U. has been kept true to its original basis—"faith in Him as my Saviour, my Lord and my God"—and is the father of all the Evangelical Unions which have sprung up since the War and are spreading now on the Continent of Europe as well as in North America, Australia, and New Zealand.

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[1] See *Life of Bishop Handley Moule*, by Harford and Macdonald, chapter x. "Undergraduate Movements at Cambridge", p. 114.

[2] Adjoining Holy Trinity Church, of which the Rev. John Barton was Vicar, this Hall was devoted largely to the use of undergraduates in their religious and philanthropic work. Henry Martyn, Senior Wrangler before he was twenty and pioneer missionary of the C.M.S. to Persia, had been Curate of Holy Trinity when the saintly Charles Simeon was Vicar, whose ministry, for fifty years, exercised such an uplifting influence in Cambridge.

Cambridge in Whitfield's day was the centre of a spiritual movement which was reaching to the ends of the earth. Its outward, visible beginning may be dated from 1882, when the C.I.C.C.U. invited the American evangelists, Moody and Sankey, to hold a mission, in place of the usual Freshmen's sermon. John Barton of Trinity and Handley Moule, Principal of Ridley Hall, were among the seniors who signed the invitation, "not without trepidation" in Mr. Moule's case, for he feared that the University would not be reached. And indeed his fears seemed likely to be justified, for the commencement of the Mission was anything but promising. Seventeen hundred men crowded the Corn Exchange, students of all colleges, many of whom were there just to make a disturbance. The opening prayer was applauded, and throughout the address fun was made of the American pronunciation and phrases. The meeting seemed a failure. But this opposition defeated its end, for it led to much earnest, prevailing prayer.

Three days later, a leader of the rowdy element was powerfully converted. Others soon followed.

> The week-day meetings were held in the Gymnasium. On the Wednesday night those who wanted to know the salvation of God were invited to ascend to the gallery, reached by an iron ladder in the centre of the hall. Fifty-two men, including several leaders went up one after the other, in full sight of all: the ice was broken, the revival had begun.
>
> In that curious inquiry-room, the gallery of the old Gym-

nasium, Moule took his part night after night in speaking with those who sought spiritual counsel. He recorded in his diary on the Monday night, "Stayed to the After Meeting, the first I have ever seen". On Tuesday, "Wonderful address on sowing and reaping; about thirty inquirers; spoke to one Caius man".... On Friday, "University meeting deeply solemn and full of power; gallery crowded afterwards with those who had received or desired blessing".... He once told a company of Ridley men how he was kneeling next to Moody on the closing Sunday night, when the latter asked that those who had received definite blessing in the meetings should quietly stand up, while all kept their eyes closed, and how he heard Moody say under his breath, as he alone saw the result, "My God, this is enough to have lived for!"[1]

It was little wonder that with the New Life possessing so many hearts there should be a spirit of earnest inquiry into "the aims, limits, and possibilities" of Christian experience. Well was it that such men as John Barton and Handley Moule were in the confidence of the student body.

> That was a wonderful time, [wrote the latter]. Spiritual influences were in the air. For some few years the Christian life at Cambridge with which I was most connected was moved in an extraordinary measure and manner by the deepest inquiries and aspirations. The watchwords of surrender and holiness were everywhere. There was an almost passionate desire for entire deliverance from the power of sin. That sacred impulse took sometimes dangerous directions and many an anxious hour some of us had in seeking to guide men and to indicate the law of balance and holy soberness; but the whole result, I say unhesitatingly, was nobly good, and many a day since then I have almost prayed for the aberrations back again for the sake of the wonderful life.

Happily the "Sunday Evening Lectureship" at Trinity Church, founded in the seventeenth century, was held at this time by Mr. Moule himself, who was so peculiarly fitted to guide and steady, without discouraging, this spiritual quest. It was a sight to see the fine old building crowded with an audience largely composed of gownsmen who would not willingly have missed the memorable discourses from that pulpit. And yet for some time after Moody's visit the preacher had not fully entered, himself, upon the deeper possibilities of grace so many of his hearers were seeking. He was not satisfied: under the blameless outward life was often the heart-cry, "What must I do to be delivered from myself?"

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[1] See *Life of Bishop Handley Moule*, by Harford and Macdonald, p. 115.

Just at this juncture, a group of university men who had entered into a glorious experience of the power of the Lord Jesus Christ not only to save but to keep came to Cambridge, on the eve of sailing for China as missionaries (November, 1884). With them came Mr. Hudson Taylor, founder and director of the China Inland Mission, under whose auspices they were going out. Who did not know Stanley Smith, stroke of the Cambridge boat in 1882? Who did not admire Charlie Studd, Captain of the University Eleven and champion non-professional cricketer in all England? No wonder the University was moved and that the Guild Hall was crowded from floor to ceiling to see and hear such leaders.

But there was something more than personal attraction, something more than prowess in the world of sport that moved the hearts of men, as these and other members of "The Cambridge Seven" told in the simplest way what they had found in Christ and why they were going to a missionary life in China. And in Mr. Hudson Taylor's address there was the same unmistakable ring of joyous surrender to a Divine Master who more than satisfies His servants' hearts. Manifestly they had found the secret! They were not like people who were giving up all that the average man counts best in life. They were like spiritual millionaires, eager to share their wealth with others.

Yes, and Handley Moule had found the secret too! Only a few weeks previously, in a barn in Scotland where a convention for the deepening of spiritual life was being held, he had entered into a hitherto unknown experience (September, 1884). He always spoke of it afterwards as a new departure, the time when the Christian secret of holy, joyous living was made his own. And it consisted in just two things—"*complete surrender of the soul to God* and *complete trust in Him for His mighty victory within*". Before he left the barn that evening the step had been taken—the simple, solemn step of faith.

> He yielded himself wholly and unreservedly to his Sovereign Lord to be His willing "bond-slave", and he trusted Him with a new definiteness to work in him that transformation into His own image which He alone could effect. As he thus embraced with the two arms of surrender and trust the Divine Promiser, he became aware in his inmost being that, on the one hand, he was the bond-slave of a Sovereign Master, and on the other, that he was in the keeping of a Friend and Liberator Who would, so long and so much as he looked to Him, make him more than conqueror over the most subtle approach of evil.[1]

A few months later a little book appeared, published in the spring of 1885, which marked a new development in Christian literature dealing with the inner life. Many were the undergraduates in Whitfield's day who carried about with them Handley Moule's small, unobtrusive volume, entitled *Thoughts on Christian Sanctity*. It could slip into a coat pocket, but it opened up possibilities of grace the heights and depths of which awakened and satisfied longings unutterable. It was the first not only of a series from Mr. Moule's pen but of countless other little books on the same great theme.

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[1] See *Life of Bishop Moule*, by Harford and Macdonald, chapter 11, "Inner Life and the Keswick Movement", p. 128.

"Thirty-five years later the Bishop of Durham stood for the last time on the platform of the tent at Keswick, his face lit up with the joy of the Lord, and witnessed to the faithfulness of the Divine Master during the years that had passed since that revelation of His grace and power." *Ibid.*

Thoughts on Christian Sanctity meant much to Whitfield during his years at Cambridge. Many were the talks in low wainscoted rooms or on country walks, as C.I.C.C.U. men drew together to share their experience or seek to help others.

> This was the outstanding mark of the religious life of my time [wrote one of his contemporaries], not that the evangelistic appeal was forgotten. Far from it. . . . But the main feature was a quiet growth in grace, and with this an increasing care for the "regions beyond".[1]

The wave of missionary enthusiasm which swept over the University was the natural outcome of this deepening of spiritual life and led to the enrolment of the first "Student Volunteers" at Cambridge, including Whitfield, who had been long looking to the foreign field. It was not primarily the missionary appeal that gave it birth, it was something far deeper. It was the spirit of Christ Himself in the soul whose highest joy was to "know Him", even in "the fellowship of His sufferings".

Thus drew to an end the five years of Whitfield's Cambridge life with all their growth and development. His final examinations gave him honours in Part I of the Natural Science Tripos, and in the early summer of 1891 he left the University to continue his medical studies in London.

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[1] H. L. C. de Candole, afterwards Dean of Bristol.

CHAPTER VI

THE LONDON HOSPITAL

1891–1896. Aet. 22-27

It was a full life of which Whitfield became a part when he took up work at the London Hospital. Not only were there the busy wards and medical school—nine hundred beds and three to four hundred students—but all the activities of Harley House as well, with its interests reaching to the ends of the earth. Sir Frederick Treves, the noted surgeon, and Sir Andrew Clarke, physician to the King, were great lights at the London, keenly interested in their students and in the hospital Christian Association. At the commencement of each college-year, Sir Andrew and Lady Clarke invited the members of the Association, of which he was President, and all freshmen to a social evening in their own home—quite a grand affair, but always ending in a helpful address with the freshmen specially in mind.

Changes had come in the old home. The familiar schoolroom was a nursery now, and the garden resounded with the merry-making of a younger generation. Mother was still at her desk, but Father was a good deal away for meetings and missionary journeys, Harry and his young wife having come into the work as honorary Secretaries. This did not mean that his days of evangelism were over. On the contrary, he had more invitations than he could accept for missions in all parts of the country, especially among men. Of one of his early visits to Liverpool, mother wrote:

> Harry has had splendid meetings here—between three and four thousand men last night in Hengler's Circus. It was like one of Moody's missions, hundreds of inquirers. . . . He wished me to be with him to take the afternoon meetings and some missionary addresses, and I was glad to come.

Both Colleges were full and a Women's Department had grown up in London which increased the number of students to a hundred and forty-five. More than this, the pioneer mission on the upper Congo, of which Harry was practically the founder, had taken root and was extending in that vast, untouched field. The Congo Mission of our childhood was being ably carried on by the Society to which it had been transferred,[1] and the new work had already several stations north of the equator, in the great bend of the upper river. To forward the evangelization of that neglected region, Harry had gone himself to the Congo, and stirring letters were coming from him as well as from the sister who had been some years in China. Lucy, the younger sister, was helping mother as Editor of *Regions Beyond*, when not claimed by many meetings, for she was already in demand as a missionary speaker on both sides of the Atlantic.[2] And there was the continual coming and going at Harley House of interesting people from all over the world, the Farewell Meetings for outgoing parties of students, and the summer gatherings that were red-letter days to hundreds of friends from Berger Hall and other home-mission centres.

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[1] The American Baptist Missionary Union, with its headquarters in Boston, Mass.

[2] It had been her privilege to introduce the Student Volunteer Movement in the women's colleges of the United States, both East and West, and to enrol the first women volunteers, to the number of about three hundred. All the Secretaries who had travelled before in connection with the movement had been men.

In the midst of all this it was not easy to concentrate on anatomy and physiology, and Whitfield was glad at times of the refuge of Cliff, which was increasingly a second home, as father and mother were a good deal there.

But the hospital itself was his special sphere. From the first he felt his responsibility not only to get but to give; not only to study but to live, day by day, the life that is "not I, but Christ", where it was so much needed. In the Christian Association of the hospital he found quite a few like-minded friends. Not all the hundred and thirty members were keen spiritually, but a good many were, and the prayer meetings especially drew them together. These were held once a week in the Chaplain's room, and there was a fortnightly social gathering when refreshments were served, followed by a lecture on some scientific subject related to the Bible. This was common ground on which Christians and non-Christians could meet, and very earnest were the efforts of the men who had found joy and peace in believing to draw others to the living Saviour.

Medical students are not usually leaders in religious life, but the London Hospital had proved something of an exception to the rule. For there the missionary interest represented by the Student Volunteer Movement had struck deep root. Dr. Howard Taylor, whose record at "the London" gave him influence with his fellow-students, had brought back from Northfield itself the inspiration first kindled there through the student-leaders of the movement. With his father, Mr. Hudson Taylor of the China Inland Mission, he had attended one of the early student conferences (1888) presided over by Mr. D. L. Moody. Returning to his internship in the hospital he had been enabled so to present the claims of Christ and of the world that twelve of his fellow-medicals enrolled their names in his room as volunteers for the mission field. The number had grown after his own departure for China, and when Whitfield came to the hospital he found himself one of a band of twenty-four volunteers, definitely preparing for missionary service. This strengthened the testimony of the Christian group in the hospital and steadied the lives of the men themselves, committed to so high a calling.

It meant also more than ordinary diligence in the work of preparation. No hospitals, no specialists, no nurses even might be at hand to help the medical missionary in his lonely sphere. He must be his own consultant, prepared for every emergency. This meant "grinding at anatomy", as Whitfield wrote, and at physiology and materia medica and all the formidable studies that underlie the doctor's usefulness.

It was no small thing that the increasingly absorbed student should have been able to maintain through all those years the same joyous, beautiful spirit that had always made him a comfort at home.

> Whitfield is back from Cambridge [his sister Lucy had written] and cheers the whole scene up with his delightful presence.
>
> He is a steady, amiable, and very charming lad [came in one of his mother's letters]. He is all I could wish him to be, and that is saying a great deal.

In the hospital also he was welcome everywhere, nurses and patients alike soon discovering a sympathy that was unfailing behind that cheery look and smile. His music came to be in great demand. Sunday services in the wards were welcome when he suggested them and many were the hours of pain and weariness beguiled by that sweet voice in singing or speaking. One who often took part in those Sunday services recalled the freshness and helpfulness of it all.

> We just moved from ward to ward—two or three each evening. We would stand somewhere in a little group and Whitfield led the singing, often with his violin. His brief addresses were so practical, coming right down to everyday needs.
>
> No matter where he might be, he always seemed ready with a friendly word, so cheery and tactful! Travelling by train or bus he would speak to conductor and passengers about their most vital interests. He couldn't help it. The deep concern was there, and it come out so naturally. He was just full of *joy* in the Lord, and always on the alert to win souls for the Master.

Yet, there were other experiences. There were ups and downs in the spiritual life—times of discouragement that no one round him knew anything about—and sometimes it seemed, as it has to many another, that there were "more downs than ups". His longing to live the exchanged life, the life that is "no longer I, but Christ that liveth in me", was very real. And can that life be ever truly lived apart from testing and training in God's school?

One early letter to his sister in China may afford a glimpse into those deeper things. A great disappointment had come to him in his first few months at the hospital, giving rise to painful exercise of mind.

It is difficult, I think, to know how to please God. I thought it would be right for me to come and work at home, at the London Hospital, in Anatomy and Physiology, for my second M.B. It was a great saving of expense, if I could get through from home. But, unfortunately, I completely misjudged my exam., which was easier than I expected, and got ploughed. Now, Geraldine, I did work hard. It was difficult to work amid the many distractions of Harley House life. But I tried and did my best, and prayed to God, and yet—got plucked! Surely it could not be the will of God that I should fail and be delayed in my work? I wanted to do His will and to please Him.

It is so hard to know what the will of God for us is! Now I must go on with the same studies again, and a little hospital work in addition, until June of next year (six months) and try to get through then. Do pray that I may. . . . Had I been at Cambridge I should most certainly have passed.

Yes, he would have passed had he been at Cambridge, and would have missed, perhaps, one of life's most needed lessons. Success is not always the best teacher. We need to understand that it is in the deep, inner life—the walk of faith with God—that the real power lies. Outward, man-seen success may be the smallest part of the success of a life, and may be counted least by the Master. "The deeper triumphs over self and natural hindrances are those He prizes most. In them He sees most fully of the travail of His own soul and is satisfied."

There were other disappointments too, and deeper trials as time went on that cannot be told in detail. But through them all Whitfield was learning to look away from circumstances, away from self and feelings, away even from one's mistakes, to the only satisfying rest for the soul. A word that came to many with power at the Keswick Conference of 1892 was one that went on with him through life:

"Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord, for He shall pluck my feet out of the net."

Struggling with the net, whatever it may be, only involves one the more in its meshes. Looking at the winds and waves, the doubts and difficulties, is the sure way to sink. But the upward glance, the quick turning to the Lord Himself in every moment of need, brings deliverance, peace and power. And what a life of joy it is to deal with Him about everything, leaving Him to deal with the net!

One great sorrow that came early in his hospital course was the sudden, unexpected illness that laid our dear mother aside. Harry was still on the Congo, but father and Lucy were at home when the stroke came, and a cable to China recalled the absent daughter to her side. Landing at Dover after an absence of more than four years, it was Whitfield who met the writer and travelled with her to London. Long-sundered lives flowed together again, and the hour alone in that railway carriage was peculiarly sacred and memorable. To the sister had come in China something of the wonderful secret of the life of victory Whitfield was seeking with such earnest desire. As that secret was told, its inner meaning gripped his heart, and he too entered into a new joy in a definite and full surrender of his life to the incoming of God the Holy Spirit.

It was a blessing that spread, and another member of the family wrote a few months later:

> He is come. He fills my heart. . . . Such a week since last Saturday night at Moffat. It was in answer to *prayer* and just by *believing*. Ah! you understand. I do not need to remind you of our conversations in Wales. You know how I longed then for more

grace, and have so many years. And then at Cliff, through Marshall's help,[1] I came to see that Christ is our sanctification—all the treasure in Him. It was a revelation! Still there was a link wanting—the simple, solemn act of faith: "I receive Thee as this for me".

But it came—and what blessing since. I do not care to talk about it; just overflowing joy and a new sense of power, very real, making itself unmistakable in inward victories.

What a reunion that was, when from China and Africa, from the western states of America and from far-off Tasmania the family gathered home! For the young mother and little children had been away during Harry's absence, visiting her own people at Mount Pleasant. There a little son had been born whom his father longed to see. And now, with our own mother restored to comparative health again, we were reunited—Harry having been brought back literally from the jaws of death, through the attacks of savage cannibals, not to speak of deadly African fevers.

For two years the elder sister was detained at home, finishing and publishing *The Story of the China Inland Mission*, before she returned to be married to Dr. Howard Taylor in China. Those were years in which Whitfield was growing and making steady advance in his studies. The missionary movement among young people, students especially, was growing too and spreading with wonderful results throughout Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe. So much was this the case that, toward the end of his medical course, the first International Student Volunteer Convention was convened—the great gathering that met under the leadership of Donald Fraser (then a young Scotch student) in Liverpool. Whitfield went as one of the delegates from the London Hospital, and very wonderful was the gathering of eight hundred students, representing twenty-four nationalities, banded together under the watchword "Make Jesus King".

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[1] Author of *The Gospel Mystery of Sanctification.*

> How unlike ordinary missionary meetings were those gatherings! [wrote one of the missionary Secretaries present]. How comparatively few startling facts were told! How few interesting stories were related! Opposite the platform hung a huge world-map, coloured so as to show the big fields yet untilled, unsown for the Harvest-Lord. The stand taken was upon the Master's divine, imperative order, to view the Church of Christ as existing for the evangelization of the world; to press upon every saved soul, every consecrated life, his or her responsibility in the matter—a responsibility only to be met by personal service abroad, if the God of providence and grace opened the way, or, failing that, by personal service in the cause at home, no less needful though often forgotten.

"If He is King He has a right to all", was Pilkington's message from Uganda, and many were the lives that responded in unreserved consecration.

It was not long after this that Whitfield graduated as Bachelor of Medicine and Surgery (M.B., B.Ch. Cantab.)[1] and found himself free at last for his life-work. But by this time the family were scattered again and it seemed impossible to think of leaving mother. Father and Lucy were in India on an extended missionary journey; Geraldine was back in China, and Harry was about to go to South America in response to urgent calls for evangelistic and other work. True, Annie and the children were at Harley House, and Mother was tenderly cared

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[1] "Howard may like to know", he wrote (June 26, 1896), "that I came out third in the exam. Thesis has been accepted. M.B., B.Ch. *taken*!"

Photo by *Elliott & Fry*

MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS

Mother of G. Whitfield Guinness

for by an adopted daughter, her constant companion. Whitfield, who had been thinking of India for some years, had been accepted by the Missionary Council of the Keswick Convention to go out as one of their representatives, so the way was open. But—mother? How could he leave her so?

"We will not think of it", he said, "until father and Lucy come home."

"My son, do you so little know your mother?" she interposed tenderly. "Do you not realize that it is my ambition, my heart's desire, to see you all—every one of my children—serving the Lord where the need is greatest? I would not keep you back one hour."

But it was a hard parting. Mother came up from Cliff and was able to be at one of the Farewell Meetings. On Wednesday night the 10th of February, 1897, he left her, setting out alone for Brindisi—left her, never to see her dear face in this life again.

Was that Cross still above the door of his old room at Harley House—that Cross that shone in the dark—so characteristic of his purpose never to forget all that it stood for?

CHAPTER VII

HONAN AT LAST

1897–1898. Aet. 28-29

It was China, however, not India, toward which his face was set. For years the burden of China's need, the physical suffering as well as spiritual darkness of untold millions in its inland provinces, had been on his heart, and now the young doctor fully equipped and ready for service was on his way to Shanghai.

The mission he had joined was not one of the older, denominational Boards. Like his sister, Whitfield had been drawn to the China Inland Mission partly because of its objective, the evangelization of the unreached interior, and partly on account of what he felt to be its Scriptural beliefs and principles. "Rock Foundations" Mr. Hudson Taylor called them at the Annual Meetings that spring, and certainly the experience of the thirty-one years he had under review justified the expression: "rock foundations, on which we have found it safe and profitable to build". As they formed the basis of the life before us no less than that of the mission, it is of interest to have them stated in Mr. Taylor's own way.[1]

> First then, the glorious truth that *God is*—that the Father is; that the Son is; that the Holy Spirit is—and that the blessed triune God is "the Rewarder of them that diligently seek Him".

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[1] See Report of the Annual Meetings, *China's Millions* for 1897, p. 85, etc.

Again, that "*God . . . hath spoken*", spoken "by the mouth of all His holy prophets"; that the Bible, the whole Bible, is the very word of the living God; that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable"; that, through it, the man of God may be "furnished completely unto every good work".

That, as the Scriptures teach, "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God"; that those who sin "without law shall also perish without law", as truly as those who sin "in the law shall be judged by the law"; that there is salvation in no other Name than that of Jesus Christ, and in no other way than that of faith in Him.

That He, our risen Lord, has commanded that His Gospel be preached in "all the world" and "to every creature"—therefore, in every province in China, to every tribe, in every dialect, to every individual in that vast land.

That "all power" has been given unto Him "in heaven and on earth"; and that relying on His might and His resources we are to go forth, counting on the Father's loving care who knows what things we have need of before we ask Him, taking no anxious thought for food or raiment, but seeking "first the kingdom of God and His righteousness", well assured that "all these things" shall be added unto us.

That He who commands the evangelization of the world, Himself holds "the key of David"; that He "openeth and no man shutteth", and that He goes with each faithful servant to set before him the open door which He would have him enter.

That the hope of the Church, the hope of the world, is the coming again of our Lord, and that we may hasten His coming by the faithful proclamation of the Gospel all over China.

That as many as have "put on Christ" are all "one in Christ Jesus"; equally bound to obey Him; equally heirs of His promises.

Acting on these beliefs, we have from the commencement invited the co-operation of God's people, without restriction as to denomination or nationality, in a work intended especially, though not exclusively, for the interior of China. We have invited co-operation whether by prayer, by unsolicited free-will offerings or personal service. The first band that went out, the Lammermuir Party, was international as well as interdenominational. During these thirty-one years no candidate considered suitable has been declined, nor has anyone been accepted whom the Lord's provision has not enabled us to send out. And all sent out He has also sustained. . . .

A generation has now passed away since the commencement of the work, time enough to test these principles, and we have the glad privilege of bearing witness to their truth and to His faithfulness; for we can say with Joshua of old, "Not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof".

We further bear glad testimony to the fact not only that God is faithful to His promises but that His commands are *wise* as well as good, and that obedience to them—if it leads at times to difficult situations—issues in delightful surprises and proofs that His way is *best* as well as right. For instance, in the matter of obtaining fellow-workers, we have followed the Master's directions, "Pray ye the Lord of the Harvest". For The Five before the Mission was formed; for the twenty-four first asked for in connection with the C.I.M.; for further reinforcements as they were needed; for The Seventy in three years and The Hundred in one year we have simply relied on this plan. Seeing the results, one may well ask whether in any other way such a band of workers could have been gathered, from nearly every denomination and from many lands, and kept together with no other bond save that which the call of God and the love of God has proved —a band now numbering over seven hundred men and women, aided by more than five hundred Chinese workers? . . .

Again, have not the promises of God's Word as to the Father's supplies been very notably fulfilled throughout these thirty-one years? How often have we been reminded that there is indeed a living God; that He has spoken in the Scriptures; that He means what He says and will do all that He has promised! Month by month, without reserve funds or working capital and with no human guarantees, free-will offerings, bringing untold blessing to the donors, have met the needs of the mission with its over one thousand missionary and native workers, its eighty boarding and day schools, its hospitals, dispensaries, and opium-refuges, which annually relieve many thousands of patients. As needed, funds have also been supplied for the purchase or erection of headquarters at home and in China, for the creation and circulation of missionary literature in various languages, and for other special needs. Can we look back without thanksgiving or forward without rejoicing? For "this God is our God for ever and ever". He will never fail nor forsake His own.

More than this, from year to year He uses His "key of David" to open fresh doors of service and fresh hearts for His own possession. In two hundred and seventy-seven stations where our missionaries and Chinese workers are residing, over nine thousand people have been baptized, of whom six thousand are still living and in full standing as communicants. We are well within the mark in estimating that not fewer than twenty thousand souls have been given us during these thirty years, some thousands of whom have already gone in to see the King in His beauty. . . . During the same period, however, more than *three hundred millions* of unconverted heathen have passed into eternity, to most of whom the Gospel was never preached at all. All were entitled to it. To all Christ commanded that it should be given. What shall we say to the Master when He asks us about them? His brow was pierced with thorns, His hands and feet by the nails, His side with the spear, to purchase redemption for us and for them. What have we suffered to give these people the Glad Tidings? What are we doing, now, that costs us pain to prevent the ceaseless stream of souls from following them, unrescued, into eternity?

"I think you will agree with me", Whitfield had said in one of his farewell meetings, "that we have no more profound incentive to missionary service than *a long look at Jesus Christ our Master*". He was not afraid to take that long look now—with sacrifices gladly made, behind him, and his face set toward one of earth's darkest places.

For the Province of Honan, to which he was designated, was one of the most populous and most neglected spiritually, in China. With a splendid race of northern people numbering thirty-five millions,[1] in thirteen great prefectures, it had only two small groups of Protestant missionaries. In the three prefectures north of the Yellow River the Canadian Presbyterians were at work, leaving the ten prefectures south of the river, including the capital of the province, to pioneers of the C.I.M. Mountainous on the west, and in its eastern reaches forming part of the largest and most populous plains in the world, Honan had seven times been the seat of the Imperial Government. The Sung Dynasty, as early as the tenth century A.D., had ruled from Kaifeng—the great and at one time magnificent capital on the Yellow River, where an ancient colony of Jews had flourished—but repeated overflows of the turbulent stream had devastated the city, turning the surrounding plain into a wilderness of sand.

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[1] This is the figure given in the *Statesman's Year Book* for 1906—probably an under-estimate.

Including this still populous city, there were in Honan, south of the Yellow River, no fewer than eighty capitals of counties—each one representing an average population of over 350,000—in which no witness for Christ was to be found. There was, moreover, only one medical missionary in the same region—larger than the whole of England—Dr. Howard Taylor, who was overwhelmed with patients, though as yet there was no hospital. Imagine thirty millions of people in this southern part of the province, suffering from all the ills that flesh is heir to, practically without the succour of trained physician, surgeon, dentist, or nurse, without provision of any kind for the sick, blind, crippled, or mentally afflicted—what a mass of unrelieved human misery! And when to this was added the heart-hunger and need of these multitudes "without Christ . . . having no hope, and without God in the world" it was enough, indeed, to make the new arrival thankful beyond words for life and professional skill, and above all for the saving message he had to bring.

But the stern business of language study had to come first, somewhat delayed in Whitfield's case; for he found on reaching China that his father was expected from India for a visit of a few weeks, and that the writer and her husband were on their way from the interior to meet him. It was in Shanghai the reunion took place, and wonderful was the joy of being together through those spring days, visiting places of special interest and meeting missionaries of many societies to whom father's ministry was a great refreshment. Like an oasis in the wilderness was the uplift and inspiration of his presence, and it was hard to part when the time came for his return to England.

Whitfield was at the language school of the mission by this time, three days' journey up the Yangtze, but he was coming to the coast to travel with us to Honan, and father was very anxious to see him again. We telegraphed the date of father's sailing, but the only steamer Whitfield could take was not due to arrive in Shanghai until fifteen hours later. In such a case we could do nothing but pray, and the Lord, whose "understanding is infinite", granted an answer that our hearts could never forget.

At eight o'clock on Wednesday evening father was to sail, and Whitfield could not arrive before 10 A.M. the following day. The steamer for Japan, carrying the mails, was usually on time, but when we went down to the Bund that evening it was to find an unusual situation. For some unknown reason, the departure of the

Gaelic was delayed. She would not sail until nine o'clock on Thursday morning. Nine o'clock—and Whitfield was due at ten! With full hearts we prayed on.

Again we went to the Bund, joining the crowd that was waiting for the tender. But a further surprise was in store. The steamer was not to sail till eleven! Howard hurried off to meet Whitfield, whose boat was almost due, and as we were preparing to start for the tender the third time, they arrived, and we were able to go together to the *Gaelic* and have prayer in father's cabin before the parting came and his beloved form faded from sight.

Then followed the long boat journey to Honan. Father could easily have reached England in the five weeks it took us to travel by waterways and rough cart-roads to our far-away station. But the joy it was to have Whitfield with us and to be helping him with the language made the days pass quickly in spite of midsummer heat, and the welcome at the end more than made up for the trial of patience.

A new-comer in an inland station is, of course, an object of interest to the Chinese Christians as well as to the missionaries, and a feast was soon arranged by one of the leaders of the church in Chow-kia-kow to do honour to the young doctor. "Ch'en of the Pearly Wave" was a retired Mandarin and a scholar of distinction, as well as a most devoted, intelligent Christian. It was a joy to hear him preach, and second only to his earnestness as a soul-winner was his geniality as a host, especially when entertaining missionary friends. The feast must be prepared with his own hands, and nothing left undone that might minister to the honouring of his guests. To a new arrival it was, of course, impossible to respond to all this courtesy with the freedom and grace the occasion required; but Whitfield did his best, and we sought to supply deficiencies.

A year later the same kind hospitality was repeated, affording an opportunity "to see ourselves as others see us", for Mr. Ch'en was so impressed with the change for the better in the young missionary that he could not but comment upon it to a friend not so familiar with the possibilities of foreigners.

"Now, that Dr. Guinness," he was overheard to say; "it is really wonderful how he has improved since coming to Honan! Last year, when he dined with me, he was gauche in the extreme. He hardly knew how to make himself presentable [in Chinese dress]; he could not handle chopsticks properly and was unable to reply to a polite remark. But now, in little more than a year, he is becoming quite a gentleman!"

Whitfield was a keen student and had the advantage of an excellent teacher at Chow-kia-kow.

> The language is difficult [he wrote], but by God's help and steady work it will be conquered. The tones come easily to anyone with a musical ear. My teacher tells me that it takes some men months to pick up sounds that come to me at once. This is a help. At present the characters seem difficult to remember, but it will become easier in time.
>
> Walking is the only exercise obtainable. We cannot get any place yet to stable an animal, but hope to before long. Riding a donkey will be capital! Our walks at present are through ankle-deep mud, in places knee-deep, and the roads in little hollows may have from six to ten feet of water over them. . . . The cry of "Foreign Devil" is very marked at times. A hundred children yelled it at the top of their voices two nights ago, as we were returning from a walk.

But it was not in outward difficulties that the real trials lay. The heat of summer was intense and the cold of winter no less so in a Chinese house where one had to depend upon wadded or fur-lined clothing for comfort. But there were deeper tests, as Whitfield soon discovered.

> Already the look of things has somewhat changed [he wrote in those early days], and one begins to see what are the real difficulties of missionary life. Hardships there are, of course, but they do not matter. I quite enjoyed, the other day, sleeping close to a manger where horses were feeding in what you would look upon as a stable, but which was the general sleeping-room of the inn. The dirty mud floor, walls, and roof, though not attractive, were protective, and we enjoyed a good night's rest until 2.45 A.M. when we had to be up to begin our day's cart-journey. . . .
>
> No, physical difficulties and privations are easily borne, but far more subtle influences affect the lonely worker. They reach him, in part, through the monotony of his surroundings. Even the most estimable people, if shut up to one another day by day, year in and year out, begin to find a dullness creeping over them. Each knows everything about the rest. Their spiritual, mental, and physical personalities become so familiar that nothing fresh is looked for. The station work is much the same. The type of interest varies but little. Then there is the daily constraint of the natural impulses (to a new-comer especially), the continual control and repression—turning oneself into another kind of being—not to shock deeply rooted ideas of propriety. These are the things, under the direct power of the evil one, which tend to discourage the *spirit*, and then difficulties become great and troubles magnified out of proportion.
>
> Patience, faith, hope, and cheery brightness need to be brought to bear to combat influences of this nature, and it is in these things that missionaries need to be supported by prayer. I am happy here, dear Mother, and want by God's blessing to make others happy. Conway who lives across the river is a nice fellow, bright and clever but none too strong. I was glad to see him. He is a natural young fellow, such as you might meet at the

'Varsity. Baker, of the Bible Society, is a capital man. I am just going round to lunch with him, so must not add.

Later on Whitfield found more than one way of combating the tendency to dullness—"accidie" as it used to be called in the old monastic communities[1]—with its painful results.

Narrowness of mind is so trying, isn't it? [he wrote to his sister in another part of the province]. I am reading twice a week with the Conways just now. We are studying geology. They enjoy it much and so do I. I think it will prove useful.

My morning's text to-day is: "He showed me a pure river of water of life". Oh, Geraldine, I long to plunge into that river and drink deeply—but most of all to hand a cup brimming over with the living water to thirsty souls around! What an inestimable privilege to be able to do this! You can, Geenie. Happy you!

The "*pure* river" stands out strangely in contrast with oneself. How altogether lovely it is! It brings only life and blessing wherever it goes. The heavy eye lights up with gladness; the heart sings for joy; flowers spring forth and fruit ripens to fulness. Yes, it carries *life*! What a rich draught to bring to the lonely, the sorrowing, the dying. Lord Jesus, help us to be channels full to the brim.

Could anything be a truer picture of what his life was, even then, and of what it became increasingly through all the following years? Suffering and distress but drove him to drink more deeply of the living water and its overflow to others was unhindered.

The cold of his first winter in Honan brought on a sharp attack of rheumatism, and one dark November night Whitfield wrote:

I am sitting in my little room dressed in Howard's sheep-skin gown, feeling delightfully warm. One hand is a good deal crippled, while back and legs are affected so that I can only walk slowly; but within, the heart is full of rest and peace, full of "light in the Lord".

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[1] See "Introductory Essay Concerning Accidie" in *The Spirit of Discipline*, by Francis Paget, D.D., formerly Bishop of Oxford.

How wonderfully God compensates! Some who are stronger physically, envy the quiet peace of heart that God's weaker children often have. But I trust that soon this pain and inability for free motion will pass away and I shall be myself once more. Geraldine has made curtains of some green and red material for this room and has had straw mats laid down to cover the floor. I am having a skin-gown made now and some fur socks to keep my feet warm while studying. . . . Before long I hope to finish the Gospel of Mark with my teacher and begin the Sacred Edict.

Before this stage could be reached, however, the young missionary's fame as a doctor had been made, not a little to the detriment of his studies. For in spite of the best intentions not to begin medical work until fairly proficient with the language, situations would arise, in a city of a quarter of a million, calling desperately for help.

Across the river one day, Mr. Conway's house was invaded by an excited crowd, dragging in their midst a poor tortured creature who seemed to be half-dead already. He was a tailor and inadvertently had swallowed a needle which, tailor fashion, he had been holding in his mouth. To the large, strong eye a thread was tied, but as the needle went down head first, all attempts to recover it by pulling on the thread only drove the point deeper into his gullet. For a night and a day, if not longer, the poor fellow had been suffering at the hands of his irate employer and fellow-workmen—for if he died the expense of the funeral would be theirs, not to speak of appeasing the family and ridding the place of his haunting ghost.

But try as they might, nothing would induce the needle to reappear. Their efforts were far from gentle, and the poor man's sufferings were increased by the abuse of the neighbours who feared for their own prospects. His throat, swollen and bleeding, was in pretty bad shape when from someone in the crowd the suggestion came:

"Why not try the foreign doctor?"

So to the mission-house they hurried, as a last resource, with cries of "*Kiu ming, kiu ming!*" "Save life, save life!"

Whitfield was soon on the spot and acquainted with the circumstances. His quiet examination of the patient inspired confidence, though none of the excited crowd could guess how much he was himself perplexed. Turning instinctively to God in prayer a thought came to him, and he soon had in his hands a firm india-rubber tube with some strong silk threaded through it. Tying the silk to the thread which was still in the man's mouth, he slid the tube gently over it and down the swollen throat until the needle was reached. Then, with a little pressure, he was able to dislodge it, passing it down into the stomach where there was room for it to drop, and to the amazement of all present it was easily drawn out by the thread.

To the sufferer himself it seemed little short of a miracle, and his gratitude knew no bounds. That the foreign doctor would accept no payment was also a cause of wonder. All that the master-tailor and his workmen could do to express thankfulness was done, and the opportunity was made the most of to bring them the message of the Saviour's love.

It was not easy after that to keep to study, as a doctor must, unless he is to sacrifice his best usefulness. But a change to another station was a help, when Whitfield went with Mr. and Mrs. Conway to their new field on the western side of the province. The first part of the journey, by boat, was pleasant though slow, on account of a head-wind.

> I have been helping the men to tow [Whitfield wrote], and am now lying on the floor in our cabin, which is not high enough to stand up in. The low arched roof gives comfortable breathing space, and a small window on the level of the floor affords a pleasant glimpse of the water and river-bank beyond.
>
> Our cook sleeps with me, on the other side of the floor, and as night by night we kneel together in prayer, one realizes the brotherhood there is "in Christ"—that China and England, though so far apart, are united in the wondrous family of God.
>
> Yesterday, when we had all but finished the day's journey and the Conways and I were walking along the bank, we noticed people running towards us from all directions. As they pressed round rather eagerly, we thought it best for Mrs. Conway to return to the boat. I stayed behind to keep their attention, and soon found my speaking powers taxed to the utmost. How they did crowd about one—talking, laughing, pushing, and interrogating as hard as they could go. I stayed with them till dusk and managed by cheerful friendliness to keep them from getting excited. One youngster threw a stone which hit me on the ear, but he was upbraided by people round, who asked me to excuse him because he was only a little boy and did not know manners.
>
> I am glad to be here [he added at a later stage of the journey], and only long for freedom in this difficult language, to preach the Gospel to those who are eagerly waiting for it. The country is wide open and the people are very accessible. It is good to be about the Lord's service and I have no doubt as to being in the right place.

This assurance was only confirmed as his second summer brought him more into touch with life around him. From She-ki-chen, where he remained for a time with the Conways, he wrote during the great heat:

> This morning the doorkeeper asked me to see a poor fellow whose arm had nearly been cut off. It appears that there is a

nephew who hates this man and from time to time attacks him with a knife very much like our meat-chopper at home. I found two large gaping wounds, one at the back of the shoulder, the other on the outside of the arm, severing muscles and tissues pretty deeply. It took more than an hour's work to clean and sew up the wounds, inserting drainage tubes. He made no sound and stood it capitally. He will be staying here for a few days to see how things go, and the message of God's love will be opened up to him. It may be that the Lord is using this means to bring him under the influence of the Gospel. Satan will overreach himself.

It is awful to see the power of the devil here. I came out from home rather wondering whether there is much difference between its manifestations in China and in our own land. But now I have no doubt about it. The power of the evil one is much less fettered here, and consequently more apparent. Personal temptations are certainly greater—we all find that; and the exhibitions of demoniac rage that we witness are terrible in the extreme. The man I am caring for bears marks of other attacks by the same nephew. One ear is sliced in half, and his back and arms are cut about dreadfully. He says he has no friends and is alone in the world, so cannot get protection.

At Siang-hsien, the other day, a man asked another to sell him a piece of property. The request being refused, he knocked the owner down, jumped on him, and in a few minutes kicked and beat him to death. Bystanders tried to pull him off, but he got away from them and returned to the attack. He was taken to the Yamen, and there will probably be done to death. When in a passion these people are completely beyond control and seem possessed of devils indeed.

[Later] Conway and I have been out for a walk. We passed a man swearing freely, because his bread-basket had been upset. By a steep little path we went up to the city wall and walked toward a shelter, or rest-house, occupied at night by the beggar fraternity. It is over one of the gates and at a distance looks quite picturesque. But within—how horrible! Beggars, filthy and devoid of clothing, save for a few miserable rags, were lying on the ground smoking opium.

Beneath us the road leading out of the city presented a brighter aspect, but there too our hearts were saddened. What was it we saw in the evening light? An old woman near the city gate, bald and wrinkled and weak with age, was stamping on the ground and giving vent to the most awful curses and expressions of desire to kill someone. First to right and then to left she turned, pouring forth imprecations as people came and went, taking no notice apparently. A few stood and laughed. Poor benighted soul! A silent prayer went up from our hearts as we passed on. Men cannot speak to women here, so we could do nothing.

The sun had just set on the last day before the Keswick Convention. I was there in heart—but how different our surroundings! Returning home, I spent some time in prayer for the Conference, and was about to retire for the night when the voice of my teacher was heard calling me.

"There has been a raid on the bank," he said as I looked out of the window. "Several men have been injured with knives, and one killed."

Next morning we were pressed to go round to care for the sufferers. We found the premises crowded with well-to-do men, the majority with their opium-pipes. Truly the robbers had done awful work! The first case I looked at was not the worst, but it is doubtful whether he will live. The room was dark and had an earthen floor. Piles of money and other things were scattered about. Propped up against some clothing on the ground he lay—streaks of blood on his blanched face, eyes closed, breathing laboured, and with oil and filthy papers adhering to all his wounds. . . . It took me nearly two hours to clean off the stuff they had put on to stop the bleeding, and to dress the wounds more decently.

The next case was manifestly beyond help. His skull was cleft and the brain exposed, and a lot of powder and oil packed into the cleft. Without instruments we could do nothing. I quickly replaced the oily paper that covered the exposed brain and went out of the little, stifling room, reeking with the smell of blood. In a third room were two more—one slightly and the other seriously injured.

"Bring the hand," someone cried, "the doctor has come!"

"What hand?"

"Aren't you going to put it on again?" said the poor fellow who had lost it. "You can, can't you?"

His hand had been chopped off through the wrist bones. An enormous wound in his back exposed all the muscles over an area as large as my hand—flesh and skin all gone. I gave this patient a hypodermic injection of morphia, as he was suffering so much pain. The marked relief led the principal man of the bank to beseech me to look after the injured and treat them.

"We cannot promise to get them well," I said.

"Never mind! Treat the disease, even if you cannot save life."

After dressing them every day for a fortnight, I suggested that they might do the regular washing of the wounds themselves, and that I would come every other day to see how they were getting on. There were plenty of young men to help and I had taught them my methods. The following day, however, all my dressings, etc., were returned. Chinese "doctors" had been "invited"; the wounds opened up; the usual applications put in and black plasters stuck on the outside. All our work undone! They simply would not take the trouble to do as I had suggested.

But there were encouragements at She-ki-chen. The little church of some fifty members was waking up to the importance of feeding upon the Word of God. None of the women and very few of the men could read, but the eagerness of the missionaries to teach was stirring a desire to learn. The unchanging principle, "If it die it bringeth forth much fruit", was to be wonderfully wrought out in She-ki-chen though the vision of the Church of to-day—fifteen hundred and fifty members, and every man and woman a Bible reader—was given to faith alone. Not a little suffering had to come first. But the promise was sure; and the young missionaries were found ready, when the time came, to pay the price.

Joy of harvest, how it was coming in other parts of Honan as well! There had been dark days. Every station in the province had been opened at serious risk. Before coming to China at all, Whitfield had shared the suffering of his sister and her husband in the terrible riot at T'ai-kang—when with Miss Hodgson and Miss Brook, their fellow-workers, they had fallen into the hands of a raging mob and had barely escaped with their lives. With them he was rejoicing now in the first baptisms in that city and district, and the establishment of little churches destined to take root and grow. More than sixty people publicly confessing Christ in face of persecution, many of them scholarly men and true soul-winners, was a rich reward for three years of pioneering work. From the city of the riot, Dr. Howard Taylor wrote at the close of 1897:

> I rejoice to be able to tell of growth and extension both here and at Ch'en-chow [the sister-station opened at the same time]. We had the joy of baptizing six men recently at the latter place, whose lives are all bearing consistent testimony. And here in T'ai-kang the work is most encouraging. The Christians themselves are putting their hands to the plough, praise God! and little companies of believers are springing up in several directions. At the daily evening worship, thirty or forty men come together who are regular inquirers.

The Sunday when the first women were baptized at Ch'en-chow was a wonderful day. In that ancient city Confucius himself had taught, five hundred years before Christ, but never till we went there had the people heard of the Saviour's love. And now, twenty-five were confessing their faith in Him, after more than two years of testing. The oldest was a dear old lady eighty years of age; three others were over seventy, all bright, earnest Christians.

But it was at T'ai-kang the deepest joy was found, for it was there we had suffered most. Whitfield had been in the province almost a year, when a Sunday in May (1898) witnessed the baptism of nineteen T'ai-kang men, all outstanding Christians.

> We could not go down [the writer noted at the time], because my husband was dangerously ill with fever, but we heard the singing as our dear colleague, Mr. Ford, conducted the service. With a full heart, I stepped out for a few moments on the verandah of the old house and looked down into the courtyard below—and there, on the very spot where, during the riot, I had seen my husband beaten down and in danger of being trampled to death, *on that very spot* I saw, through tears of joy, that group of nineteen men confessing their faith in Christ by baptism. When I returned to the bedside and knelt in silence, as we listened to those songs of praise, I think we scarcely knew whether we were on earth or in heaven.

But joy in the work was tempered with a growing sense of the strained relations between China and other countries. Papers from home gave grave cause for anxiety. It was a time of unwarrantable aggression on the part of certain European powers, eager for commercial advantages in the great empire of the east.

> I suppose you see by the newspapers what is going on in what they call "the Scramble for China" [father wrote after his return to England]. By to-day's paper we learn that China has consented to "lease" to Germany the territory the latter seized on the coast as indemnity for the murder of two German missionaries (Romanists). Germany seems bent on making acquisitions in the East, and Russia has practically taken over the control of Corea and has ensconced her fleet in Port Arthur. . . . There are probably great changes pending. The victory gained by Japan in her struggle with China has proved to Europe the weakness of the great Chinese Empire to resist the forces of civilization. . . .
>
> The German Emperor's brother is on his way out to the province along whose coast we sailed together on our way to Chefoo. He has not arrived yet, but has reached Colombo, *en route*. The Chinese authorities must be perplexed at times by the contending interests and conflicting proposals of the "barbarians" whose naval and military power make them so formidable, and who will have their own way and pay no attention to long-cherished usages.

In the midst of all this, little groups of missionaries in the far interior were the more cast upon God. A great work was to be done, and their confidence was not in gunboats or armies, but in His watchful care. Long did father's blessing linger in our hearts:

> God Himself be with you; He can be *and is* in ways we cannot trace, as well as in those we are conscious of. Silent dew of the Spirit rest on my children! Light of the heart illuminate them! Unseen Wing overshadow and protect them.

CHAPTER VIII

"CALLED INTO THE FELLOWSHIP"

1900. Aet. 31

LIKE a ray of sunshine he came into the little courtyard that day! We were seeing patients as usual, though the great heat of summer was still upon us, and my husband was so ill himself with dysentery that he could not sit up. Lying on three forms placed side by side—in the little Ch'en-chow house with its mud walls and floors, where we were living in simplest Chinese style—my husband was doing what he could for the sick and suffering who crowded around us. We were alone in the work, a day's journey from the nearest missionary friends, and feeling how good it would be to have help at such a time. Cheering indeed was the sound of familiar voices and the sight of Whitfield's face as he came into the courtyard with Mr. Joyce, calling out Chinese greetings and ready to undertake all that needed to be done.

Wherever he went it was the same—light and help seemed to come with him. After months of illness it became necessary for my husband to take furlough, and then Whitfield was left with five stations to care for—the only doctor in the province, south of the Yellow River. It added interest to his journeys when, early in 1900, the bicycle he had long desired arrived in Honan, the first contraption of the kind to find its way so far into the interior. Needless to say, it excited an immense amount of interest, though it did not always seem as practical to the Chinese mind as a donkey or cart. In bad weather, for example, it afforded no shelter, and sometimes instead of carrying its rider had itself to be carried. Called across the province to attend a fellow-missionary in serious illness, Whitfield wrote of such experiences:

> *April* 23, 1900.
>
> I rode my new bicycle over very muddy roads in the rain, until it became quite impossible to proceed, and I had to pick up the machine and get along as best I might. Arriving at a village at length, I found a room to sleep in, got hold of some logs of wood, made a fire and dried my clothes, embracing the opportunity of giving the Gospel to the folk who crowded in. Night came on and I managed to obtain a basin of dough-strings in water, and went to bed on a door, hiring a wadded coverlet to sleep in.

By this time he was able to speak pretty freely, and had been working for some months with the Chinese leaders at T'ai-kang, who greatly loved him. Some of them went with him to Ch'en-chow when the examinations came on and scholars gathered by the thousand to take their degrees.

> Hundreds of these students came to our chapel [he wrote], and listened hour after hour to the preaching. It was a remarkable opportunity, and made one long for a good hold of the language. I am beginning to see a little into the working of the Chinese mind. . . . Pray that your boy may learn to express God's truth so that it may be apprehended of all. I was cheered yesterday by the people saying that one's pronunciation was exactly the same as their own. They seemed to understand every word.

But such opportunities were to be rudely interrupted that summer. Not in Honan only but all over China, missionaries and converts alike were to prove, in the extremity of suffering, the great unchanging fact, "God is faithful, by whom ye were called into the fellowship of His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord". If that fellowship involved, as in hundreds of cases it did, the sacrifice of life itself, *the faithfulness behind the fellowship did not fail.* It did not fail the little group at She-ki-chen, including Whitfield, who had returned on medical service, during the long weeks of their anguish and suspense.

That summer (1900) had opened brightly for Mr. Conway and his fellow-workers, in spite of anti-foreign rumours that seemed to grow worse and worse. "Boxers" were drilling openly in many places, and the military Governor of the district was known to favour their cause. He upheld the policy of the Dowager Empress, and did not fail to promulgate edicts encouraging every kind of outrage on the Christian community. In spite of this, however, the Church in She-ki-chen was growing steadily. Thirty-eight men and thirty-two women, proved believers, had been accepted for baptism, only one of whom failed to come on the day appointed, though they knew even better than their missionary friends the risks involved.

The Communion Service of Sunday, July 8, when these seventy newly baptized members united with the older Christians, was full of joy and blessing, but as they left the mission-house they had to run the gauntlet of watchful, unfriendly crowds on the street. Drought and famine prevailed to a serious extent and were being attributed to the evil influence of foreigners. The poor deluded people were ready to fall in with anything that offered hope of relief from their distresses, and the general unrest was turned by unscrupulous leaders to their own advantage.

That Sunday things began to look ominous, and Mr. Conway, trying to quiet the crowd on the street, was caught from behind and drawn by friendly hands back into the mission-house, to save him from a would-be assassin. Immediately a disturbance broke out which developed into a riot; but after some hours of danger, soldiers came, and with a fire-hose cleared the street.

Availing themselves of an interval between meetings, the missionaries had gathered that Sunday for united waiting upon God. Summer was well advanced and the heat was intense. All around them lay the populous country and crowded streets seething with anti-foreign feeling. None of them had much experience—young parents with a baby only six weeks old; a Miss Watson from Canada, young too, and recently arrived; and Whitfield, just three years in China. Defenceless indeed was their position, humanly speaking, amid the storm so soon to break all over the land. They did not realize the greatness of the peril, but they knew enough to make Luther's grand old hymn very comforting as they sang it together on their *p'ing-fang* (roof garden) under the open sky:

> A safe stronghold our God is still,
>   A trusty shield and weapon;
> He'll help us clear from all the ill
>   That hath us now o'ertaken.

Convinced by their Chinese friends that they must prepare for flight, the little party were up late that night packing the most necessary belongings. But how to reach a place of safety was the problem. A thousand miles of Boxer-infested country stretched between them and the coast. It would be hopeless to attempt to travel overland at such a time, and the only waterway was dried up, owing to prolonged drought. No boat could come within several days of She-ki-chen, even if boat people could be found willing to take the risk of sheltering foreigners. There seemed little hope in that or any direction.

Unknown to them, however, the Lord had been preparing for just this emergency, and Mrs. Liao, the baby's nurse, was the first to see it. Some months previously a service done to their next-door neighbour, a man of importance named Li Ch'uen-rong, had earned his gratitude. With difficulty Mrs. Liao managed to see him; reminded him how much he owed to the missionaries, who had saved the life of his son, and urged him to afford them protection. He had nothing to gain by such a course and much to lose. But her pleading prevailed, and the little woman came back with his promise to hide the missionaries in his premises, if the worst came to the worst.

Before five o'clock next morning the rioters were again at work, breaking down the barricades with which the Christians had strengthened the doors during the night. Hoarse shouts and yells mingled with the sound of blows and falling tiles. The pale anxious face of the teacher and tearful silence of the women told their own tale. Without waiting for breakfast or to take provisions with them, the little party had to fall in with Mrs. Liao's arrangement.

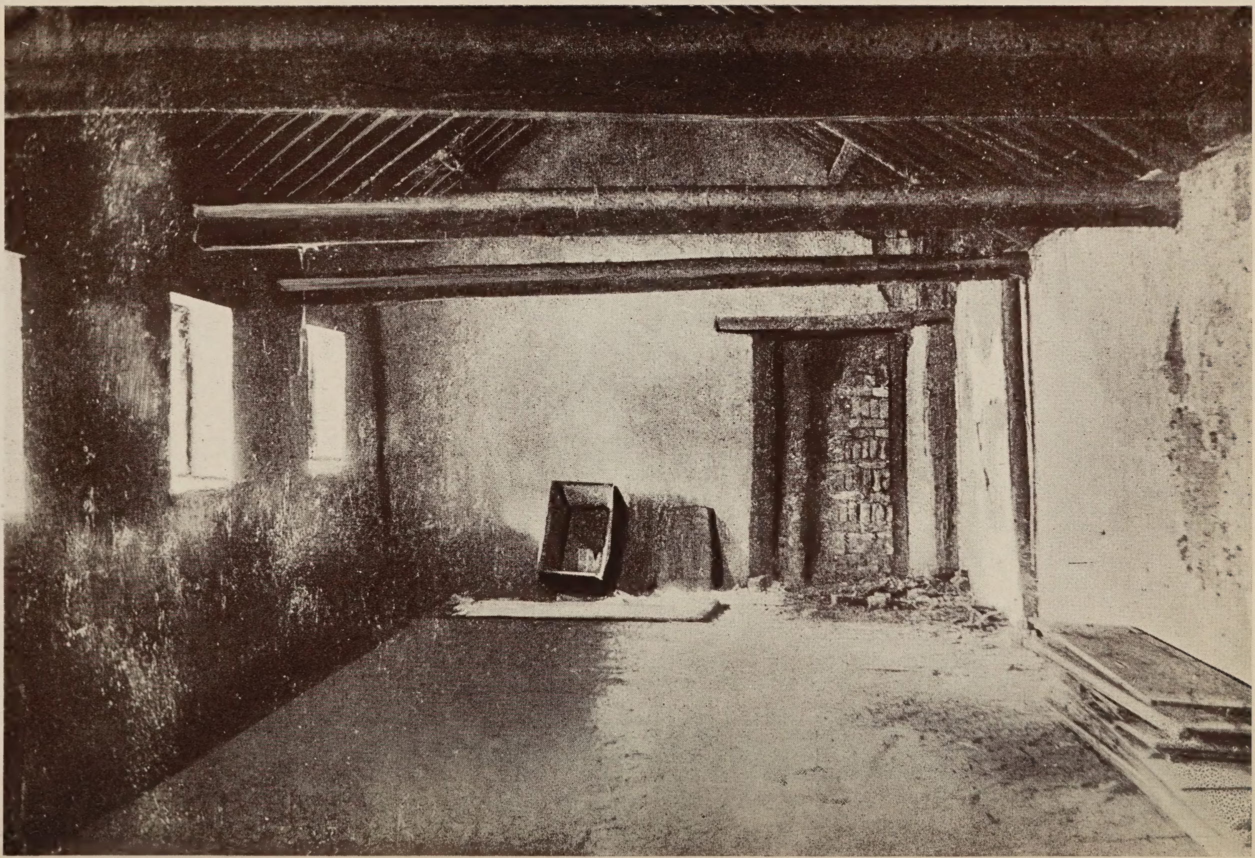
"Quick, quick," she urged. "The ladder is ready. Climb the wall! Mr. Li will hide you."

Whitfield's agility stood them in good stead, for the wall was ten feet high. Carefully the mother and baby were helped over, the rest following just in time to be hurried across a courtyard and up another ladder into an attic, over the guest-hall of their neighbour's house, as the rioters broke into the mission premises. Mrs. Liao would not leave them, and as she lay near the trap-door, listening intently, was heard to say in an undertone again and again:

"Kill them? Kill me first! Kill them? Kill me first!"

> It was early morning [as Whitfield wrote]. Through the long hours of that day we lay still and silent, listening to the rioters at work. Not a word was spoken, the baby being kept quiet by its mother. Nothing to eat or drink could be obtained and the heat was distressing. Without food the mother could not but become exhausted, and if the little one were to cry our whereabouts would be revealed. This added greatly to the anxiety of the situation.
>
> The crash of falling masonry and timber and the murderous shouts of the mob continued hour after hour. The crackling of flames revealed the fate of our dwelling-house. Time after time, men and boys scrambled on to the roof above our heads. They looked in at the windows, and once or twice I am sure that some of us were seen. The guest-hall below was filled with men—one or two friendly, but the others eager to climb the ladder and make an end of the hated foreigners. All they said reached us, and it may be imagined with what feelings we listened to the angry altercations with Mr. Li.
>
> "Stand aside, we must go up! These boys say they are there. We have destroyed and burned their house—none of them shall escape!"
>
> It would have been easy to push our protector aside and in a moment discover the little helpless group: but, "He suffered them not". Again and again they came and went, each time making a tremendous to-do—shouting and yelling, "We must kill them! We must kill them!"
>
> Slowly the day passed and welcome darkness brought quiet on the scene. We moved slightly and breathed more freely as the last sound of the rioters died away.

But the relief was short-lived, for the trap-door was pushed up and Mr. Li appeared, pale and trembling.



THE HAUNTED LOFT

Showing the corner, marked by an empty box, where alone the little party could be out of sight

"You cannot stay here," he said. "This is the room where my servants sleep. They will soon be coming up, and I dare not rely on their keeping the secret."

He could think of no other place in which to hide so many people, until Mrs. Conway asked about a deserted-looking building in his back courtyard adjoining the mission-house.

"Yes," he said, "I have a haunted loft back there, if you would not be afraid——"

"Afraid! Why, that's the very thing. The more haunted the better!"

So, under cover of darkness, they were quickly led down a narrow passage into a courtyard next to their own premises. On one side was the room in which the boxes they had packed were hidden. On the other side was a granary with great piles of wheat and corn, above one of which was a trap-door. The wheat was held in place by an encircling arrangement of strong matting, so that it was possible to climb up by a ladder and stand on boards on the top of the grain. With difficulty the trap-door was opened, and by the help of a stool the little party disappeared into the loft.

It was a dismal place, devoid of furniture. The rotting boards of the floor were covered with dirt and rubbish. The earth walls were cracked and peeling. Several windows with bars across them let in a little light and air, and at one end a doorway, partly filled with broken bricks afforded a view of the whole place with the exception of one corner. Haunted it certainly was, as they discovered before morning, by insect tormentors of the worst kind. How they could be kept out of sight in such a place they could not imagine; yet there it was they were hidden by the protecting care of God through the terrors of the next four days and nights.

Before they had been many minutes in the haunted loft, the trap-door was pushed up and some tea and bread were handed in—weak Chinese tea, without milk or sugar. What a feast it was after twenty-four hours of sweltering heat with nothing to eat or drink!

After this a head appeared, and a stranger climbed into the loft. This was alarming, until he explained that he was a friend who had planned a way for them to escape out of the city that night. So plausible did his arrangement seem that the little party came down from the loft, not knowing that this man was the leader of the rioters seeking to decoy them from their hiding-place. But just as they were following him out of the courtyard Mr. Li came rushing in.

"Quick, quick," he cried, "back into the loft! The head of the police has come to search the place."[1]

Hardly could they climb up again before the courtyard filled with soldiers armed with deadly weapons, and with short sharp orders from the officer the search began. The room containing the boxes was first ransacked, and a dozen or more men carried off the plunder, Mr. Li not daring to intervene. Every corner of the house, from front to back, was then searched, except the loft declared to be haunted.

"Haunted indeed!" shouted the officer. "Go in and see."

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[1] Thinking the police were after *him*, Wang Sheng-kwan, well known as a bad character, fled for his life that night. Three years later he attempted to riot the missionaries again, but was caught by the Nan-yang official and executed on the spot.

A heavy beam was driven against the door of the granary, which immediately flew open.

"Grain here, and a trap-door above! Go up and open it."

A soldier brought a small form and, standing on the pile of grain, seemed to put forth all his strength.

"Rigidly fixed! Quite immovable," he groaned after several efforts, unwilling perhaps to be the first to face whatever the haunted loft might harbour.

Whitfield, who was sitting on the trap-door at the moment, felt it move, and pressed down with all his weight. Would the searchers come up? He looked at Mrs. Conway and the baby, not a yard away—— But again the hand of God's protection interposed. The officer and his men, eager no doubt to secure their share of the contents of the boxes, cut short their investigations, and the haunted loft was left in darkness.

Thankful for a few hours' respite, the weary little company tried to sleep. But the heat and mosquitoes kept them wakeful. So the night was largely given to prayer, and they were strengthened for the morrow. How little they imagined that the day just ended, which had brought them so many deliverances, had witnessed the cruel murder of no fewer than thirty-seven missionaries and several children in the capital of the neighbouring province.[1] But so it was. For the Boxer Movement had reached its height, and before Whitfield and his companions could escape from She-ki-chen more than twenty other members of the China

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[1] Yü-hsien, the Governor of Shan-si, ordered and himself took part in the massacre, which was perpetrated in his own official residence at T'ai-yuan, where he had gathered the missionaries and their families, promising them protection.

Inland Mission had fallen—beloved fellow-workers, privileged to lay down their lives for Jesus' sake. But of all this, and the massacre of hundreds of Christians as well, Whitfield and his companions knew nothing.

Tea and bread passed into the loft at dawn was all the food they had till darkness came again; and that Tuesday (July 10) was one of the worst days of all. Very early the rioters returned to their work, demolishing what was left of the chapel and guest-halls. A wide and thorough search was made meanwhile for the foreigners. It was marvellous that they could be hidden in that comparatively open place—for men and boys were climbing on neighbouring houses and trying to look in all the time. There was just one corner that could not well be seen from the outside—a window close at hand serving to darken the shadows between it and the end wall. It was there that Whitfield and his companions passed the long hours, while the uproar went on around them—*and the baby never cried.*

From their corner they could see men in the court below bringing wood and straw and dried grass to pile up round the granary, and could hear them saying:

"We will burn them out, if they are there, and kill them as they run."

For a time it looked as though the granary would be set on fire. But Mr. Li had called in a number of his farm labourers the previous day, when the mission-house was burning, to protect his premises, and they saw to it that the threat was not carried into effect.

At length one of the rioters, bolder than the rest, brought a ladder, declaring that he was going to see for himself if the loft was empty or not. Looking at one another in silence, the little party heard this man climbing to the window just beside them. In another moment they would be face to face. But no! The ladder was too short for him to stand level with the window. He could only reach it by pulling himself up by his hands for a moment. Sweeping the room with a glance he failed to take in the corner nearest to him; and though his breath almost fanned Mr. Conway's cheek, he shouted to the crowd below:

"Empty! Not a soul there."

After that the search swept on elsewhere and the loft seemed a safer retreat. But how weary the hours were! Hunger and burning thirst; overpowering heat, with the sun beating down on the tiles above them; no water for washing the baby or themselves; no change of clothing, though constantly wet with perspiration; and all the while the anxiety about the little one, who might at any moment reveal their hiding-place! Will the man or woman who does not know the reality of prayer—"Call unto Me and I will answer thee"—find some other explanation for the fact that through those terrible days and nights the young mother was kept in peace and little Nora was so well and happy that she never cried?

One treasure they had with them—that was Whitfield's Bible. Though he saved nothing else, the Bagster in which father had written in Greek before he left China, "*Emmanuel, GOD with us*", "*Lo, I am with you alway* (*all the days*)", was never parted from and lies before the writer now. Miss Watson had a fountain-pen, and borrowing it that Tuesday evening Whitfield managed to write a few lines on a blank page at the front of the precious book. Was it a comfort to him then to realize that one heart at any rate in the loved home-circle would not be saddened by the tidings he had to send? It might be the last letter he would ever write—for the meeting with the beloved mother who had passed on before seemed very near that evening.

To my Father

July 10, 1900.

We have been three days in the She-ki-chen Riot—and have been hiding in a loft. Very many miraculous escapes God has given us, but now they know we are here and it seems as if they were making arrangements to burn the building. My companions in this tribulation are Mr. and Mrs. Conway of London and their infant child, and Miss Watson from Canada. The mission premises were destroyed and burned yesterday. Our luggage is gone. I have only saved this Bible. Several times they started smashing the roof of the very room in which we were hiding, but God stopped them from doing it completely. We are in a "tight corner". How the Lord is going to bring us through I don't know, but if He prefer to take us to Himself instead of our work we will rejoice. The Mandarins are not taking any steps to help us. They are afraid of the mob, which is manifestly very infuriated.

I want to bear testimony to the peace God has given us all, even in the midst of the gravest danger and most trying circumstances.

It is wonderful to think that this evening we may be with Him, and I may see dear Mother once again. He doeth all things well. Praise Him! May blessing far surpassing aught we have seen result to China from these troublous times. (Written almost in the dark.)

Thank God, he was able to add three years later, at the foot of the same page:

The blessing is coming. China is being opened up. The last provincial capital has flung wide its gates—the messenger of the Gospel has entered in. To-day, any city in China may be entered without let or hindrance. The walls of conservatism are tottering to their fall; the barriers of seclusion are broken down. China yields at last—"the Rock" has opened!

But much had to come first, and the experiences of this very summer were filling up, in part, "the afflictions of Christ . . . for His body's sake"—the present and future Church in China.

But to come back to the haunted loft—it was a moment of suspense, of course, every time the trap-door opened; but what was their amazement on one of these days to see two packets of mail appear through the floor, brought by their own postman! A couple of months previously Mr. Conway had been a great help to this man, who was suffering from a boil on his heel. Covered in with a Chinese plaster, it needed careful cleansing and treatment, but within a week Postman Lu was able to start on his rounds again. On his return journey with the mail just after the riot, he heard what had taken place and was indignant at the treatment his missionary friends had received.

"Why, I must have their mail", he thought, as he hastened toward She-ki-chen.

So out in the country he put down his load, opened up its contents and found two packets for the Gospel Hall. These he carefully secreted on entering the city, and after delivering the rest to the firm that employed him he cautiously investigated the situation. The result was that the precious mail was brought round to Mr. Li and reached its owners without delay.

Imagine what those letters meant, opened and read at such a time! But the newspapers were even more valuable, tragic as was the news they contained. For they told of the wide sweep of the Boxer Movement all over China, and of edicts ordering the extermination of foreigners wherever they were found. Blackest of all was the June decree sent by the Dowager Empress to every province:

> Foreigners must be killed! Even if they retire, foreigners still are to be killed.

This made it plain that no protection could be looked for from Government quarters. The only possibility of escape lay in hiding. At that very time, a Honan official in the west of the province received from his military superior a proclamation, a dispatch, and a letter, in answer to inquiries he had made about protecting foreigners. "The proclamation licensed riot; the dispatch forbade protection; the letter ordered utter extermination."[1] And this was the man in whose hands, humanly speaking, lay Whitfield's fate and that of his companions. Happily they were warned by the brave action of their postman-friend not to attempt any appeal to the authorities.

Stirred up by such edicts, the local police came again to Mr. Li's the following day, determined to surprise the hidden party, if they were still there.

> We were just taking some food [Whitfield recalled] when our friend Mr. Li rushed in with ashen face.
>
> "Fly!" he said. "The military have come with swords and knives to kill you—fly!"
>
> In a moment we had crossed the room, dropped through the trap-door, and were scaling a ten-foot wall—nothing to protect us from the noonday sun. No one seemed frightened. Quietly and calmly, somewhat out of breath from the sudden scramble, we sat behind the wall, looked up to our Heavenly Father and told Him all.

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[1] The Hsie-tai (Major) at King-tze-kwan, a friendly man named Liu, unwilling to carry out the Dowager Empress's decree, sent to the Chen-tai (Colonel) at Nan-yang-fu for instructions, receiving the above reply. This Colonel was the Military Governor of the She-ki-chen district, and as cruel as he was anti-foreign.

They were now in their old premises, back in the courtyard where the remains of their former home were still smouldering. Can anyone explain how it was that four people with a baby climbing that wall in broad daylight were not seen or heard?

> We knew of the order [Whitfield continued] sent both by the Empress and the Brigadier-General of our district that foreigners should be killed at once. This might be the result of the edict. Escape seemed impossible. I looked up and saw a man coming over the wall after us.
>
> "Keep close in", I said; "they are coming."
>
> Baby began to cry. Poor Mrs. Conway did all she could to quiet her, but in vain. Only a few minutes more, and we might all be killed. How beautiful nature looked in that moment! Somehow it did not seem as if God were calling us away just then. Next thing was a voice:
>
> "All right—come back! They have gone."
>
> With thankful hearts we returned to the loft and finished the meal so suddenly interrupted. We could not but realize afresh the protecting care of our Heavenly Father, and the hope of escape seemed brighter.

"How wonderful he was in those days", Mr. Conway wrote recently. "Again and again we owed our lives to his agility of brain and muscle. His cheery smile lit up many a dark episode with a sense of the Lord's own presence—there was so manifestly with him 'the form of the fourth'!"[1]

Whitfield's own notes on a subject he was studying, made shortly before the riot, show how he had been prepared in heart for what was coming. The sheet of paper seems to have been still in his Bible.

> "Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—Gal. vi. 9. Cp. 1 Thess. iii. 13.

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[1] "The form of the fourth is like the Son of God."—Daniel iii. 25.

Weary and Fainting: Well-doing and Reaping

"Faint not"—lit., "Be not relaxed".

A stronger expression than "be not weary".

Weary in well-doing refers to the will; *faint*, to relaxation of the powers.

"I know . . . that, for My name's sake, thou hast laboured and hast not fainted."—Rev. ii. 2, 3.

"Faint not"—be not relaxed.

Cp. Moses, in prayer on the hill-top. Paul, in "labours, watchings, fastings".

"Exhorting them *to continue*"—Acts xiv. 22.

There must come tribulation. Patiently endure.

"I John . . . your companion in the tribulation and in the kingdom and patience (lit. endurance) of Jesus Christ." —Rev. i. 9.

Chrysostom called "persevering endurance" the queen of all the virtues and graces.

In Christ we have the spiritual strength to enable us to endure.

Helps to Endurance

John, though restricted to a small space on earth (Patmos), was permitted to penetrate the wide realms of heaven and its secrets. He got through—lived in the calm, serene atmosphere of God.

Cp. Bunyan in his Bedford gaol, writing his immortal dream and allegory. We need not be hedged in, though enclosed by four walls. Restrict not thy soul to things of earth.

To drink of Christ's cup of suffering was granted to John.—Matt. xx. 22.

John was "*in* the Spirit", not only spake *by* the Spirit. His whole being was *in Him*—"*The Apocalyptic State*".

The last day in the haunted loft was in some ways the most trying. Whitfield wrote at the time, on that same sheet of paper, between the notes given above:

> It is the sixth day of the riot, and we still lie on the dirty floor. The ladies are worn and sick; Conway, done. I am well enough,

thank God, but don't see quite how we are to get away. Clouds lend a hope of rain. If it fell, it would make all the difference. Continual firing against thieves and plunderers goes on. We have no change of clothing; and day by day, living in a temperature of 90°-100° you may imagine our condition—all four in one room, with a baby. The Lord grant it may soon be over.

That night the rain came—longed and prayed-for for weeks. How it poured, drowning every sound of their movements as they freely walked up and down the loft after five days of lying still! Only the day before, Mr. Li had concluded an arrangement with a friend of his that if he could safely transfer the missionaries to this Mr. Wang's place, the latter would do his best to get them to the coast. Mr. Wang was a leading man in the city and had large business premises, but they were some distance from Mr. Li's, through busy streets, and he made it plain that he would only receive the foreigners in the event of their being handed over to him without discovery. One idea was to transfer them in coffins; another, to sew them up in canvas and have coolies carry them! But this downpour of rain made such methods unnecessary.

"Truly your God is wonderful", said Li Ch'uen-rong calling them down from their hiding-place. "Only yesterday I made terms with Wang, and now under cover of this rain and darkness I will get you across. The Boxers, moreover, are attacking the town to-night, and most people are on the wall to keep them out. There will be few if any on the streets."

They had to be willing to be separated and go by different routes, to lessen the danger of observation, but were hardly prepared for the roughness with which they were seized by two men each, old cloths or garments wrapped round their heads and the baby taken from them as they hurried out into the darkness. It seemed a long, long way across the city. Mrs. Conway fell five times, the mud was so slippery, and it was hard to be alone, not knowing what had become of the rest of the party.

At last they met in their new quarters, one, two, three of them—but not Miss Watson or the baby. The anxiety of the parents may be imagined and their distress about Miss Watson, who had been so unexpectedly separated from them. It was with difficulty Whitfield was restrained from going out to search for her. But that would have been worse than useless. They could only wait and cry to God.

At length one of Mr. Li's farm-labourers blundered up the ladder to this new attic with a bundle in his arms.

"Truly this baby is good", he muttered. "Had it cried when I was almost in the clerk's office, all would have been spoiled by me!"[1]

One of Wang's trusted men, working in the office, caught sight of the baby, it appeared, and knowing of his master's agreement to shelter the foreigners, had the presence of mind to reach the door first and push the big umbrella—Chinaman, baby and all—steadily backward, pointing to the courtyard where the party was to be housed. Once again the Lord had intervened to save the situation.

But still Miss Watson did not appear. The time seemed very long before, at length, her escort delivered her over, explaining that she had lost her shoe in the mud and they had done their best to find it. The search was unsuccessful, and though the loss of the shoe was a trial—as no others were to be had—this also worked out for the best, for when discovered some days later it gave rise to a report that the foreigners had escaped from the city during the storm.

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[1] In large offices, they write up their accounts at night during the heat of summer.

Far was this from being the case, however, for the small close attic in which they were now confined had to be their refuge for thirteen long days and nights. The combined heat and lack of food led to Mrs. Conway's swooning away time after time; but the river was still dry and there was no possibility of getting off until boats could travel. The rain which had lasted only that one night had not made much difference to the waterways, and the drought seemed as persistent as ever.

Oh, the wonder of it all! Rescued from death again and again, that little party was only one of many groups that painfully made their way to the coast at this time. *A Thousand Miles of Miracle in China* tells the moving story of one family; *In Deaths Oft* gives the experiences of another. Not one word of bitterness against their enemies, nor a doubt or question of the love of God mar these records, though several patient sufferers were done to death on those journeys. Parents buried their children as best they might by the roadside; men had to see the prolonged anguish of women whom they would gladly have shielded with their lives. But grace so triumphed that one husband whose wife died on the road could write:

> Those who suffered most endured the most patiently. Truly, to all outward appearance, we were as "the off-scouring of all things", and "a spectacle . . . to angels and to men". Yet in the

hours of greatest suffering there was no sign of defeat; and after seeing what I have of God's grace in those who laid down their lives for Him, the words in Romans viii. 35-37 have a new meaning—"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Even as it is written, For Thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." . . .

If God spared not His own Son, all is love; but "now we see through a glass darkly". . . . Though wounded and suffering, Maggie said to me, "If the Lord spares us, I should so like to go back to Lu-ch'eng to the dear women". Devoted soul! Denied the privilege of doing the work so near her heart, she never turned from her desire and purpose to win some of the Chinese for Christ.

After forty days of endurance—perhaps the worst experience of any—Mrs. A. E. Glover said in the refuge of the C.I.M. Home at Hankow:

"The sufferings are almost forgotten. . . . *All* has been a blessed experience of Him."[1]

Comparing notes afterwards, not a few could testify that it was the calmest moment in their lives when the swords of Boxers threatened immediate death. Even the children knew something of this wonderful upholding.

"I am so glad", said a little girl of only five years old, dying, after months of captivity with her parents in the hands of Boxers, "I am so glad that I have had to suffer something for Jesus."[2]

That joy was in the hearts of the much-tried little group in She-ki-chen also. There was not the same need in Mr. Wang's premises for unremitting watchfulness.

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[1] See *A Thousand Miles of Miracle*, by the Rev. A. E. Glover, or *Martyred Missionaries of the China Inland Mission*, by Marshall Broomhall, M.A., for these and other records.

[2] See *In Deaths Oft*, by Mr. C. H. S. Green.

The attic was more sheltered. They could talk in whispers and pray together, and Whitfield's Bible was an untold help and comfort.

The whole town was now occupied day and night in resisting the siege of the Boxers, whom they knew to be wild assassins, plundering wherever they went. Mr. Wang had a number of soldiers on his premises and went out with them armed, every night, to protect the city wall. All this, though it turned attention from the foreigners, lessened also their chances for escape—the city gates being specially guarded and soldiers on the alert everywhere. It did not lessen, however, the faithfulness or the resources of Him in whom they put their trust.

It was the eleventh day of their captivity in Wang's premises when Mr. Conway heard quite an excitement in the court below. Someone was shouting:

"*Ai-ya! Ho-li kan, fah shui liao!*" "Amazing! The dried-up river fills with water!"

Could it be true? Was the river really rising, when there had been no rain? In suspense they listened and waited. Two hours later the friendly postman, Mr. Lu, came up to the attic exclaiming:

"Have you heard the news? The river has actually risen to half its banks!"

Far back in the hills, rain must have fallen. It could only be an answer to prayer, and Lu was much impressed. Mr. Conway then appealed to him to be their escort down to Hankow. Wang's people were continually piling on the agony of alarm and rumour, with a view to the silver they would eventually receive for their protection, and a friendly go-between was much to be desired. Knowing well the danger, Lu consented, and it was not long before he had persuaded Wang and Li that now was the time to act. Clearly, Heaven was on the side of their guests! Miracle after miracle had taken place. But—coming to practical issues—they were half-starved and must be given more than tea and bread.

> This resulted in Mr. Li's coming up before long [wrote Mr. Conway] and assuring us that all would now be well. In an hour a real good meal would be served; boats would be able to travel and he would see that we got off all right. Then, raising his arm, on which was a jade bracelet:
>
> "See," he exclaimed dramatically, "this bracelet, only the size of my wrist, can now slip right up to my elbow—so thin have I become with worry about you all!"
>
> He was expecting no financial return for his services. The money I had promised he had made over entirely to Mr. Wang. Yet, opium-smoking, bad-living man as he was, he risked everything on our account. How explain it, but that it was the hand of God?

The iron gate was opening, but there was still much to face before they could escape from the city. Soldiers were sleeping on mats all about the courtyard which had to be crossed in order to reach the street. Happily they were tired, after long hours on the wall, but now and again they roused themselves to brush away mosquitoes. Whitfield and Mr. Conway went down to reconnoitre, and decided that they would have to stand across the several sleepers who blocked the way, and lift Mrs. Conway and the baby over between them. It may be imagined that the transit was an anxious one, specially when little Nora began to show signs of uneasiness. She was quieted, however, and four figures stole across the street into the open gateway of an inn. But how long it seemed waiting there for the cart!

Slowly the darkness disappeared and morning paled the sky. "Who is there?" a voice shouted from the other end of the inn.

"Hush, we may be discovered yet! Someone is coming up the yard."

Instantly two figures stepped in front of the ladies, to screen them.

"Who are you?" the man inquired.

"Only travellers, waiting for a cart", Wang replied.

The man looked us over and, satisfied apparently, returned to his room. Certainly no one would have suspected pockmarked, taciturn Wang of helping foreigners to escape!

All was quiet again until we heard the rumble of wheels. A cart drove up and we packed into it—Wang and Lu on the front, to hide us as much as possible. Oh, the sensation of it! But how could we get the gates open, with the town in a state of siege? Surely impossible! The ten minutes' waiting was an anxious time, as it was rapidly becoming light. A bribe may have helped, but as the great gates slowly swung back we knew that God had done it in answer to prayer.

At last, out in the open, we drove down toward the river. Yes, there were boats there, and one close to the shore had a plank out, waiting. In the bright morning sunlight we stepped out of the cart. Doctor went first and helped the ladies on board and I followed with Baby. A woman was sitting on the bank near by, combing her long hair, but she seemed not to see us. Suddenly, to our horror, a boy's voice rang out:

"*Yang kwei-tsï! Yang kwei-tsï!*" "Foreign Devils! Foreign Devils!"

We did not wait for results. The river, flowing swiftly, carried us down-stream. But as we looked back, we saw a figure with flying hair rush down the bank and seize the boy by the throat like a fury. We saw no more, and it was not until we returned the following year that I heard from Mr. Shao the explanation.

He reminded me of a woman who had come to us in desperation, for help with her hand. She had been demon-possessed, and a witch-doctor had told her that the only way to drive out this particular spirit was to plunge her hand into boiling oil. So great was her torment that she did not hesitate. She heated the oil to boiling point and plunged her hand in it. The whole arm was in a dreadful state and two fingers were almost suppurating off. At first I declined to undertake the case, but she had made up her mind to commit suicide if we could not help her. So I got a basin of strong carbolic, steeped her arm in it, snipped off the suppurating joints with scissors, bound it all up with boracic lint, gave her a good dose of salts, and—saw her no more.

Her little hut was on the river-bank, just where our boat was moored that fateful day. She happened to be outside, recognized us as we went on board, and took in the whole situation. Then she heard the shout—flew upon the boy to save her friends, and effectually silenced his "*Yang kwei-tsï!*"

"The river is good—in five days you will reach Hankow", their escort said.

But it was not to be. Five days, ten days went by, and still the crowded little boat was their prison. The country was teeming with Boxers, and they were constantly told that discovery would mean capture and death. The heat was intense, but they had to keep out of sight whenever people were about, with the window closed in the low cabin where there was not room to stand upright.

Of this last stage of their trial and deliverance Whitfield wrote:

How tenderly God was caring for us! He took us past Customs after Customs in safety. Officers of course came on board and searched the boat, but none of them discovered that we were foreigners. The ladies covered up their feet and hair and we appeared to be asleep so as not to be questioned. I was rolled over and poked in the back sometimes, and the ladies would be hustled into a corner of their couch—under the boards of which search had to be made—the officer merely remarking to our escort:

"Your travellers are very silent!"

The strain of such moments was considerable, and it was a matter of great thankfulness when the Yang-tse was neared and only two Customs remained. Two more! But the first of these our boatmen absolutely refused to pass.

A messenger had been sent on ahead to Hankow for information and clothing. He would be back to-morrow. How hot it was at anchor—105° F. at least in the little cabin with door and window closed. Boats were around us on all sides. We were bidden to keep out of sight and not talk. At length the hour came for our messenger's return, but he did not appear. The men of our escort were very angry. They went ashore, to talk about getting a small open boat in which to drift down past the Customs. We knew nothing of this—only lay still, thanking God for deliverance thus far and praying for escape that day, if it should please Him.

Suddenly, without warning, the men came back and ordered us to get ready to leave the boat at once. It was about 3 P.M., a brilliant summer afternoon. How could we leave? Everybody would see us.

"Hurry! Be quick!"

There was nothing to be done; so putting our few things together we bundled out into a smaller boat, disguised as far as possible, and in a few minutes were gliding past the dreaded Customs, rapidly propelled down-stream. We were not challenged, and before nightfall Hankow was in sight. The life and bustle of the Foreign Settlement feasted eye and ear!

"The Sï Ma-t'eo, Captain" (the fourth quay).

"Right!" he said. But wilfully misunderstanding, he took us to the native city. We had to lie flat down, to avoid being seen by the people thronging everywhere. Ten minutes of wordy warfare seemed an age before the boatmen would go on to the Settlement. After a promise of extra wine-money they did so at last. Foreign warships, houses, and quay were soon in sight, and a rickshaw conveyed a gownless, dirty, unshaven foreigner to the China Inland Mission, to inform them of the arrival of a Honan party, thirty days after the riot.

. . . . . .

The last hymn they had sung together, back in Honan as the troubles were beginning, was "A Mighty Fortress is our God," and now, as the worn but rejoicing little company entered the Hankow mission-house, it was this very hymn they heard:

With force of arms we nothing can,
  Full soon were we down-ridden:
But for us fights the proper Man,
  Whom God Himself hath bidden.
    Ask ye who is this same?
    Christ Jesus is His name.
    The Lord of Sabaoth's Son;
    He and no other one
  Shall conquer in this battle.

"Received (from the dead) as in a figure", were the words on Mr. Parker's lips as with uplifted hands of wonder he welcomed them and gave thanks for their deliverance.[1]

. . . . . .

Strangely enough, as the Honan refugees came in at one entrance, a little party left the mission-house by another in which they would have been specially interested. For they too had come from the far interior, passing through many dangers, and amongst them was one young missionary—recently arrived from a beautiful home in Sweden—who was destined to be the home-maker and heart-companion of Whitfield's life. How little either of them realized what the future held, as their paths so nearly crossed that summer evening!

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[1] One of the first twelve students to leave Harley House for the mission-field, Mr. George Parker had known Whitfield as a boy. He too had just escaped from Honan, where he is still labouring to-day, after fifty-four years in China.

CHAPTER IX

"HENCEFORTH . . . UNTO HIM"

1900–1902. Aet. 31-33

It was in Shanghai that they met a little later, when Whitfield, though bearing unmistakably the marks of suffering, was looking more himself. Perhaps it was the very sufferings they had in common that drew them together, as well as their supreme life-purpose and love to the Lord Jesus Christ. Jane af Sandeberg was on her way home to Sweden for a time, as the country was too unsettled to admit of returning to the interior. The date for her sailing was fixed, and it was only very little they could see of one another. But impressions were made which led to prayer and were to bear fruit in days to come.

Meanwhile the situation which had to be faced was grave in the extreme. Though the Allied Forces were in possession of Peking, little change had come in the interior, and missionaries as well as Chinese Christians were being hunted down and massacred—weeks, even, after Whitfield had reached Shanghai. Few who heard it will forget the talk he gave one Sunday evening on the 124th Psalm, specially the words which had for him and his companions from Honan so real a meaning—"*The snare is broken and we are escaped*". But who could feel for fellow-workers still in danger as those who had been delivered, and who as they gathered in Shanghai were giving themselves to waiting upon God about the whole situation? Early in September Whitfield wrote:

> During these days our thoughts are more and more taken up with the extension of God's kingdom in this land. . . . We long and pray that the door may be more widely open than ever, and that we may be fitted for whatever new form the work may take. It will most assuredly be different from the old. I believe we shall see a more stable condition in the Church—*i.e.* Chinese pastors standing on their own feet and not relying on the foreigner or his money. The missionary ought to be a co-worker of the native pastor, not a little Pope, as is often the case. I want to see freedom of thought and action, resulting in a stronger native church, more independent and with free scope for the development of native talent. In your prayers for China, pray for Chinese leaders to be raised up and recognized.
>
> Twenty-nine more missionaries have arrived from the interior from Shensi. Forty-nine are still unaccounted for—thirty-nine adults and ten children.

One so sensitive to the sufferings of others could not but be deeply affected by the unparalleled distress of that summer and autumn. He had himself lost everything—instruments, books, and medical supplies, as well as personal belongings. But he and many others also were enabled to take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, because of the new song of praise to God with which their hearts were filled. "*Henceforth . . . unto Him*" was the attitude of his life in a new and deeper way. He had written those words on the back of a photograph he sent to father on his first arrival in China—a photograph of himself in Chinese dress. The cumbersome shoes and long gown were no little trial to a young athletic Englishman, not to speak of the shaven head and *queue*. It had meant a good deal—becoming outwardly one with those to whom his life was given—and it expressed a heart-attitude renewed this summer when that life was given back to be lived, in a deeper sense, "unto Him".

Despite Chinese dress, however, and in the midst of all the uncertainty and distress, Whitfield was keen as ever on the main purpose of his life—leading men to Christ. He obtained permission from the Admiral of the British fleet to hold services on the flagship, H.M.S. *Alacrity*, and wrote of having good times "with violin, flute, and organ". Perhaps the Chinese dress of the little group of missionaries had something to do with the interest of the men who crowded to the meetings and the opening of hearts to their message.

Unable to return to the interior, Whitfield was thinking of taking charge of a hospital ship with Dr. Frank Keller, some Chinese merchants in Shanghai having requested their help in such an undertaking. But before this could materialize another call had come, and both the young doctors were off to Chefoo to relieve Dr. George King, who had broken down under the care of the schools and sanatorium at that port, crowded to their utmost capacity.

On the wave-washed shores of a beautiful bay, four days north of Shanghai, Mr. Hudson Taylor had many years previously established the original Chefoo school, to afford education to the children of C.I.M. missionaries, within reach of their parents and in a healthy climate. Events proved that the school met a great need, and a whole colony had grown up around it, providing for the care and training of hundreds of young people. All the teachers in the three schools—one for girls, one for boys, and one for little children under ten—were full members of the mission, whose services were given without salary, on the "faith basis" of the rest of the work. The sanatorium had grown with the schools, so that parents could be near their children at times, and three hospitals had been added to care for Chinese as well as foreign patients and to isolate fever cases.

Every corner at Chefoo was crowded—refugees from the interior, many of whom were needing medical care, having been received to the limit—and when the doctor broke down, an urgent telegram came to Shanghai which resulted in Whitfield's going up immediately. With Dr. Keller he shared the responsibility of this large work, bringing with it a good deal of heart-strain, for most of the children were far from their parents, and not a few bereaved and suffering fellow-workers needed comfort that summer as well as professional help. It was certainly a sphere in which Whitfield's gifts could find exercise.

For almost a year and a half he held the fort at Chefoo, first with Dr. Keller for seven months, then alone till Dr. George King was able to resume his post. It was a strenuous time and one of growth spiritually, as may be judged from the following letter.

Nov. 28, 1900.

My beloved Father,

Amid the pressure and responsibilities of the medical work of this large compound it is not easy to find time for writing. There is a great deal to do, as scarlet-fever has broken out, and three boys and four girls are down with it. This, together with dysentery, bronchitis, malaria, operations, etc., keeps us busy—especially as there are meetings to be taken, Chinese as well as English, and contributions to be sent to a medical journal published in China.

Since coming to Chefoo one has had a little practice in operative surgery, including an amputation of the leg and excision of a large tumour of twenty-two years' standing. I am thankful to say that all have done well.

The outlook politically has not brightened, and we seem as far as ever from returning to Honan. We need to look up to God and wait in patience for Him. There is a tendency to look to the Allied Forces and home governments for a settlement of affairs. May we be guarded from this grievous mistake. Pray for us, Father, that our eyes may ever be *toward the Lord*. He alone can bring the desired results. Psalm 46 becomes exceedingly precious in days of trial and uncertainty. Over the vast forces of evil arrayed against the Church in this land, our God has absolute power. "He uttered His voice, the earth melted." It is God that fighteth for us. Hope thou in God, O my soul! I trust it may not be long ere He gives deliverance.

In certain provinces suffering is still the portion of His children. Shansi is quiet now; the storm there has spent its force. Her martyrs number thousands. Great shall yet be the harvest. . . . The Lord remaineth. He will guide us through this maze of events and bring His work out into a wealthy place.

A visit to Peking to secure relief for the suffering Christians in Shansi made a break that winter.

Peking was sadly interesting [he wrote]. I went to the Summer Palace and to the Temple of Heaven and entered the Sacred City. . . . Signs of shot and shell were everywhere. . . . Soldiers of various nationalities in their respective uniforms were much in evidence and after dark no Chinese except rickshaw coolies could be about. Peking, a captured city—it was touching to see it! The Emperor and Empress gone and foreign generals in charge.

Tientsin showed signs of a terrible siege, worse than Peking. But for Japan, we might have failed in relieving it. Peking would then have killed all the foreigners, and Shanghai and Hankow would have gone over. How clear the hand of God in this deliverance!

As tidings began to come in of the attitude of many of the Chinese in this time of extremity there was much to call for thanksgiving.

"Wait a moment", said one Shansi Christian who was weaving when the Boxers suddenly entered her little home. "Wait a moment till I come down from my loom."

"Deny your faith in Jesus!" they shouted, sword in hand.

Quietly she went to the cupboard and putting on her best garments,[1] while they watched in surprise, came and knelt down in the midst of them, saying:

"Now you may do as you please, for I will not deny my Lord Jesus."

The rage of man could only hasten her to the presence of the Saviour she loved.

The flag the Boxers carried bore the words, "*Feng chï mieh Kiao*", "By Imperial command exterminate the Church". But as white-haired Pastor Song said, in parting from his missionary friends at P'ing-yang as the worst was drawing near:

"*Kueh neng mieh, Kiao mieh-puh-liao*"; "Kingdoms may perish, but the Church cannot be destroyed".

And in this confidence he and hundreds of others sealed their testimony with their blood.

One of those who suffered most and yet survived was dear old Li Pu-cheo, the apostle of a mountain district in Shansi, where the power of his prayers was well known. Yet Li Pu-cheo was no scholar. Before his conversion he could not even read. But one thing he did know—that the Lord Jesus Christ had risen from the dead and that, therefore, everything was possible. Before the summer of 1900 this had been his ground for expecting deliverance whatever the trial might be. Was some village cause in danger, the chapel looted and the Christians scattered?

"But *Jesus rose from the dead*", he would say with quiet assurance.

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[1] A custom in China when death approaches.

Because of this glorious fact the little church no less would rise. And neither before nor after those long months of anguish was he disappointed. What a creed! "Because Jesus Christ is risen from the dead—a living Saviour—everything He wills is possible."

But there must be an inner life lived in touch with that risen Saviour. This it was that lifted Whitfield above the pressure of work and sorrow through those months at Chefoo and made his life radiant. Turning the leaves of his Bible saved from the riot one comes across, here and there, three capitals printed in the margin in clear but small writing—the letters E.M.S. Comparing the passages against which they are found one easily discovers their meaning, and sees in it the secret of his overcoming life. E.M.S., Early Morning Start—without it he could never have been what he was to others. In that same Bible he had copied words of General Gordon's that were true for himself as well:

> I have had and continue to have the most exquisite delight in the Bible, beyond any experience I ever felt.

As a student of science, Whitfield had faced many problems connected with the inspiration and accuracy of the Scriptures. But he had found in the Bible something that science cannot account for and cannot gainsay. To a note made on one of its pages, that in all the manuscript copies of the New Testament not more than ten or twelve variations of vital importance are to be found, he added the words of Bengel:

> Eat the Scripture bread in simplicity, just as you have it, and do not be surprised if here and there you find a grain of sand which the millstone has allowed to pass. I am astonished that

from all the transcriptions there have not been a greater number of various readings.

To Whitfield the Word of God was bread indeed—was life—and he fed upon it day by day, and early in the morning with ever-fresh delight. Prayer, too, was a growing reality. There are references in his letters to Mr. D. E. Hoste, in this connection, and to the helpfulness of quiet hours spent with him in waiting upon God.

CHEFOO, *May* 22, 1901.

I have been reading with great interest George Whitefield's biography, and wonder that I never read it before. What a preacher! I picture you in your younger days, beloved father, as going about much as he did, proclaiming the Truth to thousands. Oh, to love men and seek their salvation—to make seeking the lost the one abiding enthusiasm of life—and so hasten our Saviour's coming and kingdom! I envy your experience as evangelist—but will seek to serve God as I may here in China. When the heart is open to the sunshine of heaven and ever ready to sympathize with the sorrows and sufferings of others, for His sake, life will not be lived in vain.

May 26.

We are having special gatherings for prayer to-day, remembering the founding of the China Inland Mission and God's faithfulness and care through all these thirty-five years. . . . Dear Mr. Hudson Taylor, unable to carry the burden of directorship any longer, has handed it over to Mr. Hoste, who is now Acting Director of the C.I.M.—no small responsibility. He is being greatly helped of God. He is such a man of prayer, as well as of common sense and wise judgment, that his life is of the very greatest value out here.

In removing one, God has raised up another. So will it be in the case of those whose lives have been laid down. We shall see a new China with widely opened doors, seeking light and calling for western civilization. Then will be the opportunity for the Church to send forth her sons and daughters, to carry something infinitely better than civilization, even the glorious Gospel. Great will be the number, I believe, of those who will come out as Heralds of the Cross. . . . Some tell us that missionary work is at an end in China—but no! God has greater things in store. I look forward with much hopefulness to the future.

Isn't it blessed that our faith always gives us hope? "The Bright and Morning Star" is pledge of a life that will be for ever young. There is no decay or failure in the works of our God. His people go from grace to grace, and His creation from glory to glory. Do you feel yourself growing younger as you grow older? We draw nearer that eternal service which will be ever young, ever fresh, ever full of hope in our glorious Lord, who is for us the Star of the Morning. There will be "no night there".

Dear, dear Father, I think of you often in your aloneness, bereaved of so much that was precious and in which you rested with great delight.[1] May each day be bright with the conscious nearness of the Lord. He will be your comfort. Will you tell me some of your thoughts as you meditate on things eternal? I would love to be with you—to hear your voice and see the light on your face as you discourse on high and blessed themes. Happy Lucy and Karl if they are with you![2] Give them my love. I am seeking not to think of Miss af S., of whom you write. God's will will be made plain in His time. Loneliness patiently borne will have its fruition.

Those who watched his life at Chefoo all these months may not have thought of the young doctor as lonely, he was such a maker of sunshine for others. Mr. Howard Bird, who was helping in the Boys' School at that time, recalls the gift Whitfield had for drawing people together and banishing stiffness and self-consciousness. He was so friendly and sociable himself that others were put at their ease, and the whole atmosphere warmed perceptibly when he came into a room. It was the same in meetings, especially prayer-meetings, and in the Sunday services faces brightened when he came on the platform to speak. The children in all three schools loved him. Whether in the hospital or on the playground and sandy beach he was one with them—just as inspiring at games as comforting in sickness.

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[1] It was two and a half years since the Home-call of the beloved mother, on November 3, 1898.

[2] His sister Lucy had recently been married in Egypt, to Dr. H. Karl W. Kumm, with whom she was working for the unevangelized Sudan.

Miss Blackmore, in charge of the Preparatory School, found him specially helpful in her many cares. He was her guest one vacation, when several of the older folk came to stay with the little ones in the breezy house down by the sea.

> The fragrant memory of your dear brother never leaves me [Miss Blackmore writes], but is always an inspiration. What a witness for Christ his life was at Chefoo!
>
> In the Settlement, people loved him. He would accept their hospitality, as far as his engagements permitted, and was much in request with his violin. But though "hail-fellow, well-met" with everybody, he would always bring in a word for the Master.
>
> When he said a thing, you remembered it. He could pass on helpful thoughts so naturally! "Have you noticed this?" he would say about something he had been enjoying, or "I was thinking about so and so this morning". It was a great gift, for he never seemed to be preaching at all.
>
> Then too, his music—how spontaneous and refreshing it was! He would drop in, often, sit down at the piano, run his fingers over it and ask us, "Do you know this?" Then he would sing the chorus and get us all to join in. He always seemed to have something good that he wanted to share with others. Keenly spiritual, his thoughts were so fresh and real that they were always welcome.

"I could see no fault in him", said Mrs. George King, in whose house he lived for a time. Among those who came most closely into touch with him was Mrs. E. O. Williams, who had come to Chefoo in deep sorrow, recently widowed, with six fatherless boys to bring up.

> It was late in the summer of 1900 [Mrs. Williams wrote] when Dr. Guinness and Mr. Howard Bird came among us as refugees

> from Honan, and the former soon made his influence felt, cheering everybody and ministering to the sick and bereaved, including dear Mrs. Cooper, whose husband had been so foully murdered at the beginning of the Boxer outbreak. While much occupied at the hospital he was always ready with his charming manner and kindly, helpful words, to soothe and sympathize.
>
> His musical gifts were no little cheer in those sad days. How he loved to lead us in song! Often, on Sunday evening, he would come down to the Prep. to sing over new hymns with the teachers. Then during the Christmas holidays he got up a singing class, teaching us so patiently and perseveringly our several parts. We studied Mendelssohn's "Athalie" under his direction with Miss Norris, a splendid pianist, and it was most invigorating, quite a tonic to many.
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> At another time he interested us in writing Parables from Nature on a given subject, with the understanding that each should read aloud what they had written for the benefit of the whole company. We had some most interesting evenings in this way. Practising Christmas Carols was another of his suggestions which was warmly taken up. And how eagerly his talks at the Sunday services were listened to and appreciated!
>
> To me, personally, he was a great spiritual help at a time of much darkness and trial. In the parting from my older boys for home; in the sickness of the younger ones and the death of little Seymour, Dr. Guinness was to me as a son—ever ready with practical sympathy and strong consolation. He lived so near the Master that he seemed to catch His spirit, and others were cheered by the glow of his radiant personality.

Among his Chinese patients, too, the influence was felt. No fewer than twelve thousand passed through the little hospital during the eleven months before and after Dr. Keller left. Whitfield loved the work, and wrote during his second summer at Chefoo:

> I had a delightful little Chinese meeting in the hospital on Sunday evening—sitting and talking with eight or nine patients. How attentively they listened, and with what interest they discussed what had been said and asked questions.

The many interests at Chefoo did not displace in the Doctor's heart, however, the great province to which he was hoping to return. The sufferings he had endured for Honan made that region only the more loved and prayed for. What an appeal it was—eighty governing cities, south of the Yellow River, without a Protestant missionary; eighty populous counties without a preacher of the Gospel, without a hospital, without a doctor or nurse—and the way opening for the return of missionaries to the interior!

Dr. Keller had gone already, and had been successful in gaining a foothold in what had always been one of the most anti-foreign cities in China, the capital of the province of Hunan. There, in Chang-sha, he had been received with unexpected friendliness, a house being procured for him by the head of the new Foreign Office within a few hours of his arrival.

This left only one provincial capital in China proper without resident missionaries, the great city of Kai-feng in Honan. The only foreigner who had been there of recent years, Mr. Robert Powell of the China Inland Mission, was also a refugee at Chefoo in 1900, and from him Whitfield learned of the ancient colony of Jews he had visited within its walls and of the still more interesting group of Christians—real believers—who, until Mr. Powell came across them unexpectedly, had never seen a missionary. It was a remarkable story and drew Whitfield's sympathies more than ever to the city where this little flock was without a shepherd.

Two years before the Boxer troubles, Mr. Powell had been travelling with a Chinese colporteur near the Yellow River, selling books and preaching, when the thought of Kai-feng seemed brought persistently before his mind. It was no use attempting to go there, for every effort to enter the city had failed, even famine-relief being refused, when multitudes were dying of starvation, the missionaries being coldly informed that the Government was quite able to care for its own people. But Mr. Powell could not get away from the call of that great city.

"What about going to Kai-feng?" he said to his Chinese friend at last.

"I think it would be all right", was the reply. "Let us go and see what comes of it."

The fourteen miles were traversed as quickly as the laden wheelbarrow would permit and toward evening they approached the towering gates and entered with the throng. Mr. Powell had been schooling himself to caution on the way, but his carefully-thought-out plan was forgotten when the barrow-men were challenged at the first gate by a demand to know what they carried.

"Books", he replied himself, forgetting that he wanted to slip in unnoticed.

"Books? Oh, and of what nationality are *you*?"

"An Englishman? Come here! Have you a passport?"

The passport was produced and caused no little excitement. But Mr. Powell interposed, fearing that the inner gates of the city would be shut against him:

"If you desire to study my passport there will be time to do so at the inn. I cannot wait here any longer."

Having left his card for the Mandarin, he was allowed to proceed, escorted by half a dozen men in uniform. To his discomfort he soon discovered the tactics of these would-be protectors.

"The Foreign Devil has come! The Foreign Devil has come!" he heard the soldiers in front of him say in an undertone as they passed along.

"Where? Where?" cried the people. And the soldiers following took good care to point him out.

To protect himself somewhat, Mr. Powell dropped behind the soldiers, insisting that they should all walk in front. A cart coming along, he was able to slip across to the other side of the street, and then had the amusement of seeing sedate merchants and business men running after his escort, looking excitedly for the "Foreign Devil", while he himself, in Chinese dress, passed on unnoticed.

Eventually the inn was reached. The crowd surrounded it. The coolies wheeled their cumbersome barrows straight into the bedroom, while the soldiers kept the people from crowding in. Still the "Foreign Devil" could not be found. Mingling with the throng, he was observing their temper, and when satisfied that they were not unfriendly, only consumed with curiosity, he stepped out and made himself known, apologizing for being unable to invite so many friends in to take tea.

He had travelled some distance, he explained, and was tired, but the following morning he would be out selling books and then they could have a chat.

Elaborate bowing ensued, and he was left in comparative quiet.

Before supper could be had, however, one of the city magistrates arrived. His object was manifest, to secure the departure of the unwelcome guest at dawn. Kaifeng was a deplorable hole, he suggested; it would be well to leave as soon as possible.

"It is not my intention to remain long," the visitor assured him, "but I wish to dispose of the books I have brought."

"How many have you?"—preparing to buy them all up himself.

"Only about four thousand."

"Never, never can you sell so many books here!" cried the official, raising his hands in dismay. "I will provide an escort to see you safely on your way to-morrow morning."

But the visitor was firm.

A quarter of an hour after the departure of the first official, another Mandarin arrived of higher rank. The same questions were asked and the same replies given, only the official was more urgent and the visitor more decided, feeling sure by this time that there was no real danger to be apprehended.

Upon the retirement of this dignitary Mr. Powell breathed more freely, thinking that the ordeal was over. But soon there came peremptory knocking at the gate of the inn, a commotion in the courtyard, a cart driven in with many outrunners, the glare of lanterns, and a whole retinue of soldiers attending the advance of a haughty figure dressed in furs, before whom the landlord was obsequious.

But the result of the interview with the chief himself was still the same. The quiet, friendly visitor was not to be dislodged or browbeaten. He would leave the honourable city when the people had had the opportunity of seeing something of the books he had brought. He was not at all afraid as to his reception and did not want any protection of soldiers.

Soldiers were deputed to attend him, in spite of his desire to escape them, and this threatened to spoil his work, until the colporteur tactfully suggested that they should turn their military coats inside out and keep at a little distance. This compromise proved successful, and for eight days Mr. Powell and his Chinese friend remained in the city without trouble arising. The people seemed friendly and the book sales were all they could wish. But more than this—they found to their encouragement that the Spirit of God had been working in that stronghold of Satan long before their arrival.

It was the first day of their preaching and book-selling in the city when an elderly man touched Mr. Powell on the arm and asked where he was staying. The face was pleasant and friendly, but having learned the whereabouts of their inn the questioner disappeared. Late that night when everyone had gone to bed, a knock came at the door of the inn. Mr. Powell and his Chinese companion listened, wondering who could be seeking admission at such an hour. Presently the door of their room opened and someone came in with a lantern. Before they could rise to greet him the visitor made a profound bow and Mr. Powell recognized the pleasant-faced man who had questioned him on the street. He proved to be a Mr. Chu and, as they soon discovered, a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. This was wonderful, in a city which had turned out the Roman Catholics seventy years previously and had ever since boasted that neither the foreigner nor his religion could obtain a footing within its walls! But that Mr. Chu was an enlightened and earnest believer there could be no doubt. Little wonder midnight came and went, and early dawn found the three still deep in conversation.

No, he had never seen a missionary in Kai-feng and had only once, for a few moments, conversed with a Chinese Christian. It was the old colporteur Wang, from Chow-kia-kow, who had had such a trying time in the city sixteen years previously. Wang was a Hupeh man, and as he was going to business one morning Mr. Chu saw him with his little stall on the street selling books. He did not know that the colporteur had come to the city backed by the prayers of a godly missionary who, though he might not himself preach the Gospel in Kai-feng, was doing all he could to send the Word of Life to its perishing people. All that Chu could see was that the old man fell into trouble. They were talking together by the book-stall, the colporteur delighted to have found an interested listener, when suddenly the leading teacher in the city came up, a Mr. Wang Kwang-fu, noted for his violent temper no less than for his learning. Attacking the colporteur with blows and curses, he overturned the stall, scattering the books on the street.

"Whoever reads them will go blind", he shouted, and finally drove the Hupeh man away with volleys of abuse.

He then ordered the bystanders to gather the books into a heap that he might burn them. This was done, but not before Mr. Chu, in helping to pick them up, had managed to secrete quite a number in his long loose sleeves. These he carried home to read in secret.

Weary and disheartened, the colporteur trudged back to Chow-kia-kow, without barrow, books, or money.

He had been robbed of all. The journey had been a failure apparently—would have been so, no doubt, but for the prayer behind it. Mr. Shearer comforted him as well as he could, telling him that they might safely leave the matter in the hands of Him whose servants they were. But the old man was much discouraged and did not live to hear the outcome.

What actually happened was that Mr. Chu found among his spoils four little books called the Gospels, also a Christian Catechism, *The Guide to Heaven*, and other tracts. These he set to work to study.

> He read and believed. His wife believed. His son, daughter, son-in-law, and son's wife also believed. An old blind lady who had smoked opium for twenty-nine years, trusting in the power of Christ, broke off the habit. Her two sons became interested and afterwards, when missionaries came to live in Kai-feng, they too confessed Christ. All this, on the strength of what Mr. Chu told them of the Bible!

But he himself was not clear for some time.

> As soon as I began to read [was his own story] I knew that the words were true—that there was only one God, who made us and loved us and wanted to save us from our sins. I saw that the idols were a fraud, and at once gave up all idolatry. I also preached these doctrines to my neighbours, so that people called me "Chu the Christian'" but I knew that I was not a true Christian. With me it was only a matter of the head, for I was altogether unwilling to receive the truth into my heart. I was an opium-smoker, as were all the members of my family, and I loved to live a life of sin.
>
> What became of the Hupeh man I could not learn, but he never came back, nor did I meet with any other colporteur or missionary. The teacher, Wang Kwang-fu, meanwhile, lost his reason, and as he was dangerous the magistrate had him fastened by a chain round his neck to a millstone in an outhouse. He would not allow himself to be clothed, and there he remained

summer and winter, miserable and naked, until after ten years he died. I thought that God had changed him into a beast, as a judgment for rejecting the truth, and I was desperately afraid for myself.[1]

Then I heard that some missionaries had come to live at a place north of the Yellow River, so I went there, four days' journey, to find out what I must do to be saved. They spoke to me of Jesus, gave me more books and prayed with me, and before I returned home I decided to be a Christian. Thanks to the grace of God, I have been a happy man ever since.

This was the happy man who sat with Mr. Powell through the hours of that memorable night when the little room in the dark inn shone with the light of God. Every evening after that he came for worship bringing other Christians over whom he watched with loving concern.

Ten months later Mr. Powell was back in Kai-feng and was able to write:

Mr. Chu is steadily going forward. Since my first visit he has had two young men, brothers, under his influence and instruction. Another who came to see me has continued to meet with them. This time, Mr. Chu brought a Buddhist priest with whom he had been dealing and who seems interested. Just now the little company stands thus: Mr. Chu, his wife, son, daughter and her husband, the two young men mentioned above and their mother, who is very earnest, also a clerk to a Mandarin, who is influencing another man under him, and several others. They are somewhat straitened for room, and have been praying that God would open their way to have regular meetings.

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[1] Not satisfied with driving out the colporteur, Wang Kwang-fu had published a book bitterly opposing the Gospel. He came to Mr. Chu at the time, asking him to make pictures for it, as he was something of an artist. Mr. Chu declined, saying that the Bible was a good book and he would not draw misleading pictures to turn people from it. Mr. Powell had a copy of Wang's production, but lost it at the time of the Boxer uprising.

"The pictures represented foreigners pouring poison down the wells," he writes, "gouging out the eyes of children to make medicine, and other things too vile to mention.

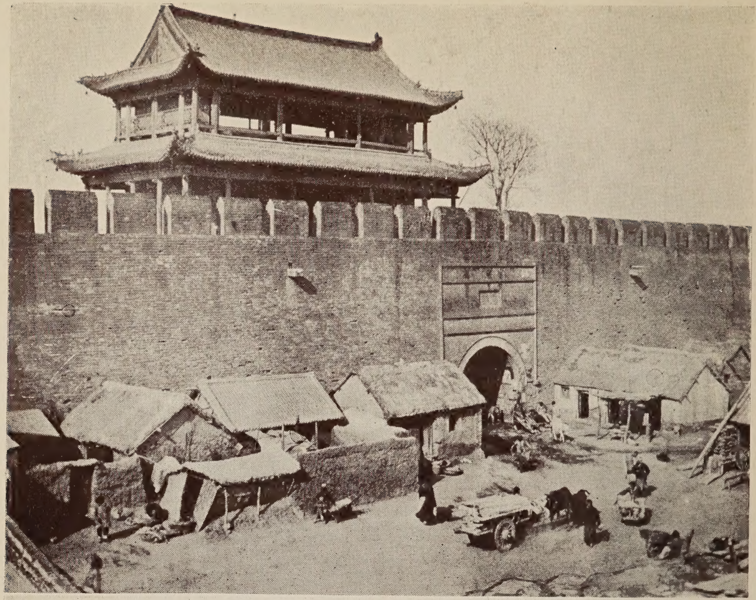
"Later, a Roman Catholic priest was visiting Kai-feng and was the guest of a Chinese Jew who was in the grocery business. This fierce teacher gathered a mob and pulled down the grocer's house. The priest narrowly escaped with his life."

We stayed twelve days in the city. Officials came to examine my passport as before and appointed soldiers to guard me. I took occasion to walk through all the principal thoroughfares and by-streets, to accustom people to seeing a foreigner. There was no more excitement than we meet with in most places. One expects, however, that the real trouble will begin when residence is attempted.

Yet with such evidences that God was working in Kai-feng, exclusive as it was, faith could not but look for greater things.

It will be a hard place to win [Whitfield wrote from Chefoo], but with God there are no impossibilities. It is blessed to give time to waiting upon Him, asking that He will not only open the way into the city but into many hearts. He will do it.

And He did, using largely the skill and sympathy of the young doctor.



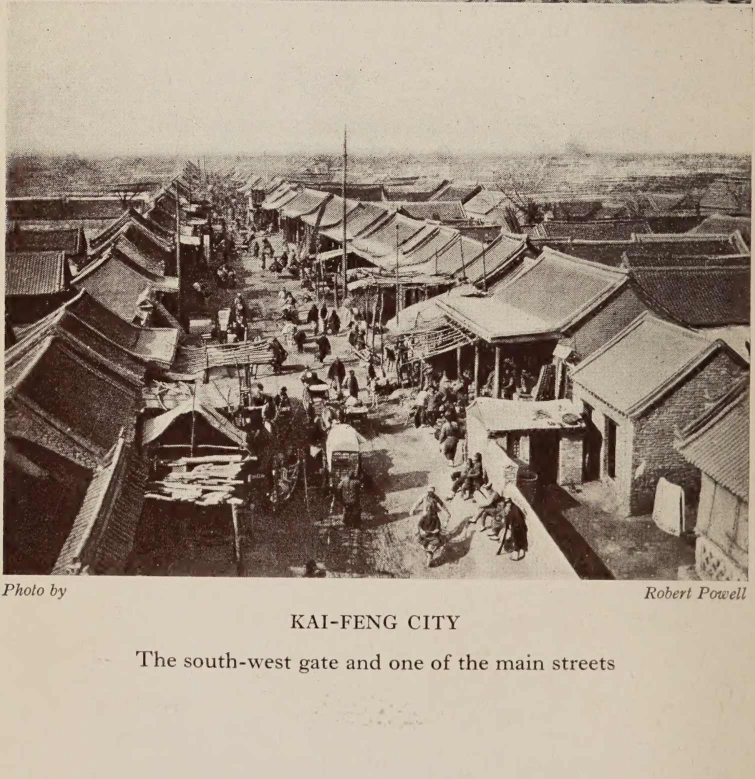


Photo by *Robert Powell*

KAI-FENG CITY

The south-west gate and one of the main streets

CHAPTER X

"GATES OF BRASS"

1902. Aet. 33

Far away in Honan, Mr. Powell was itinerating again with his colporteur friend, preaching and selling books as before the Boxer troubles, and their route brought them near the capital. The moment seemed auspicious. The tide had turned. Only a few days previously the Emperor and Dowager Empress had left Kai-feng on their return journey to Peking, to take up again the reins of government.

> The Court is in hiding and the people are distracted [the aged statesman, Li Hung-chang, had written in his diary, when called upon to undertake negotiations with the foreign powers for a settlement of affairs]. There is no Government and chaos reigns. I fear the task before me is too great for my strength of body, though I would do one thing more before I call the earthly battle over. I would have the foreigners believe in us once more, and not deprive China of her national life; and I would like to bring "Old Buddha"[1] back to the palace and ask her if she had learned her lesson.

Great changes were certainly in progress. Perhaps, even in Kai-feng, the gates of brass were yielding. The only way to find out was to go and see.

So the two quietly went, and put up at the same inn as before. It was a step of faith in more ways than one, for Kai-feng had been a hotbed of Boxer influence, and Mr. Powell was the only foreigner in the whole province at the time. He was, moreover, almost at the end of his resources, and it would be six weeks at any rate before he could obtain more money from Shanghai.

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[1] A term in use to designate the Dowager Empress.

After selling books for several days and seeing a good deal of Mr. Chu and his friends, whose welcome was touching, Mr. Powell was convinced that the time had come to test the possibilities of renting a house. It was no use to stand upon treaty rights unless public feeling was to some extent with him, but he believed it was, and determined to go forward looking to the Lord for guidance. It was wintry weather, just before Christmas, and his room in the inn was damp and dark. But he knew he must keep out of sight if negotiations for a house were to be successful, so leaving the search to the colporteur he remained day after day in his dismal quarters.

Again and again Chang Kwang-fah would come back elated. He had succeeded in obtaining a place in which they could live.

"Did you say it was for the foreigner?"

"No, that was not mentioned."

"Then you had better go back and tell them. They will have trouble enough after we get in, and may as well go into it with their eyes open."

But every door was closed as soon as the facts were known.

"It's no use," said Chang at last. "We shall never rent a house unless we do it secretly."

"God will give us a place," was the assured reply. "Try again, and I will be here praying."

Picture that situation:

> It was the depth of winter [Mr. Powell wrote]. Snow was on the ground, and in the cheerless inn I was almost frozen. I bought a few cash worth of charcoal and lit it in a basin to warm my feet; meanwhile my hands would freeze! I would take a turn at warming my hands, while my feet became icy. I walked up and down that little dark cold room all day long for several days, praying that the colporteur might be successful. I got a bilious attack into the bargain! It was the most miserable Christmas I ever spent.

But he quietly held on, the only foreigner in the whole province with its thirty-five million people. It was a question of getting a foothold for Him who came to bring "Peace upon earth, good will to men", but for Whom no room was found, even in the inn.

At last, one evening, the colporteur returned confident that he had secured a house.

"Did you tell them?" Mr. Powell questioned.

"I said it was for a Preaching Hall. I am to take a deposit in the morning."

"Better take it now. He may change his mind before morning."

> I gave him the only bit of silver I had. It would not be enough, for in Kai-feng the custom was three months' rent in advance and someone who would stand as guarantor. I had neither, and could only trust God a step at a time. Chang took the money, but soon hurried back in dismay.
>
> "The landlord is gone," he said. "He has fled in terror!"
>
> It appeared that the man was acting as an agent in renting the house for a Mandarin who was away from the city. No one can keep a secret in China, not even the men. His neighbours soon knew of his prospective tenant and of the commission he would receive. But when they learned who the tenant was, they put the fear of his life into him!
>
> "Your master will kill you, for certain, when he knows you have let his house to the Foreign Devil!"
>
> The poor chap put up his shutters and fled, willing to lose all his business rather than face the situation.

Early next morning, after we had had prayer together, Chang said he would go again and see how matters stood. The place was still shut up. The man was not to be found, and no information could be obtained from the neighbours.

Returning to the inn, Chang met a friend of Mr. Chu, who had been coming to our meetings.

"Hullo, Chang, where have you been?"

"I have been trying to rent a house, but the man has gone back on his bargain."

"Who is he? Oh, I know that fellow! I'll get the house for you."

He tried, but was unsuccessful. Shortly after, he himself ran into a friend.

"What are you doing, Wang?"

"Trying to rent a house, but——"

"What about *my* house? How would that do?"

"Admirably! But are you willing to let it?"

"Who is it for, Brother?"

"It is for the missionary. You would not object to him for a tenant?"

"Well, no," he said. "I suppose you will be surety for him?"

"Willingly! And he will give you a good rental."

So it was settled—and what an answer to prayer! I had a reliable man who took it upon himself to be my guarantor, and they were prepared to trust me without the three months' rent in advance. We had the place cleaned up, and one evening at dusk slipped in unobserved and took possession.

Then the battle-royal began. The joy of that first night, when the few Christians came together, quietly, for a praise-meeting, was soon exchanged for menacing rumours. Mr. Chu came in with an anxious face. Trouble was brewing, he said, and the missionary had better see the chief magistrate. Not wishing to act hurriedly, Mr. Powell waited. During the morning the landlord appeared. His wife had chased him with a broomstick, and sympathizing with her the neighbours were all up in arms. Feeling that the poor man would be safer under his protection, Mr. Powell detained him, and in the afternoon spent almost all the money he had left in hiring a cart, to call upon the Mandarin. The official was out, and the assistant who represented him was so surprised when Mr. Powell said that he had rented a house and wanted a proclamation for the protection of the landlord that he had nothing to say, save that he would inform his superior.

> Next day the great man visited me and began a wordy war that lasted a whole week. He hoped, of course, to drive me out.
>
> Kai-feng, he said, was a dreadful place, unfit for the residence of foreigners.
>
> I had been for some time in the city, I replied, and found nothing to complain of.
>
> "Others of your countrymen have sought to obtain a settlement here, but have only met with failure."
>
> "I, however, have succeeded."
>
> "Your passport entitles you to protection only while travelling."
>
> "That is the ninth article of the treaty; but the twelfth provides for renting and even purchasing property, as you observe."
>
> Thus we talked it over day after day, facing one another across the table. Finally he seemed to realize that I had no intention of moving, not even for an earthquake!
>
> "Well, I cannot force you to go," he said, "and I suppose I must protect you."
>
> "Will you protect the landlord?" I asked.
>
> After some hesitation he said he would. That was all I wanted, so I replied,
>
> "Then everything is peacefully settled."
>
> "*You* call it peaceful," he retorted with a withering look. "I don't call it peaceful at all!"
>
> I laughed, and then he laughed—and the conflict was over.

But it had been a week of strain, and the relief was great when the lonely missionary could wire to Shanghai that prayer was answered and the last capital city in

China was occupied. The little group of Christians too were rejoicing, the more so when they learned that the colleague who was coming to join Mr. Powell was a medical man.

> It is a privilege to be going to Kai-feng just now [Whitfield wrote from Shanghai]. The opening months are so important. Much prayer, tact, and wisdom will be needed so to act as not to hinder the work in its future development.

Back to Honan—how much it meant! especially as the journey was to be taken by way of She-ki-chen, where medical help was needed. Travelling quite alone, Whitfield had some trying experiences, for the roads in one district were "seas of mud" and, in another, blood was flowing freely in local riots. The Peking-Hankow railway was under construction, and when the train could go no further he travelled on the coal-tender, behind the engine, as it dashed through cuttings and tunnels. Between the heavy rain and the coal upon which he and his belongings found uncertain lodgment, the transit could hardly have been called comfortable, but it was ease compared with the struggle that followed with swollen streams and mud. For at the end of the line there still remained fifteen miles to do on foot, to the city where he hoped to obtain a cart. Coolies were engaged to carry his baggage and after labouring for three or four hours, in pouring rain, to cover half the distance, they could absolutely go no further. The inn was crowded at the wayside hamlet, and soaked to the skin Whitfield could find no refuge for the night.

> I inquired for another inn.
>
> "None! But over there are two men engaged on the railway. Perhaps they could take you in."

I called at the house, and found them very kind and nice. They had a leaky room unoccupied, cold and damp, but better than the crowded inn. So I took my things in, got some hot water and food, and after a talk with them went early to bed. Next day was Sunday, and I remained with this Mr. Li and his assistant and had a most interesting time, bringing them the Gospel. Last thing that night, Li came in and said:

"Will God forgive all the sins I committed before I knew about Him?"

He seemed really impressed, as did one of his men. It was so cold that I sat wrapped in my bedding most of the day, but I do praise God that I stayed with them instead of going on to Mr. Nelson's, only seven miles away. Eternity may prove that Mr. Li has truly given his heart to God. I sent him back a New Testament.

The Norwegian missionaries at Sin-yang (Mr. and Mrs. Nelson) were kindness itself, and with his rugs and clothes hung up to dry round their rooms, they helped Whitfield arrange for his further journey. A hundred miles remained between him and She-ki-chen, where he was daily expected. Carts could not travel because of the condition of the roads, but with a wheelbarrow and a Christian boy for company he set out—little thinking that he was running into Boxer experiences over again.

At the close of the second day, as he was walking ahead of the barrow, he heard his companion's voice behind him:

"Doctor, Doctor—I must go back home!"

"Why, what is the matter?"

"T'eo-li iu nao-sï! Bad troubles ahead!"

The whole district in front of them was seething, it proved, with an uprising against the Roman Catholics. The foreign priests had fled and many Romanists had been murdered. So great was the rage of the people that they had even buried some alive. Fights were going on with troops sent to quell the disturbance, but the animosity was so great that the whole district was up in arms. Not for anything would Whitfield have missed the days that followed, though with nerves still shaken from the Boxer troubles it was hard to go through at the time.

My boy ran away, making for home as fast as he could. The barrow-men refused to go forward. And there was I, three days' journey from She-ki-chen where my patient was waiting.

"Were there any by-paths?"

"No: West, North, and North-west was rioting."

I stopped and sat down under a tree to pray and think.

Should we go to the next city and see the Mandarin?

"That Mandarin does not like foreigners," said a fellow-traveller with whom I had been talking for hours.

I decided to return to the Nelsons and take advice.

On the way, at a place called Uh-ho, the crowds were very large. Never had they seen a foreigner before, and when I reached the inn a mass of faces thronged me on all sides and there were menacing cries of "Foreign Devil". Feeling it better to stand aside than to attempt to go in, I backed against a wall and talked and preached for a long time. Gradually the people became more friendly, and when I asked them to excuse me as I was tired and needed food, they let me go in. Presently some of the gentry came along, and I talked with them till after 10 P.M.

Next day it poured with rain and we could not go on, though only a few miles from the Norwegian station. I went instead to the homes of some of the gentry who had invited me, and to two schools, and preached the glorious Gospel for about six hours.

Sunday was fine, but I would not travel. Splendid opportunities for telling the Word of Life filled me with joy, as I preached altogether in various places for about seven hours. The violin and hymn-singing came in usefully. One audience in a temple listened in perfect stillness for more than half an hour. Five men, three of whom were scholarly, came forward in one home saying that they wanted to trust in the Lord Jesus.

> It was a striking answer to prayer, for the crowds had been very threatening at first. Praise God, our turning back had not been in vain!

Finally, a long detour was made with an escort of soldiers. And even so there were anxious days, when Whitfield had to be hidden, with the curtains of the cart closely drawn. But it was worth it all to be in She-ki-chen again; to find the Conways well and happy in their work once more, and to see the Christians whose sufferings for Christ had been so nobly borne. Not one of the Church members had gone back, though their homes had been looted and in some cases they had been cruelly tortured. How much it meant, for example, to meet one of the seventy baptized that last Sunday before the riot —a tall, fine-looking man, with a face full of joy in the Lord, of whose experiences Whitfield wrote:

> When the Boxers took him, they tied his thumbs behind his back, drew him up by the cords to a beam in the roof and beat him while he was hanging there. They said he must deny his faith in Christ. But no! He remained steadfast. They beat him again and left him hanging for hours in torture. I asked him,
>
> "Was it worth while, suffering like that?"
>
> "Worth while?" he said. "Why, I would go through it all again for Jesus' sake!"

Some who had been robbed of everything refused to recant though offered food and money. At T'ai-kang the official sent word that unless they recanted every one of them would be put to death. None denied their faith.

"What are we to do?" they said to one of the Deacons. "Truly we are like sheep without a shepherd."

He opened the Word of God and read, "The Lord is my Shepherd", and they were comforted.

None of the Christians in Honan was actually killed, though some had been on their way to execution. The stories of deliverance were wonderful in each of the stations, and now that a couple of years had passed since the Boxer troubles the work was going forward everywhere. At She-ki-chen it was wonderful to see how little Nora, the baby of the Boxer year, had captured the hearts of the people. To the city it seemed like a resurrection from the dead, almost, to have the Conway family going in and out among them again, and what an evidence that the living God answers prayer!

> Mr. and Mrs. Conway are very well and happy in their work [Whitfield wrote]. She seems brighter and sweeter than ever, and their little daughter is perfectly charming—full of merry fun, trotting about the courtyard making friends with everyone, and captivating the Chinese, both men and women.
>
> Fang Tsong-ie, a young official from Nan-yang, was here two days ago. Baby Conway went to him willingly, and he carried her across the courtyard, as pleased as could be, and seated her on a horse Mr. Joyce had there on trial. Though not yet two years old she sat up there quite trustfully, not the least frightened. It is a very pretty sight to see Mrs. Conway with her.
>
> She-ki-chen is the same, yet not the same. The ruined premises still remain to bear witness to the experiences of 1900. Since coming I have had several medical cases—only two days ago was successful in reducing a bad hernia, in a little boy of six weeks old. The parents were delighted. Medical work *is* valuable.

In another letter he wrote of the wisdom of the course taken by the mission in declining to receive indemnity for the losses of 1900. This had created a friendly feeling even in Shansi, where so many lives had been sacrificed. Mr. Hoste, as representing the China Inland Mission, had gone up to Tai-yuan-fu to be present at the official Memorial Services. A statement of the mission's losses was made to the head of the Foreign Office, who was then informed that no compensation for those losses would be accepted. This called forth from the Governor of the province a remarkable proclamation which was posted up in every centre where the mission had suffered. In it he said:

> The Mission, in rebuilding these Churches with its own funds, aims in so doing to fulfil the command of the Saviour of the world, that all men should love their neighbours as themselves. . . . Contrasting the way in which we are treated by the missionaries with our treatment of them, how can anyone who has the least regard for right and reason not feel ashamed of this behaviour? . . . JESUS[1] in His instructions inculcates forbearance and forgiveness, and all desire for revenge is discouraged. Mr. Hoste is able to carry out these principles to the full. . . . From this time forward I charge you all—gentry, scholars, army, and people—those of you who are fathers to exhort your sons and those who are sons to exhort your younger brothers, to bear in mind the example of Pastor Hoste, who is able to forbear and to forgive, as taught by JESUS to do.

"This proclamation, posted up throughout the province, was calculated to do more to make known the spirit of Jesus Christ than many years of preaching, and from this standpoint alone was worth far more than any amount of compensation."[2]

All over China the reaction was the same, especially in view of the different attitude of the Romanists. From She-ki-chen Whitfield wrote in April:

> Our not receiving indemnity has created a good impression and has been contrasted with the action of the Roman Catholics,

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[1] Throughout the proclamation the Name of Jesus was "exalted", that is, lifted up above the head of the line (Chinese being written perpendicularly) which is the Chinese way of honouring a name or person.

[2] Quoted, with the proclamation, from *The Jubilee Story of the China Inland Mission*, by its Editorial Secretary, Marshall Broomhall, M.A., p. 258.

who have been making exorbitant demands. They asked, it appears, compensation amounting to millions of taels. Seven-tenths of the money was paid and then the people rose to resist the unjust taxation put upon them.

May 15.

Just now terrible scenes are being enacted only forty miles away. Hundreds of Chinese are lying dead—the result of the vengeance of Romanists over a supposed grievance. It would take too long to tell the whole story: in brief it is as follows. The so-called R.C. converts and church members, availing themselves of the political influence at the back of them, oppress and rob people, threatening them with dire punishments if they do not yield to their demands. They keep four teachers and many underlings to run their law-cases through at the ya-men. Justice is gagged and everything is decided in their favour. At last the people became so exasperated that they rose and destroyed the new Catholic premises, killing fourteen of the worst offenders, some of whom they buried alive.

The Roman Catholics telegraphed to Peking, over the head of the Governor of Honan. The Governor gets into trouble; he degrades a number of officials and sends Tao-tais and others to quell the disturbance. The people rise in rebellion; hundreds are shot; many villages are burned down. I was told yesterday that between one and two thousand have perished. Women and children have jumped into the wells, and old men hung themselves. The crops have been trampled down and destroyed, and devastation and ruin spread throughout the district. This is how things stand at present, and still the Romanists are pressing for more vengeance.

The China Inland Mission stands high in the favour of officials and people. The only danger is lest blackguards, availing themselves of this trouble, might come to rob and riot in the city. Mandarins and gentry have assured us that they will protect us from harm. A hundred soldiers have been sent to guard the town already. . . . Other provinces also have rebellions: the payment of the Boxer indemnity is responsible for a good deal. . . .

Since returning to the scenes of our riot, I have inspected the ruined premises and seen the men through whose instrumentality we were protected and in the end escorted to Hankow.

I find that the danger to which we were exposed was far greater than we realized.

The Chen-tai (chief military official of the district) had sent over special soldiers to take the lives of our little party. Those very soldiers were sleeping in the courtyard of the house in which we were hidden, and the day we left She-ki-chen we walked through their midst with the baby, and not one of them was wakened. The city gate-keeper suspected that the cart in which we were escaping contained foreigners, and refused to open the great gates. Two thousand cash was offered him, and after ten minutes' haggling, and a promise that our landlord would save him in case of trouble with the military official, he reluctantly opened the gates. Had he given the alarm, all would have been over with us. A few miles down the river a party was waiting to intercept and kill us. Our escort gave them money to let the boat go by, and they never came to search and see whether there were foreigners on board.

It was a wonderful series of deliverances. Such an experience makes one stronger in the simple trust in God so needful in this land.

That simple trust in God was more than ever needed when, a few weeks later, Whitfield entered upon his work at Kai-feng. It was hot summer weather, and the house Mr. Powell had been enabled to secure was very small and damp. They were there alone together, having meals Chinese fashion from a cook-shop on the street. Whitfield had been far from well for several weeks, and the desert-like surroundings of the city made a dismal impression. It was sand, sand everywhere, due to the erratic course of the Yellow River—the mighty stream which has so often flooded the plains of Honan, depositing the sand that makes its waters almost the colour and consistency of pea-soup. Desert it was in reality, all around Kai-feng and often inside the city too; for sandstorms would blow up without warning, such as Whitfield described in one of his early letters:

A storm suddenly darkened the air this afternoon and we were buried in clouds of dust. It grated between the teeth, filled nose and eyes, covered tables, books, boxes, everything, in a few moments. When it was over you could feel a soft layer under foot and things looked—oh, so dirty! I pictured Geraldine sitting down with a duster lying helpless on her knee—it looked so hopeless ever to be clean again.

But soon he was able to write more cheerfully, and from the first it had been a great joy to come into touch with the Kai-feng Christians.

Chu, the first Christian here, is a painter by trade, a very nice man, so simple and good. They rejoice in having an opportunity at last, of being helped in the study of the Word of God. . . . This morning a little group of about twenty came to worship.

Some nice new men, intelligent and bright, are coming about us. Yesterday a very keen young fellow came in with a book on mathematics. I talked with him for an hour or more, and trust as opportunity occurs to help him forward in the way of Truth. An interesting man named Koh, who for years has been "a doer of good deeds", has been reading the Bible for some time. He has noticed that when Jesus healed the sick He often told them to thank God but not to publish the matter abroad. This has impressed him, for he had done a good deal himself to help the suffering—giving out a very expensive kind of medicine, costing a hundred taels an ounce (about £20). I have heard before of this drug, and want to see it. Mr. Koh is going to bring me some, and I will send it home for analysis.

So there are encouraging signs around us, and faith sees that even in Kai-feng, this wicked city, there are those who will dare to confess Christ. . . .

The city is large, in the midst of a vast sandy plain. The wall is over thirteen miles round. Carts go about like hansom cabs, and can be hired. Women are more free than in the South. If only a lady were here, I doubt not the opportunity would be a large one.

It was a new lease of life when they were able to rent a better house, and Mr. Chu helped to make it not only habitable but even comparatively clean, as far as papering and whitewashing could work the transformation. There they had two courtyards, one to live and one to work in, and many were the patients to be cared for. Dr. Sydney Carr of Carlisle, in the north of England, now joined the Kai-feng staff and was a great acquisition. Not having been long in China, most of his time had to be given to the language, but his companionship, help in operations, and contribution of prayer and spiritual strength were invaluable. Bachelor housekeeping was not altogether easy. They could not have a woman-servant, and for a time had even to wash their own clothes.[1] After only six weeks in the city Whitfield wrote:

> Patients, guests, business, housekeeping, preaching, and washing clothes keep us hard at it. I had two patients as early as 6.30 this morning and have done several operations since, preaching to quite a number, one poor woman especially, dying of consumption at the early age of twenty-four. I told her of the Better Land beyond, and she went away with the name of Jesus on her lips, never heard before.
>
> Night by night our courtyard is crowded with men and boys who listen splendidly. Such attention on many faces, such interest! I wish you could see these audiences, and realize what it means for them to be hearing of the love of God for the first time. Night after night they come, without intermission. One evening I was speaking on Rev. iii. 20, "Behold I stand at the door and knock", and at the close asked any who would open their hearts to the Lord Jesus to stand up. Ten men rose to express their desire to do so. As far as we can tell, five of them are real. Quite a little number of Christians are being gathered out, praise the Lord! . . . There is at present great need for Bible teaching, and this we are seeking to give.

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[1] No Honan man would dream of doing laundry work in those days, That useful avocation, much in vogue in other provinces, had not come to be regarded as a business calling. It was work for women in the home.

The first patient Whitfield attended in a Kai-feng home was a Jewess, but we have no particulars of the case. One of the early operations was on a boy and somewhat spectacular. The little fellow was only ten years old, but he was suffering from a tumour on the leg so large and heavy that he could hardly move about. Chinese doctors could do nothing for him, but the mother, hearing wonderful things of the foreigners in Kai-feng, travelled thirty miles (a long day's journey) to seek help. She must have been a brave woman, for she had never seen foreigners before, and the boy, of course, was the apple of her eye.

Carefully the doctor explained what ought to be done and that the boy would feel no pain if chloroform were used, but advised her going home to consult her people as to whether they were willing to take the risk. She went and a few days later returned saying that the family had no fear; they were going to trust the doctor. But the boy was in terror. It took two men to drag him to the house. He was sure the foreigners were going to cut out his heart and eyes, and his screams gathered a large crowd outside the door.

The doctors saw that the only thing was to operate quickly. They got the boy up on an ordinary table, gave chloroform and removed the tumour, sending it out at once by the gate-keeper for the crowd to see. It was an anxious moment—but all went well. The city was greatly impressed, for the boy made a perfect recovery and was soon happily running about.

From the medical point of view they did not lack variety in their work. Of one afternoon Whitfield wrote:

Some interesting cases—including two of tinea imbricata, very widely spread; one double synostosis of elbow joint, due to inflammation during an attack of smallpox; one case of the heart beating on the right side, probably an old pleurisy; a case of lunacy; several cases of phthisis, rheumatism, paralysis, and various nervous troubles.

We have ventured to do a little surgical work, such as removal of tumours, etc. A large lipoma, which, owing to past needling by a Chinese doctor, had become inflamed and very adherent, was removed without an anesthetic other than cocaine. The patient read hymns aloud, and the New Testament, to divert his attention from the pain. He bore the operation splendidly and has made an excellent recovery. A large parotid tumour was similarly removed from another patient.

But the medical work grew so fast that more important things were in danger of being crowded out, and the doctors had to call a halt. From the first, they saw plainly that unless the spiritual side was carefully guarded it would be swamped by the material. Help for suffering bodies was so urgently needed that it was only too possible to forget the need of perishing souls. This tendency they determined to watch against and by the grace of God overcome, so that the work at Kai-feng, however important its medical aspect, should always be first and most of all evangelistic.

They reduced the number of days in the week on which they would see patients, and when still they were overwhelmed with work they had to limit the number of cases to be seen on any given day. First things had to be kept first; and they were of one mind in giving the supremacy to the spiritual.

Night by night the numbers at the meetings grew, until there would be a couple of hundred men crowding the courtyards, listening in the moonlight or by the fitful glow of lanterns. And the message came with an urgency all its own because it was the doctor who was preaching, the man who had been labouring for their good all day, not someone else in whom they had no special interest.

Could this really be Kai-feng, the proud anti-foreign city, which was opening its heart so manifestly to witnesses for Christ? One Sunday evening in August Whitfield wrote:

> The Lord has given me a most blessed experience this afternoon, which has rejoiced my heart more than I can say. Verily it is worth while to have come all the way from home to preach Christ where He is so needed!
>
> A man aged forty-six, named Li, travelled three hundred miles to seek medical help. Poor fellow, he had suffered terribly! At the time of the Boxer riots, robbers had set upon him. They smashed his leg with a rock and left him helpless, rifling the house of its effects. For six months he lay on his back, and when his friends roused him to go about his work once more, he found he could not see properly, and one leg was shorter than the other and so much deformed as to be quite useless. He has hobbled about on crutches for the last eighteen months.
>
> Hearing we had arrived at Kai-feng, he journeyed painfully all the way in the hope of getting treatment. We operated and put his foot in a position which gives him the use of the leg. Daily we have been explaining to him the truth from God's Word, and I never found more attentive hearing. Like Lydia of old, his heart seems to have been opened of the Lord.
>
> I read four or five chapters with him this afternoon, Matt. i.-v., also the account of the resurrection, John xx. He was deeply interested to hear about the escape of Jesus from the massacre of the infants. He asked many questions about the resurrection, and after a long talk turned to me, saying earnestly:
>
> "I will not deceive you. I believe this doctrine to be true, and purpose never to worship idols again, but I must burn paper at the grave of my parents. Can I worship the true God *and* my parents?"

"When you were preaching about Pharaoh", he went on, "and all the plans he tried to keep Israel in Egypt, the thought came to my mind, Is this one of the devil's ways to hinder me?"

Quietly we talked over the whole matter, and when he learned that my own mother was gone, but that I never forgot her—

"Our hearts are the same", he said. "I see I must remember my parents and tend the grave carefully, but worship God alone."

After teaching him how to pray to God for help, I left him with a New Testament in large characters, which he can just see. The fractured leg seems to be the means the Lord is using to bring to him eternal life. Thank God for medical work! It reaches many who might never otherwise be touched.

And then, all these happy developments were broken in upon by the serious illness of the doctor himself. In one of the rooms in the back courtyard he lay, that September, stricken down with diphtheria and apparently sinking. The thought of the little sisters could not but be in his mind—called away from the old home by the same dread disease, one in the morning and the other before night. To prepare for what seemed inevitable, those who were caring for him with straitened hearts cabled to London telling of his serious condition. But prayer was answered in a wonderful way, and that much-needed life was given back.

When able to travel to the coast, Whitfield had to leave for furlough, hard though it was to withdraw, even for a time, from such opportunities and needs. The mother of the boy who had come thirty miles to have that tumour removed was still in the city. For two whole days she had taken no food, so deep was her concern over Whitfield's illness. There was nothing she could do for the one who had done so much for them, and her heart was heavy.

She waited on in the city till he was better and able to receive visitors, and then before returning with her son, now strong and well, she brought him to the mission-house. Taking the doctor's hand in both of hers, and with tears in her eyes, she said:

"You have no mother or sister here. I want to express to you my sympathy and my love."

CHAPTER XI

"WHAT GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER"

1905. Aet. 36

NOT long after Whitfield's return from furlough he met again the one who had been so much in his thoughts and prayers since 1900. From different parts of China they had both come to the Yang-tze valley to Mr. Hudson Taylor, who was visiting for the last time the land of his adoption. Mr. Taylor had arranged to go to Dr. Keller's station, to see something of the great advance in Hunan since the Boxer troubles, and as we were with him he wanted Whitfield to go too, Miss af Sandeberg being already one of the party. So it was those memorable days, the last of Mr. Taylor's earthly life, that drew them finally together.

There was something tender and indescribably beautiful about the sunset of that precious life. No one dreamed the end was near, least of all father himself,[1] who was rejoicing day by day in his contacts with missionary friends and many Chinese Christians. The summer pilgrimage from station to station was very pleasant in its last stages, for we went by steamer from Hankow to Chang-sha, and as it happened were in sole possession of the saloon quarters. This rather troubled father at first, for he had always travelled Chinese passage. But the steamer by which we had booked was unaccountably delayed, and the only other we could take did not permit foreigners to travel anything but first class. So, though we were in Chinese dress, we enjoyed the spacious deck with its cool awning and all the other pleasant appointments.

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[1] As his daughter-in-law, the writer had the privilege of calling Mr. Hudson Taylor, "Father".

Then came the wonderful days in Chang-sha, leading up to that swift transition when father was caught away from us without warning, without sickness, and almost without seeing death. In amazement more than grief, we bore the dear remains back to Chin-kiang, a four days' journey by steamer, while the thrill went round the world—that Hudson Taylor had been called Home. They were days of living in eternal realities, when it was not difficult for two lives made for one another in the purposes of God to flow together.

During his furlough Whitfield had spent some weeks in Sweden. This was not of his own planning, though it certainly fitted in with his heart's desire. Dr. and Mrs. Karl Fries—the former, President for many years of the World's Christian Student Federation—were in England that summer for the Keswick Convention, where they met and were attracted to the young missionary just home from China. Knowing nothing of his interest in Miss af Sandeberg, who was related to Mrs. Fries, they urged him to visit them in Stockholm, with the result that in that beautiful and most hospitable city he found himself introduced to the very circle in which Miss af Sandeberg moved and learned something of her widespread influence.

From a finishing school in Paris she had returned to Stockholm. With two homes practically, her aunt's and

Photo by *L. Larsson, Stockholm*

MISS JANE AF SANDEBERG

On leaving for China

G. WHITFIELD GUINNESS

After 1900

her mother's,[1] and with an entrée into the best society, there would have been enough to distract from serious thoughts, but there was no mistaking her life-purpose. The Word of God was her delight, and she found so much, herself, in whole-heartedly following Christ that she longed to win others to Him.

> Janie, her Aunt and I [Mrs. Fries writes] each had a class in our dear Prince Bernadotte's Sunday School. Janie had older girls, and soon quite a number of outsiders were begging to come and attend the class. For years, even after she had gone to China, she kept in touch with many of these young women, who loved her devotedly.
>
> She also worked in a Y.W.C.A. in South Stockholm, and among factory girls, and often spoke at drawing-room meetings. Gradually she became known as an unusually helpful speaker, and I have often seen the large halls of the Y.M. and Y.W.C.A. packed full of men and women, listening attentively to her deep, heart-stirring addresses. Frequently society women would seek her out, hungry in heart, and she was used of God to be a help and inspiration to many. When she was called to China, we all who loved her felt that we were giving our best—as if she could hardly be spared. . . .[2]
>
> It is wonderful to see how God works out His plans and guides His children's paths.

To these two, after years of waiting, had come God's best earthly gift—a union which is "of Him, through Him and to Him". They were only at the beginning, but already it was better far than they had dreamed. After a beautiful wedding in Shanghai on the 22nd of September, 1905, they left for Japan for a brief honeymoon.

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[1] Mrs. af Sandeberg's sister, Mrs. Faxe, was early left a widow, and having no children of her own pleaded for one of her sister's large family. This was not easy to arrange, as they were a much-attached group, but finally she was permitted to adopt Janie, then twelve years old. Mrs. Faxe and her sister were Scotch by extraction.

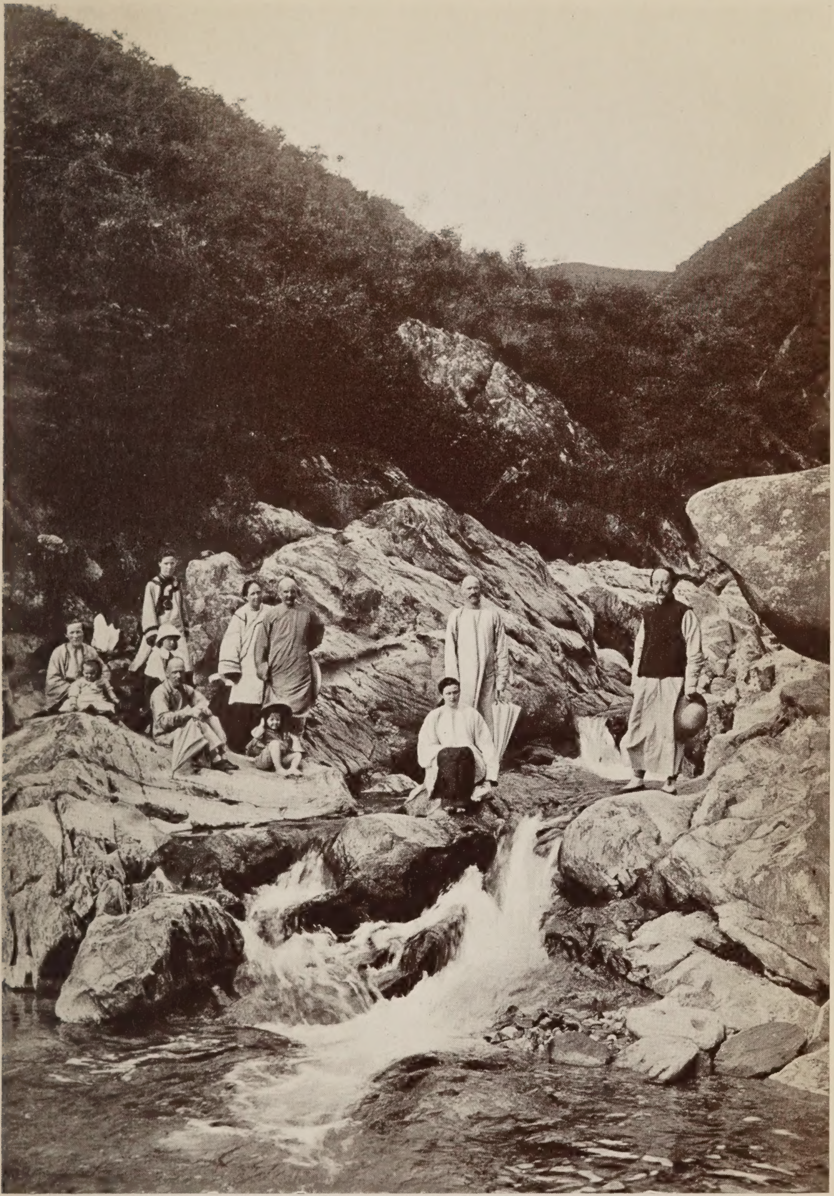
[2] Led by Pastor Holmgren, a group of Christians had by this time formed *The Swedish Mission in China*, working in affiliation with the China Inland Mission, and Mr. Hudson Taylor, Mr. Walter Sloan, and other "Keswick" speakers had been welcomed in Stockholm. It was in connection with this group, which now has fifty missionaries on the field, that Miss af Sandeberg went to China.

In the glory of early autumn, Japan was "an Arcadia of beauty".

> Mountains, streams, and trees—the maple and fir stand out just now in wonderful colour—make it a paradise, and we are enjoying it to the full. . . . Yesterday we took rickshaws for the day and ascended a mountain on the way to Lake Chusenji. We lunched by a waterfall two hundred and fifty feet high and then traversed a wood. I wish you could have seen one forest glade lighted by the sun. I took a photo of Janie in her rickshaw under the trees, with the pathway of light beyond—a memento of one of the happiest days we have had.
>
> Janie chatted away with a number of Japanese students who were touring the neighbourhood; the camera caught her surrounded by two or three hundred. She was so bright with them, and their appreciation was manifest. We were struck by their sturdy build and intelligence. Coming home we passed them again, and every hat came off as they bowed and shouted, "Good-bye!"

At Tokio they came in for the wonderful reception accorded to the British Navy, when the whole city was gay with flags and decorations, and a large public park was transformed into a place of entertainment. "Welcome to our gallant allies, the British Officers and Bluejackets" was put up in English over shops and restaurants. A special discount was allowed everywhere, and trains and tramcars were free to visitors.

It was good to store up happy memories for the days ahead, but we must not dwell on the visit to Dr. Whitney, the beloved medical missionary in Tokio, to the Doshisha College at Kyoto, or the descent of the



A C.I.M. GROUP AT KU-LING

Including Miss af Sandeberg and Dr. Guinness (centre and right of picture) shortly before their wedding

Hodsu Rapids, through many miles of glorious scenery, past dangerous rocks amid surging foam to the quiet waters below. One happy discovery Whitfield made at Obama, a seaside village surrounded by beautiful hills:

> The pine trees reminded us of Sweden and brought a grateful sense of home. The sea was warm and delightful for bathing. You would have smiled to see our bathing shed! It was a nice little Japanese house. Entering below, shoes had to be taken off before we ascended to the mat-covered floor of the rooms used for dressing. We presently emerged, arrayed in Japanese kimonos, and putting on sandals walked down to the beach. Janie I found to be a splendid swimmer! She thoroughly enjoyed going a long way out. The first day the sun was so hot that we wore our pith helmets while bathing.

Equipped with fresh stores of health and happiness, Dr. and Mrs. Guinness were soon on their way to Honan, where the hospital was in course of construction. The only premises available for the time being were occupied by Dr. Carr and his young wife, so Whitfield accepted temporary charge of Ch'en-chow, from which the missionaries were absent. In his lonely days he had written: "How blessed those who have a home to work from!" He was proving that blessedness now—the added strength and comfort of being two instead of one; able to touch the lives around them at all points. Both had loved their work before and were thoroughly at home in the language, but it was a one-sided sort of work, unavoidably. Now, each supplemented the other, doing together much that they could never have done apart, and their prayer-life, the secret of all blessing, was not a little strengthened.

One trial there was from the first which both felt keenly, and that was the trial of frequent separations.

For Whitfield was again the travelling doctor for the C.I.M. stations throughout the province, some of which were as much as ten days apart. Calls came to him at Ch'en-chow from time to time which meant hurried journeys and uncertain absence, when the lives of fellow-workers hung in the balance. This was a big pull on the heart-strings, and to Mrs. Guinness meant far more than being left alone in a Chinese city, with no companionship but that of the Christian women. Sometimes she had a visit from a fellow-worker, but more often no one was free to come.

Letters were a great help, and Whitfield did all he could to lessen the pain of these partings. The first time he went away he had a letter ready before starting and left it with the gate-keeper, charging him to carry it without delay to the one who had so bravely kept back the tears till he was gone. Later in the day he took a welcome opportunity to send a second letter; and from the inn at night, tired though he was, he wrote again, realizing the joy it would be to receive three letters in one day. And Mrs. Guinness, with constant calls upon her time, was just as good a correspondent. At least once every day they wrote to each other, forming a habit that kept them always in touch. Even when not separated they sometimes exchanged letters, on birthdays especially, writing those precious things which too often are left unsaid.

In one of their early separations the bride of a few months wrote from Ch'en-chow:

> How I wonder *where* you are and *how* you are? It seems such a long time since we parted! I know where you are, though—*in Christ*, and that is very safe.

> As for me, I am well and so happy! It seems as if the dear Lord had given me some special tonic to make me strong and well. I awoke this morning with such a sweet sense of His presence, and in my reading got the promise, "Certainly I will be with thee". How kind of God to say "*Certainly*", just to strengthen our weak faith! I send that word on to you. May you realize it all the time; but it is true, whether we realize it or not.

Five hundred Christians gathered for a Conference at T'ai-kang that summer, and Mrs. Guinness went over to help with the women's meetings. She wrote of much blessing and of full days in the work. It was inspiring to be in the midst of such gatherings, but quiet times too were needed to maintain spiritual power. Of this she wrote to the one who was again away:

> Don't you think it helpful, sometimes, just to sit still before the Lord with one's open Bible, and as one hears Him speak, respond by telling Him all—just *converse* with Him? It rests me. . . .
>
> We meet at Jesus' feet. God keep you in His loving care and bless you with *new*, fresh blessing. Always more to expect from *Him!* . . .
>
> Don't hurry for my sake. The birthday can wait and the wife is learning to do so.

Knowing how trying these journeys often were—dirty, noisy inns by the way, and the strain of medical responsibility and anxious nursing at the end—the waiting heart at Ch'en-chow sought to share its comfort. "*For thee and me*", some thoughts were headed, prompted by an address she had been reading.

> "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew (exchange) their strength." Isaiah xl. 31.
>
> They shall find divine substitution. Kneel down and wait; God shall change your weakness into strength, your bondage into liberty, your sighing into singing, your will for His own

> will. I hand in my worn-out weakness, and God gives me divine strength. Exchange yourself for God. "I live: yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."
>
> Is not this what we need? It has indeed been my experience to-day. Such temptation to discouragement! Then prayer and victory, praise the Lord!

In the city and populous villages around her were tens of thousands of lives with needs and longings of their own, seeking and seeking vainly for help and peace. More than ever her heart was drawn out in pity for these multitudes. Experience was burning in upon her soul thoughts which she expressed later:

> A great *without* has been written upon heathenism. Men and women are toiling without a Bible, without a Sunday, without prayer, without songs of praise. They have rulers without justice and without righteousness; homes without peace; marriage without sanctity; young men and girls without ideals and enthusiasms; little children without purity, without innocence; mothers without wisdom or self-control; poverty without relief or sympathy; sickness without skilful help or tender care; sorrow without any to bind up the wounded hearts; sin and lying and crime without a remedy; and worst of all, death without hope.

It was not that the young missionary did not know the best Confucianism and Buddhism have to give. She was studying the Confucian Classics at the time, with a competent Chinese teacher, and going in and out freely in the homes around her. She even went with her Chinese friends to the great temple of the Tai-hao-ling when the annual festival was going on, with theatricals and idol-worship, attracting literally hundreds of thousands of pilgrims. But she saw beneath the surface, into the reality of things. The medical work Whitfield was doing brought her, with himself, into contact with suffering souls as well as bodies, and with the terrible ravages of sin.

One thing she suffered from, in common with all who really live among the people, was the display of ungoverned hatred and rage, even in home life. During one of Whitfield's absences she was much distressed by scenes which were going on in a courtyard near their own. She could hear the woman, head of the house, yelling out threats and curses sometimes for hours together. One day it was worse than usual, and a thought occurred to her when she could bear it no longer. Going to the dispensary she made up a harmless potion and with a Chinese friend carried it round to the scene of trouble. The woman was so beside herself that she took no notice of their entrance, until the young missionary went up to her and said quietly:

"You do not feel well. Take this: it will make you better."

Something about the way it was done impressed the poor raging creature so that she took the basin and to everyone's surprise drank its contents and was quieted. The fame of the medicine "for the cure of bad temper" was considerable for some time! But it was the prayer behind it that had power.

When missionaries really pray, the converts learn to do so too. Indeed, they often set us an example in this as in other things. A theft which occurred about this time, when Whitfield was away from home, greatly encouraged the Ch'en-chow Christians in the matter of prayer. A large piece of silver, about fifty ounces in weight, had been taken from the mission-house with a number of garments. Some of the latter were found, cast aside as the thief was making off, but the silver was gone and there seemed no trace. The Christians were much distressed, and came together repeatedly for prayer about the matter. Mrs. Guinness was alone one night, a little later, and had gone to bed, but hearing an urgent knocking, came down to open the door. The night-watchman was there—one of the Christians who had held a small Government office—and a mysterious bundle was in his hand. Wrapped up in part of a sheet was the lump of silver, just as it had been thrown over the wall. Who took it or who returned it was never known; but that it should come back at all was so wonderful that those who had prayed knew that God had answered in His own way.

When Whitfield was at home, a spring of life and joy seemed opened in all the work of the station. The Christians loved him greatly and valued his Bible teaching and the brightness his music and singing lent to the meetings, while the medical work brought crowds of patients and kept everybody busy. The little church was only ten years old, but it had a devoted Pastor in our old friend Wang Shao-tang, and several of the early converts had developed into faithful workers. Our prayer had been, from the time we went as the first missionaries to that city, that the Lord would give us converts who would themselves become soul-winners. Mrs. Song was one of these, who with her son, Song Sin-kwang, had carried on the work during the Boxer troubles, when Pastor Wang at the risk of his life was escorting a party of foreigners to the coast.

Of all the women who gathered about us in those early days, Mrs. Song had been, perhaps, the most unpromising. She was intelligent—a handsome woman with clear-cut features of the Mohammedan type—but there was something subtle and uncanny about her that made one feel like shrinking away. Her eyes were haunting, her face hard and her manner stealthy and insinuating. But there was a soul there, a soul capable of great devotion, though under the mastery of the devil.

Never shall I forget my early interviews with this woman, nor the suppressed eagerness with which she drank in the Gospel. We knelt together in prayer on the mud floor of our first little chapel—birthplace of many a soul—and she seemed in her involved sort of way to respond to the Divine Love which was drawing her so strongly. It was not encouraging to learn from one and another that it was undesirable to have Mrs. Song coming about us; that she was an opium smoker, demon-possessed at times and had been the keeper of a house of ill-fame. Truly she had gone down to the depths of evil, and was bound in chains from which, apart from Christ, there was no escape.

> And such were some of you: but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God.—1 Cor. vi. 9-11.

Gradually light dawned and the great change was manifest. One no longer shrank at her approach. The hard face softened; the atmosphere of evil passed away. But the strength of character and natural leadership remained. This it was which enabled Mrs. Song to rally the Christian women round her, in the peril and fear of the Boxer madness, and to carry on services in her own home with the help of her son and others. And this it was which made her, when Whitfield brought his bride to Ch'en-chow, an outstanding strength and encouragement.

> She took me under her wing [the latter recalls] as a sort of managing director! She was a true soul-winner and ready with every kind of help.

When the time came to move on to Kai-feng and Mrs. Song realized that there would be no one there to take her place, she volunteered to leave her own home and accompany Mrs. Guinness, to relieve her of all care about household matters. This she did most effectively, until the medical work became so heavy in its demands that she had to be transferred to the hospital staff. There it was that Mrs. Song came into her own. Capable, humorous, kindly, and prayerful, no words could tell what she was to the women patients. But we are anticipating! Mrs. Song really belongs to the next chapter.

September had come again when Whitfield and Janie moved to the capital. Their own home was not quite ready, but Dr. and Mrs. Carr managed to receive them in the little apartment over the hospital. Just before the anniversary of their wedding day, Whitfield was again absent on medical duty when his young wife wrote:

> *September* 16.
>
> Yesterday, among some old papers, I found the report of your Farewell Meeting in Exeter Hall in 1897. It stirred me deeply. It made me think more of the possibilities of your life, and of the responsibility of my life linked with yours. I do know better than others how much your life in China has meant to Him and to many—truly "His delight"; but are not still greater things possible? Is He not willing and able to do them for us, in us,

through us? Mr. E. W. Moore spoke about your being "anointed with fresh oil" . . . and Mr. Hudson Taylor spoke so helpfully—do you remember? . . . He said he believed that in your service in China you would be privileged beyond many to see the King, the Lord of Hosts. Reading this has set me thinking and praying that I may never come between you and that vision of the King, but that we may together follow on to know the Lord.

September 20.

Your dear letter from T'ai-kang was such a cheer this morning. Praise the Lord for the blessing He gave! You will perhaps stay there again for a day or two on your way back. Do not hurry on my account. I am well, and though it will be *delightful* to see you, I am not going to be selfish.

On our day I am going to have a praise-meeting all to myself, and will meet you at the Throne of Grace—to give thanks and receive more grace.

And then after the anniversary, unexpectedly made beautiful with gifts of flowers—

September 23.

This has been such a *lovely* day, warm and yet fresh. The gatekeeper's family and myself were the only ones who did not go into the city for *li-pai* (the Sunday services). I had a chair brought down and sat at the back of the hospital, in the shade, with my Bible. All was so delightfully quiet—not a sound to be heard. It seems to me that sometimes one can hear the voice of God better in outward stillness. He spoke to me, and as with Daniel of old "I was strengthened".

Looking out on our future home I prayed for much blessing upon it, that it may ever be to the glory of God. I read Solomon's prayer and God's answer: "Now have I chosen and *hallowed this house* . . . and *Mine eyes* and *My heart* shall be there *perpetually*". May we not ask the same for our home and expect the same answer? . . .

I long for "ordered lives" and an ordered household too, for the glory of God.

A little daughter a month old lay in her arms at the end of November, when she read over and over again words that had come from the father, just called away.

It would be delightful to be able to look in on you now, to feel the warmth of home, to see the light on my Darling's face and our little Treasure in her cradle. Dear wee mite . . . committed to our trust . . . how strong she is, even now, to bind love's fetters about us!

CHAPTER XII

HAPPY YEARS—PART I

1906–1910. Aet. 37-41

THERE were no other missionaries in Kai-feng with its populous district; there was no other hospital or doctor south of the Yellow River, in a region as large as the whole of England and Wales. Was it a lonely life with no foreign community save the C.I.M. group—two little families at the hospital and a young couple inside the city? Lonely? They had no time to think of such a thing! With four thousand out-patients and over five hundred operations the first year, not to speak of in-patients and the care of the growing church, they had enough to fill both hands and heart. Their friends were among the Chinese—and they had many of them—and their joy was in the conscious presence of the Lord and in the family life His love made so complete.

They had, besides, a group of fellow-workers in the hospital who were no little help and inspiration. Some years before, Mr. Chu, the first Christian in Kai-feng, had brought his son to Dr. Carr, a lad named Hwa-nan (Flowery South) who wanted to study medicine.

"Take him and make what you can of him. I give him to you for the work."

Two or three others had joined Hwa-nan as students and were busy in the dispensary, operating-room, and wards, morning, noon, and night. They had had no English education, but were bright intelligent, lads, eager to learn, and there was no doubt as to their Christian character.

Amusing experiences were met with in their training, especially when their number increased, and it was well that the doctors had a sense of humour as well as unlimited patience.

> For some time after their arrival [wrote Dr. Carr], they seem in a somewhat dazed condition, lost in a wilderness of powders and potions. But after they cross the Rubicon, or "Creolin stage"—when they can only prepare an antiseptic and wash an ulcer—they go on easily and swiftly to the making up of all manner of prescriptions for powders, ointments, and stock mixtures.
>
> One of these youths had been the top scholar in a mission-school and we expected much of him, so that it was distinctly discouraging, after he had been here some time, when on being asked how the first syllable of "Belladonna" was pronounced he replied in unequivocal language, "Cat". The only explanation is that the Catechu bottle was, perhaps, not far away, and he may have thought that a guess, though risky, might be right.

In those early days even operations had their humorous side and were apt to develop unexpected situations. The doctors took the precaution of always inviting one or two of the patient's friends to be present, "to see that no hearts nor eyes were taken out, from which to compound medicine", but even this precaution, as Dr. Carr found, was not free from danger.

> During the excision of a tumour, for example, when I turned away to prepare an instrument, I heard the patient seized with a violent paroxysm of coughing. It appeared that, becoming thirsty, she had informed the friend, who administered what was most handy—the dilute carbolic solution. It was at least sufficient to make her forget her thirst.
>
> On another occasion, when extracting a bullet from a man's

chest, his master, who was with him, perceiving that the bullet did not immediately appear, began to dance round the room, shouting:

"Sew him up! Sew him up and take him home".

Such little occurrences are not calculated to steady the hand or calm the mind, but one starts out with the knowledge that they are likely to occur and generally finds that a little persuasion and perseverance will carry the matter through.

The prescribing of medicine in China, as everybody knows, is a perennial difficulty. One may tell the patient once, twice, even three times how it is to be taken, and then ask the assistant to confirm what has been said, whereupon the patient retires, apparently fully understanding. You proceed with your work, and after some time he returns with a face expressive of total vacuity, asking,

"Has the medicine to be swallowed or rubbed on?"

I once prescribed a Blaud's pill three times a day for a lady in the city. On the third day I was called somewhat urgently. The patient was not feeling well. On inquiring how she took the medicine I was told that it was finished. She had taken *twelve* pills three times a day, the reason given being that "they were small". If she had not an iron constitution before, she has now.

What would have happened on the women's side without Mrs. Song it would be hard to say. Observant and careful, she quickly mastered the mysteries of small doses frequently repeated, and as to operations, she was quite unafraid. It really was wonderful—a Chinese woman with no previous training, faced with the urgent need for someone to take charge of the women patients, supplementing such care as their relations could give, and rising to it with the courage and capacity she displayed! Before the coming of lady-doctor or nurse, it was Mrs. Song who stood beside the patients through operations however serious—kindly and encouraging—and cared for them afterwards with unfailing patience, ready to do anything for their comfort day or night, yet strong to carry out the doctor's orders.

"Afraid!" she would say, when the women marvelled at her courage. "Why, what is there to be afraid of?"

Were not the surgeons her trusted friends, and was not the work the Lord's work?

> She, of all the Chinese, was the most devoted to the hospital [as Mrs. Guinness recalls]. If she was not the doctor, she was everything else! And she really led people to Christ.

"Willowy Prince", the indispensable coolie, ran her a close second. For a more faithful, devoted stand-by, year after year, could not have been found.

> He is ward-coolie, lamp-trimmer, general buyer, and servant of all [wrote Dr. Carr], in a word he is a *sine qua non* of the hospital, and was first taken on at the insistent and persistent demands of his old mother, one of our first patients in Kai-feng. It is doubtful whether anyone has ever had to find fault with him.

Such fellow-workers were more essential than all the equipment money could buy.

It was of course of the utmost importance that no one should die in the hospital, if by prayer and care it could be avoided. It would have been a very dangerous thing, at that time, to have had an accident with chloroform, or even to have lost a patient after treatment, whether surgical or medical. Such things might hinder the work for years to come. So from the first it was made a matter of special prayer that dangers of this kind might be averted. From a village poisoned with bad meat, a group of fifteen or twenty people came in one day, begging for treatment. Whitfield examined them all very carefully. Some, he felt it necessary to send home. All he took in recovered, to his great thankfulness, though several of those he had sent home died. Everything had to be very safe and very open, and so remarkable were the answers to prayer, that confidence in the hospital became more and more widely established.

"Chen-choh! ni shï ko shen", exclaimed a country relative of one of the patients, seeing Whitfield operate —"Truly, you are a god!"

Not only were patients' friends invited to be present at operations, in the wards also they were allowed to have their own attendants. The Honanese are proverbially unhappy away from home, so that this plan was greatly appreciated. It meant, of course, some confusion and imperfection in the matter of nursing, but it brought great comfort to the sick, and in many cases blessing to their friends. The object kept steadily in view was not so much perfection of detail, as good professional work and, above all, spiritual blessing. So popular did the hospital become that the number of out-patients went up in the period of which this chapter tells from four thousand a year to ten thousand, not to speak of in-patients, and Whitfield could write:

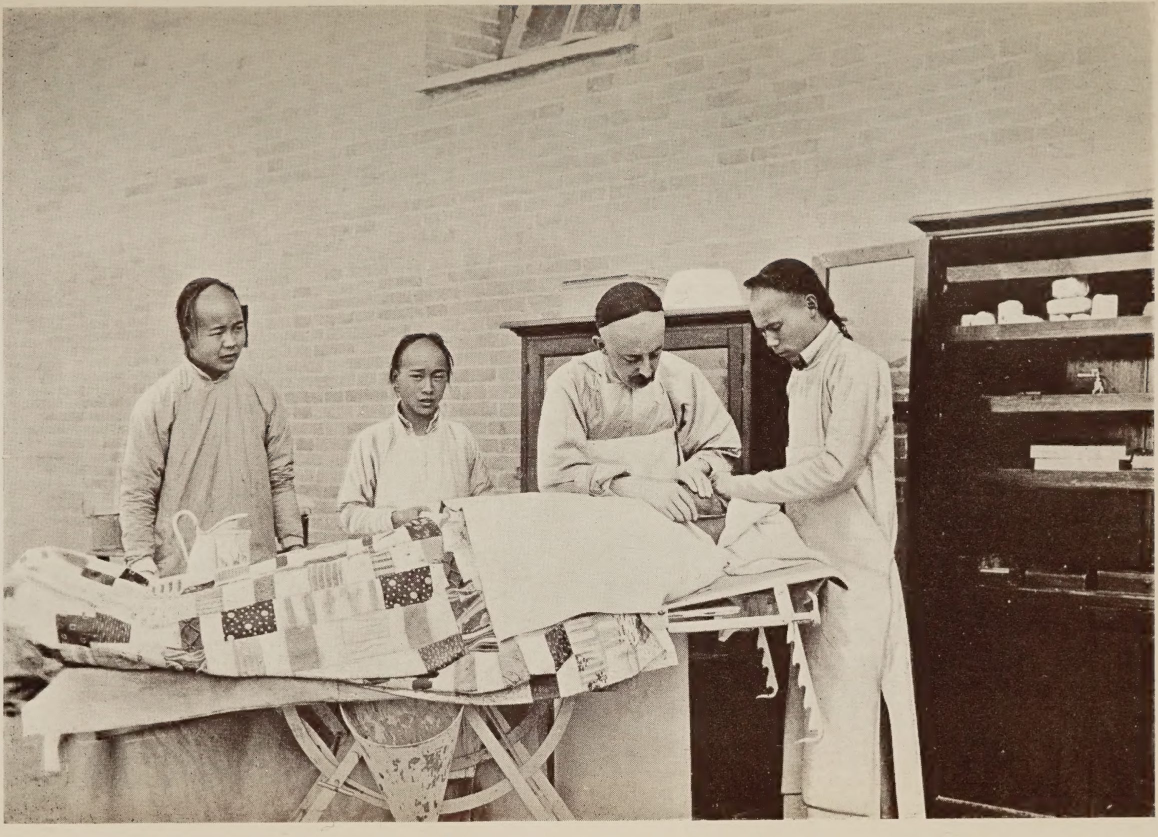
> We thank God that this place has become a centre of healing and light in a sphere which is constantly widening, patients now coming even hundreds of miles.

That the students, fast growing into medical assistants, should be true witnesses to the saving power of Christ was, of course, a matter of constant prayer. Otherwise the efforts put forth to make Him known to the many who came and went might be in vain.

> Our students are all Christians [the doctors reported], and we are making a great point of getting the best Christians we can—those of established character—because their work is of first importance. We see all the patients, but these boys see them as well, and if they were to receive money as bribes or seek to obtain it by unfair means, the hospital would soon have a bad reputation. We need to pray continually that God will keep them honest and upright in all their dealings.
>
> Again, however good the medical and surgical work may be, unless it is followed up by personal dealing with each man and woman who comes, we cannot win them to Christ. We cannot do spiritual work by merely natural means. Among our dangers is the temptation to get through the cases in a hurry, dealing with the patients as if they were "cases" only. But this is one of the worst things that can be done, with the ends we have in view. . . . Pray for us and for our students. They are the most important part of our hospital work.

To help the students to keep in touch with the Lord, the only Source of love that is unfailing, the doctors had regular Bible study with them as well as medical and surgical lectures and demonstrations. In addition to this Whitfield carried on a special class, once a week, on personal work, in which he sought to fit these young men for definite soul-winning. He taught them how to use the Bible to meet the spiritual needs of those with whom they came in contact. Just as they were learning their Materia Medica, he sought to familiarize them with the Scriptures, so that they would know where to find and how to apply, under the guidance of the Spirit, passages suited to various conditions of mind and heart. This class was greatly valued by the students, several of whom were earnest in their desire to become true physicians, not for the body only but the soul.

Chu Hwa-nan, the senior assistant, was a born doctor. He had real surgeon's hands and was neat and careful in



IN THE OPERATING ROOM

Dr. Guinness with the three first student-assistants, Chu, Ho, and Kao (from right to left)

everything. He had been with Dr. Carr from the beginning, long before the hospital was built, and had proved an immense help not only in the medical but also in the spiritual work. It was perhaps with some inclination to envy that Dr. Carr wrote:

> I have seen him sit down in the afternoon and perform ten or twelve operations with calmness. Like most Chinese, he seems to have no nerves. Nothing upsets him.

Kao Kin-ch'eng, the second, was of another type. A country lad, with few opportunities, he had learned through the village schoolmaster to know and love Christ. This awakened a great desire within him for knowledge and a sphere of usefulness in life. Through many struggles and in answer to many prayers he found his way to the hospital and the fulfilment of his dreams. Somewhat crude and self-confident, he won for himself the nickname of "the Little Master", but Whitfield saw his unusual powers of leadership and that what he needed was scope. Good at his medical work, he was still more of an evangelist, and rejoiced Whitfield's heart by his readiness at all times to witness for Christ. Zeal in His service and love for perishing souls were the passion of his life.

Quiet and cultured, Ho Hsiang-kin, who came third among the students, was even then the most spiritual. He was strong too, as his stand for Christ had proved. In his city, Ki-hsien, a high-grade school had been introduced by the officials and gentry, into which entrance was by examination only. A subject was set, and young Ho's essay was so able that the examiners could hardly believe he had written it. They gave him another subject, and this time he had to write under close observation. The second essay was no less brilliant than the first, and the writer was admitted with honours.

His growing interest in Christianity, however, brought him into disfavour with the faculty. They did not approve of a student of theirs being mixed up with "the foreign doctrine", and brought pressure to bear. But Ho had found something so precious in Christ that he was ready to forsake all to follow Him.

"Not worship Confucius!" exclaimed the authorities. "Whoever does not bow before his tablet shall be expelled in disgrace."

But the threat proved unavailing.

Afraid, then, of losing so promising a pupil, they fell back on a compromise. A tablet to the Western Sage should be put up alongside the tablet to Confucius, and when the school bowed to the latter he could bow to *Jesus*. But Ho, though so young a believer and with no teaching but that of the Holy Spirit, was steadfast, and when his name was put up as expelled from the college, he claimed the right of every student that the nature of his offence should be plainly stated.

"Expelled for believing in Christ" was a verdict of which he was not ashamed.

But his family almost cast him off and he had a very hard time until Whitfield heard of him through Mr. Ford, who with Mr. Howard Bird had been the first to bring the Gospel to Ki-hsien. Nothing to do, no prospects, bitterly persecuted by his relatives—the change was wonderful when he was welcomed to the busy, happy life of the hospital and to the sympathy of Whitfield's heart.

How he loved these young men and cared for their highest interests may be judged from an arrangement he made that must have cost him a good deal. He knew that spiritual life, like natural life, is dependent upon daily renewal, and that private prayer and feeding upon Christ Himself in the Word are as necessary as the food through which the body is sustained. It was arranged for the students to have half an hour every morning for their own devotions before the work of the day began. But they found, as do many of us, that it is not easy to keep this "Morning Watch". To help them, since it was so vital, Whitfield decided to keep it with them. He arranged for them all to meet in one room, each with his Bible, for private reading and silent prayer, and he took his own quiet time with them, instead of in the seclusion of his study. "Let them see thee talking to thy God" is precious counsel for others beside parents of young children. Of his own and Dr. Carr's relations with the students, Whitfield wrote:

> We make it our object to be co-workers with them. There is no better way of getting men to become effective in the service of our Master than by working with them and above all praying with them. After our morning service with the patients we have a brief prayer-meeting with the students only, and thus we are able to follow the development of their spiritual life. If we would help them to keep in touch with their Lord and Master, we realize that we must ourselves be walking with Him day by day, in prayer and true fellowship through the study of His Word. In these ways, I confess that we have often been helped by them.

Heavy as the work was, especially on out-patient days —twice a week for men and twice for women—the main object for which the hospital existed was kept steadily in view. While the doctors were in the consulting-room, filling up from one to two hundred prescription papers, and the students were dispensing or in the wards, the waiting crowd of patients and their friends were being cared for by Mrs. Carr, Mrs. Guinness, and the evangelists. How many heavy hearts there were to comfort; how many sufferers needing the touch of Christ! It was a moving audience for messengers of Him who said:

> The Spirit of the Lord is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the poor; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

In what other way could the message have been given that would have drawn together such needy multitudes or awakened so ready a response in their hearts?

The gratitude may be imagined of the little girl who had suffered for years the recurring agony of stones passing from the gall bladder, and the thankfulness of her hopeless parents too, when the pain was banished and the fear removed. Scarcely less pathetic was the relief of the man who had carried an enormous tumour on his back, with no possibility of rest from the burden, day or night, until the surgeons came to his help; or the delight of the woman who after a similar operation went home weighing little more than half her abnormal weight before. But it was not striking successes from the surgical point of view that usually brought the best spiritual results. These were found to follow more prolonged treatment, which might keep the patient for weeks and even months in touch with the loving Christian atmosphere of the hospital.

> I can think of a man now [said Dr. Carr when obliged to go home on furlough] who used to come week after week with

tubercular ulcers in his neck. He continued with the treatment and is now perfectly well. All the time he was coming to the hospital he used to attend our Sunday and Wednesday services, and now is one of the strongest and best-established Christians we have at Kai-feng. That is something to thank God for. He is one of the striking cases brought in through the medical work. We have many such. Indeed, a large number of the church members are men and women who were first of all interested through the hospital?

The in-patients especially came under this influence, for the hospital staff were learning how to make the best use of their unique opportunity, as Whitfield recalled:

> At the close of the day we always had our evening Gospel preaching, and in service after service the Lord was very present. We felt, however, that better work might be done, so we encouraged our Chinese assistants to carry on evangelistic work in the evenings not only in the chapel but in the wards. Each student was to undertake a ward, and though we worked with them the responsibility was left entirely in their hands. We felt that if they witnessed for Christ right in the wards, to people who had been treated during the day, they would come into closer touch with them.
>
> I was interested to see the result of this change. Not only did the patients get much more knowledge of the Truth, the students themselves grew keenly interested in the lives of individual men and followed them up afterwards in their own homes. We thank God for this important evangelistic work now being done by the students.

No wonder that man after man was drawn to Christ in the wards of the Kai-feng hospital. A hundred and twenty in one of these early years put down their names as definitely accepting Him as Lord and Saviour.

Great changes were coming in the city itself, though it was still the days of the old Imperial régime, and among them was the more friendly attitude of the official classes toward the hospital. The Governor of the Military Camp had presented an honorary tablet to Dr. Carr, in recognition of his unwearied care of a soldier who had been badly wounded in the tax riots. The presentation was made with great ceremony, a large number of soldiers coming with the Commander, and the band playing a so-called "English tune" as appropriate to the occasion. Even before Whitfield returned from furlough, a mint had been opened in Kai-feng and a Provincial University founded; a foreign Inspector had been appointed to the Post Office; a Military Academy was established, and telephone communication between the Yamen and the Camps. The main road through the city, which had been at times feet deep in mud, was macadamized, and a street Police Force was instituted. When to all this was added the completion of the Peking-Hankow railway, with a branch line to Kai-feng, the changes began to be felt in a new way. For, as Mrs. Guinness wrote:

> It became one of the entertainments of the Kai-feng ladies to go out in carts and watch the train. The station is outside the city, not far from the foreign houses. Having seen the former, why should they not seize the opportunity of seeing the latter? So it happened that for some months it was a very common thing to see carts full of ladies stop outside the hospital. Being invited to alight, their occupants would come into the compound and find their way to our house.
>
> It was a strange sight to see these gaily dressed, painted little ladies, hobbling along on their tiny feet, each supported by a woman-servant. A little shy at first, a few polite Chinese phrases made them feel at ease, and with childlike delight they gave themselves up to the interest of a foreign drawing-room—pictures, organ, and perhaps the greatest attraction of all, the foreign baby, who smiles and looks at them with big, wondering eyes.
>
> The first excitement over, we ask them to sit down and listen to the Good News we have come so far to bring—the old, ever-

new story of Jesus and His love. They listen attentively, and in many cases intelligently. Questions lead to more conversation; books are bought and tracts given. Those who are really interested often come again, bringing friends with them.

One face rises before me as I write—a middle-aged lady who had come to the hospital for some slight ailment and was asked to visit me. This she did, not once but many times. Dignified, sweet, and gracious, a real lady, she possessed great natural attractions. As she heard of the Saviour and of His love and care, a yearning look would often come into her face. She prays to Him now, though her social position hinders her associating with the followers of Christ.

Another type is bright, motherly Mrs. Chang, so natural and full of sympathy, a good learner and a kind friend, who comes to the services regularly. Her difficulty lies in her many relationships. She is everybody's friend in need, and may find it hard to come right out for the Lord.

One young girl comes to see me every Monday afternoon, and generally brings friends. She has studied the Chinese classics and is eager for Western learning. We read the New Testament together, talk over it, and pray. How I long that the Lord may win this young life, so full of promise!

As far as I am able, I visit the homes of these ladies in return: and though one does not have the crowds that flock around in poorer houses, there is more quietness, and one can reach servants and ladies at the same time. The lives of most of the latter are very limited and joyless.

"How do you occupy your time?" I once asked a gorgeously dressed young Manchu lady.

"Oh, that is easily told," she replied. "I just do three things: I sleep, I call, and I play cards."

And this sums up the lives of many. Yet their hearts are longing, unconsciously, for the life, love, and liberty that are found in Christ alone.

This same girl came back to see me some time later, quietly dressed and with only one companion.

"I could not speak to you the other day as I wanted to," she said, "there were so many people present. But now, please tell me all about this Saviour, because", and here she laid her hand on mine, "I too want to go to heaven."

CHAPTER XIII

HAPPY YEARS—PART II

1906–1910. Aet. 37-41

VERY urgent was the need for a women's hospital and a lady doctor, for without these it was little comparatively that could be done for the most pitiful suffering around them. When the Carrs went home on furlough (1908) and Whitfield with the help of Dr. Laycock, somewhat recently arrived from home, had to face the throng of patients day by day, women as well as men, the situation was almost overwhelming. Conveyances of all kinds crowded the courtyards—wheelbarrows, carts, sedan-chairs, and improvised stretchers, mingling with patients who could walk, people leading the blind and carrying children. An American who had come all the way from Peking to visit the hospital, surprised at what he saw, said to Whitfield, who was taking him round the courtyards:

"Well, you're up against it!"

"Up against it" they certainly were, with over seven thousand out-patients that year and five hundred and ninety operations. But many had to be turned away, for whom room simply could not be found. Of one of these, whom they specially longed to shelter, Mrs. Guinness wrote:

> She came to me a year ago—a young lady, twenty-five years of age, sweet, gentle, and modest. The shining black hair was

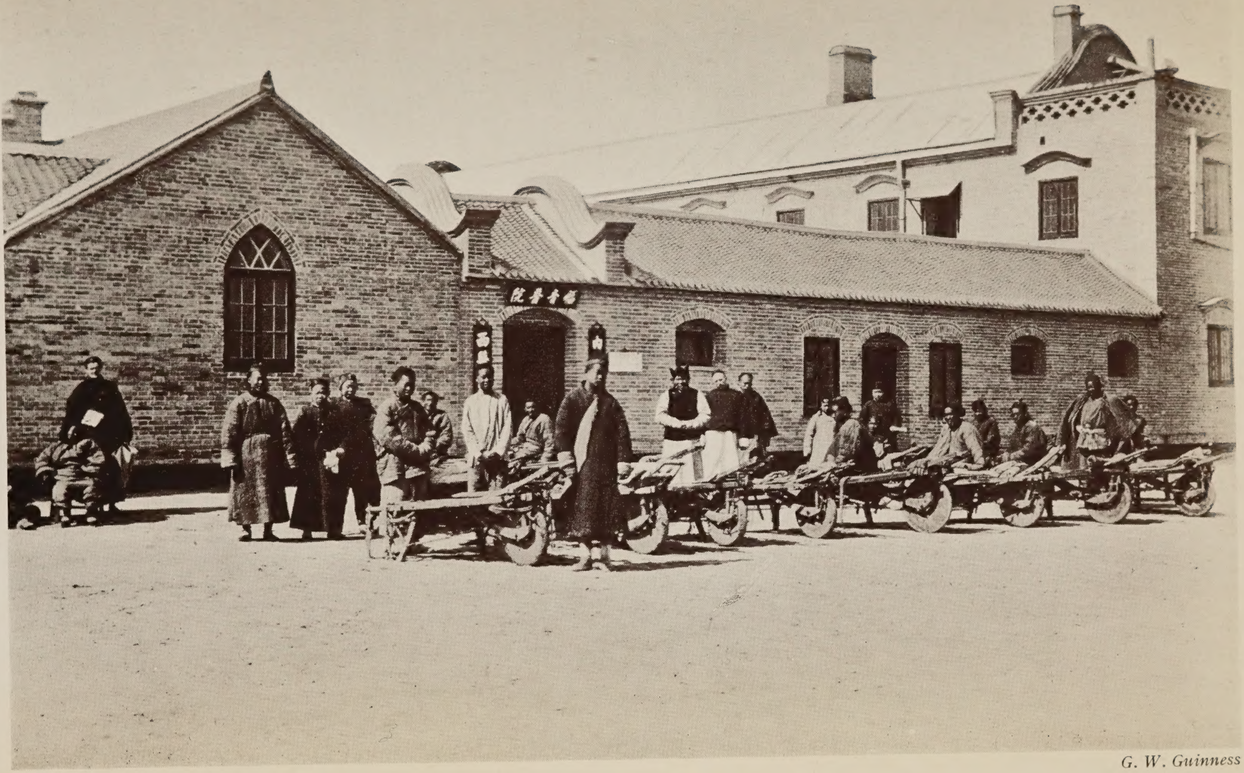


Photo by G. W. Guinness

THE HOSPITAL, KAI-FENG

Mrs. Guinness is seen on the extreme left

parted on a broad, white forehead; the brown eyes were clear and earnest. Her whole personality revealed something unusual —strong, and at the same time gentle. She had been once before to see me, and had then received a copy of the Gospel of Luke.

"Have you read it?" I inquired.

"Oh yes, I read it often. But there are many things I do not understand."

She then began to ask questions, and I was filled with joy and wonder to find how much she had grasped of the Truth, having only heard once before, and with no one by her side to explain the sacred page.

"I could not help crying", she said, "when I read of His sufferings. How much He must have loved, to be willing to suffer so!"

I gave her several books to take home when she left me. They were returned some days later, with a polite note to say that she had caught a cold, but that as soon as she could she would come again to hear more of the good words that bring peace and salvation. This she did, before long.

"I feel as if I had a precious pearl in my heart", she said, "since I have heard of the Lord Jesus."

We read the Word of God together, and there was much she wanted to learn and ask. Nothing else seemed to interest her. She did not say much about herself, but I understood she was not happy in her marriage.

One day she told me that she was going away for the summer months, to her mother's home.

"You have come", she said in parting, "to raise up a ladder for us to go to heaven."

Now I could only reach her by the Throne of Grace. That earnest, seeking spirit had to struggle on alone, in very difficult surroundings. What a contrast the experience of this young convert with that of one in our home-lands, lovingly cared for and encouraged. She, the Chinese girl, was lonely and misunderstood, but "before God" not "forgotten".

One day in the autumn a woman was carried into the waiting-room at the hospital and I went up to ask who it was.

"Don't you know me? I am Kwoh Tai-tai."

Yes, indeed, it was my friend; but how thin and altered! The flushed face and shining eyes told their own tale. The doctor found that she was far gone in consumption and could give no hope to the anxious mother, mother-in-law, aunts, brothers, and servants who accompanied her. It was all so different from her former visits, when she had come with only a single attendant.

She wished so much to stay in the hospital; but our two small wards for women, and even the guest-hall, were filled with patients. There was absolutely no room. The look of disappointment cut me to the heart, and her cry—

"Oh, is there *no* room for me, anywhere?"

I longed to be by her side, to strengthen and help her through the last fight. With no uncertainty she said that she trusted Jesus for salvation and that she prayed to Him. But she was too ill to talk much, so after I had promised to go to see her soon they carried her away.

When I went to her home a little later, I saw the mother and other relatives, but looked in vain for that sweet young face. She was gone—gone into the Unknown—but, thank God, knowing the One who had prepared a home for her above.

"Don't cry", said those standing by, as with difficulty I restrained my tears. "She longed much for you, and prayed to Jesus every day."

The neighbours gathered round and we spoke of the Saviour who has "abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel". On the long journey back through the crowded streets the burden of the unreached millions weighed on my heart. But, through the sadness, there was a note of praise—that the Good Shepherd had found another sheep; that the Father had welcomed one more from earth's shadows to the light and glory of His home above.

And Kwoh Tai-tai was not the only one who, in spite of social standing and affluence, found her way, through the open door of the hospital, to the tender heart of Christ. Needing Him not less than the poor, these women would probably never have come in contact with the Gospel but for the medical work. It was wonderful to see the access Mrs. Guinness found among them, so much so that she had to set apart two days a month for receiving ladies, whose homes were open to her in return.

With Mrs. Carr, she deeply felt the need for a Bible-woman—a Chinese associate in their work. Such helpers can only be obtained by prayer, for unless they are God-made and God-given they have no spiritual influence. Constantly they prayed for such a fellow-worker, little dreaming that the Lord was preparing for them a woman of this very class.

Tsoh Tai-tai was another of "the poor rich" in Kai-feng, one of the wives of a man in official position. She caused the bachelor missionaries no little concern in the early days, as Dr. Sidney Carr recalled:

> Mr. Powell and I were sitting out in the courtyard, where we used to do our dispensing, when this lady first came along. She did not look much like a Christian at that time. She was highly painted and powdered; her feet were very small and she talked very loudly. I was thankful when she and her retinue had gone! She heard a little of the Gospel that day, and each time she came for medical help she heard a little more. It all had its influence. Now, you would not know her for the same woman, she is so completely changed. There is no powder and no paint, and her feet are more of the normal size. Although socially a good deal above those who come to the services, there is no affectation about her. She behaves like anyone else, and her Christian faith and strength are beautiful to see. Her life is lived for God, and she looks for His guidance in all her doings.

When Mrs. Carr and Mrs. Guinness came to Kai-feng, this lady proved a real friend. Mrs. Guinness would go out to her home in the country at times, just for the rest of being with her—she was so loving and bright. She had a gift for comforting people, and it was a red-letter day for the church when she gave herself definitely to the work of a Bible-woman and came to live with Mrs. Howard Bird (Mrs. Carr's sister) in the city. Many homes were open to her, because of her large circle of relatives and friends, and where she was not welcome at first, she knew how to win her way.

A serving-woman, one of the attendants upon three rich old ladies, had been coming to the chapel for some time but had never been willing to let her mistresses know that she was a Christian. They were devout idol-worshippers, and she was afraid that she might lose her position. Tsoh Tai-tai found an introduction, somehow, and got into friendly relations with these ladies, who were all about seventy years of age. The oldest of the three became so interested in the Gospel that she pasted on her fan the hymn-sheet from which Mrs. Tsoh was teaching her, so that she might have it always at hand. Another, who was paralysed, welcomed Mrs. Tsoh's visits and prayers. Before long she began to move her feet, and gradually was able to walk about in the courtyard with a stick—simply, as she realized, in answer to prayer. The third old lady was absorbed in the contemplation of Buddha—sitting cross-legged all day long—but Mrs. Tsoh was careful to talk so that she could not but hear, and the light began to shine in that dark heart as well. Many were the wandering feet she was enabled to guide into the way of peace—the way into which her own feet had been led through the ministries of the medical work.

So the hospital helped the church and the church helped the hospital. Those were happy days indeed in the little missionary circle.

> It is splendid work [as the doctors said in an early Report], and there is continual joy in it, though there are anxieties at times, keen ones, and heavy burdens.

The spirit of love and harmony was very marked, both among the missionaries and their Chinese fellow-workers, and "*there the Lord commanded the blessing*", according to the 133rd Psalm, in an unlooked-for and wonderful way.

It was not a man-made Revival, when it swept upon them. It was nothing worked up or planned for. It simply came from above. The little church in Kai-feng was barely five years old. The membership was still small, though most of the believers were well taught in the Word. Mr. Bevis had started a special class for those who wished to memorize Scripture, and one man, on the third Sunday, had repeated the whole Epistle to the Colossians. Perhaps it was this familiarity with the Word of God which prepared the way for an exceptional experience of the power of the Spirit.

Two students from the hospital and several of the church members had been attending a Conference, north of the Yellow River, in one of the stations of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission. They had come back full of faith and expectation, bringing to the Christians in Kai-feng the moving story heard from Dr. Goforth, of what the Lord was doing in Korea and Manchuria through the outpouring of His Holy Spirit. A deep desire was awakened for similar blessing, and the Kai-feng Christians began to meet daily for waiting upon God.

> We gave ourselves to prayer [Whitfield wrote], holding meetings in the city chapel for two or three hours each afternoon,

followed by Gospel preaching in three different centres in the evening.

Sunday came, and with it a larger gathering than usual. Instead of holding separate meetings before the morning service, the men and women met together in a spirit of prayer. Young Ho, especially, was full of blessing and gave a helpful address. Then a man rose and went to the platform. Everybody knew him—old Mao Sï-ch'ing, who had been cook to Dr. and Mrs. Carr before they went on furlough. With great simplicity and earnestness he said:

"I want you to help me to confess a sin." Then, turning to one of the medical students: "Please bring me that rug".

Kin-ch'eng walked up the centre of the chapel carrying a foreign rug in his hands. Everyone looked on in surprise, wondering what was to follow.

"This rug has been standing between me and my Lord", said Mao Sï-ch'ing. "Dr. Carr lent it to me when I escorted them down to Shanghai, and asked me on my return to give it to Mrs. Bird. I used the rug and liked it. When I got back, I did not hand it over. To-day I want to have done with that which has been hindering me. Please take this rug and give it to the missionary."

Kin-ch'eng did as he was requested, and the tears ran down old Mao's shining face as he urged those present to confess and put away every hindrance. Whitfield was deeply moved.

> Instantly [he wrote], the mighty power of God came upon that audience. Never in my life have I seen such a thing. Men fell right on the ground, sobbing, and with tears confessed their sins to God, and we realized that the Holy Ghost was wonderfully at work in our midst.

For hours the meeting went on, indeed for days and weeks there was no restraining the blessing. In the midst of it all Whitfield wrote:

> There is no need for human guidance; the Spirit of God is leading the meetings. No one takes the platform. A hymn is given out, and confession, prayer, praise, and messages from the Word follow in quick succession. There is no halting. Constraint has disappeared. Wonder and expectation fill all hearts.
>
> People are so eager to get to the meetings that they hurry through their work and walk long distances to be present. The leaders of the church have been greatly blessed. Criticism, selfishness, lack of love, pride, and many other sins are being dealt with. A man rises to speak:
>
> "I used to be a slave to opium. The Lord delivered me. I ought to have given the money thus saved to His work. I have not done so. To-day I purpose before God to devote five hundred cash a month—and here is a first instalment of a thousand cash in token of my change of heart."
>
> Another follows:
>
> "I have been smoking opium in secret, knowing that it was wrong for a Christian. Here and now I give it up, by the help of God."
>
> Our chief medical assistant rises:
>
> "I have not been whole-hearted for God in my home. On this account my wife has not been influenced to give herself to Him. To-day we both rise—she to ask for baptism; I to say that, henceforth, at home as well as in the hospital, I want to put God first."
>
> Another assistant:
>
> "I have been inwardly priding myself on my ability. God has humbled me to-day. He also has convicted me of putting off full consecration to the time when my course of study will be ended. May He forgive me, and separate me now to Himself."

Many broke down with sobbing and bitter cries, flinging themselves on the ground in agony over conscious sin; others were singing for joy and gladness, outcome of heart-cleansing and peace. In one evening meeting at the hospital, a number rose to confess Christ for the first time, and five to ask for baptism. All the medical assistants have been blessed spiritually; Ho is overflowing with joy, and seems full of faith and hope in God. He was chosen to speak in Church last Sunday. His freedom in the Spirit is wonderful to witness. Crowds of outsiders are being drawn to the meetings, and the Lord is adding to us such as shall be saved.

We purpose to hold revival meetings every Wednesday through the winter. Join us in prayer for this movement. A humble, prayerful spirit is being given; expectation is bright; to God be the glory. From other stations we hear of similar blessing. The medical work is heavy, and I am single-handed at present. Cease not to pray. The Lord reigneth.

The following year, Mr. Bird was able to continue:

The blessing God graciously gave us last November still goes on. There has been quite a different spirit among the church members since that visitation. Among the schoolboys, also, there is a very marked spirit of willingness and diligence. There is no quarrelling and jealousy now. The special Wednesday afternoon meeting is still held, and people speak and pray with freedom. It is so helpful! We meant to discontinue this meeting during the summer, but the attendance is so good that we cannot do so. At the end of last year the chapel was so crowded that we had to enlarge it, and now the building can accommodate three hundred. . . .

We lay a good deal of stress on Bible study. At the Chinese New Year, Dr. Guinness and Dr. Laycock conducted special classes for the men, evangelists, etc. Then four of the Christians went a hundred miles to a three weeks' Bible School led by Mr. Lack. Just now I am having a class every day on Old Testament history. And soon the hospital assistants are expecting to attend a two months' Bible School held by the Canadian Presbyterians. So our people ought to know their Bibles. . . .

It was a great joy on Whit-Sunday to see thirteen—eight men and five women—enter the Church by baptism. All but one are from the city, an exceptional thing in China, where the majority of the converts seem to be country people. It is a matter calling for thanksgiving that Kai-feng, formerly a hard field, should now be bearing such fruit. Among those baptized are a father and son, a mother and daughter, and a mother and son. Their occupations are varied—teacher, postman, student, card-maker, goatherd, and coolie. Some of them really astonish us by their knowledge of the Bible and grasp of the Truth.

From thirty-six, the church grew to over a hundred members during the next two or three years; and more than this, it became a missionary church, reaching out to neighbouring places where there were no witnesses for Christ.

"Why shouldn't we begin a home-missionary society of our own?" the Christians asked themselves.

So money was put together and a donkey or wheelbarrow hired to take some of the preachers over to Tong-hsü, an important city thirty miles away. There they obtained a good hearing, and the message spread. A boy named Wang urged his mother to go to the meetings.

"Why, is this Gospel for women too?" she questioned. "I thought it was only for men. Is it for anyone as stupid as I am, with a head like a pot of paint?"

Her heart, not her head only, was reached, when she heard the Old, Old Story, so profound that we shall never fathom it, so simple that a child can take it in.

Chang, a farm-labourer, feeding his animals at night, kept going over and over the catechism he had bought from the evangelist for a few cash. His mistress, hearing the questions and answers, came in and was interested.

Those four were drawn together, as each was drawn to Christ. They would meet for reading and prayer—Mrs. Wang and her son, Chang and his employer, Mrs. Suen—the nucleus of a little church which has now grown to over a hundred members. When the Kai-feng Christians placed an evangelist there with his wife, Mrs. Suen became her fast friend. The pull of the card-table had been great, but now she had something so much better!

The hospital too was reaching out. Another city thirty miles from Kai-feng proved a hard place to reach, so the doctor's help was called in.

> Mrs. Guinness and I have left Kai-feng for a brief visit to Chung-mow [Whitfield wrote]. The Lord has prospered us greatly. A gentleman offers us a house, free of charge, fronting on the main street. Though small, it has a courtyard with one room, where I see women patients, and two rooms in front where men are seen, books sold, and our assistant and I sleep. This has been a very difficult place to reach. On a former visit I brought the magic lantern and exhibited it in the Yamen and school as well as in our inn. This time we have brought medicines, and the people are very friendly, men and women coming in crowds. . . . Hospital work is of great influence in drawing people within sound of the Gospel.

Worth all the cost, which was very real, were the converts of those early days, including the old vegetarian lady of seventy-six, who for forty years had been doing everything she could to find peace of heart. All that time she wore only the coarsest clothing, ate nothing but a certain kind of bread, and drank water. From temple to temple she went, burning incense and attending religious festivals. But it was not until she heard of the love of God in Christ that peace entered her heart. From seventy-six to eighty-four she was a rejoicing Christian, though she suffered much persecution from heathen relatives. She had a good memory, and though her books might be taken from her and destroyed, she had many hymns and passages of Scripture laid up in her heart, as well as the Bible stories she was ever ready to tell.

> We all loved her [Mrs. Guinness wrote when the dear old lady was taken]. It was a joy to listen to her testimony and hear her

ON THE SANDS AT PEI-TAI-HO, N. CHINA

"Whitfield delighted in his children"

> lead in prayer, which she often did, always ending with the same words: "May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us all".

Yes, the Gospel had taken root in the great city, and other missions were coming in to share the toil. Each was welcomed as their representatives arrived, and assisted to the limit of Whitfield's power. His loving sympathy and true largeness of heart were never more manifest than in such relations. He always saw the best in people and expected the best of them. His home became naturally the rallying-point of the missionary community, and no other doctors being appointed to Kai-feng he was much in request for medical services.

His own family, meanwhile, was growing and the little house had to be enlarged to provide nursery and schoolroom. Joy, Henry, and Mary were the trio that rejoiced the parents' hearts. "Dear old place, associated with the precious memories of our united little family", he wrote, looking back upon those happy years.

Whitfield was immensely sociable and loved to exercise hospitality.

> Many interesting people passed through Kai-feng [Mrs. Guinness recalled], and visited the home behind the hospital: Dr. Evan Morgan with Mr. Fullerton and Mr. Wilson—secretaries of the English Baptist Mission, Dr. Zwemer, Dr. Arthur Smith, Bishop Roots, Messrs. Cheng Ching-yi and Ting Li-mei, Dr. and Mrs. Karl Fries from Sweden, and many another. Whitfield enjoyed them all so much, in the intervals he could snatch from his pressing occupations.

The first real shadow over that home-life came when it was necessary to part from the older children on account of their health. Mrs. Faxe, to make it less difficult, for the little ones were only two and four, came all the way from Sweden to care for them on the return journey. But the mother's heart seemed turned to stone. Bravely she travelled with them to the coast, bidding farewell to the little red-coated figures as the train bore them away on the trans-Siberian line. Dumb with heart-ache she went back again to Kai-feng, and it was not until baby arms were round her neck, in little Mary's rejoicing welcome, that the tears would come. She and Whitfield were entering into some of the deeper sacrifices of missionary life.

The old order in China was nearing its close, though the parents little realized it when the time came for them to rejoin their children, going home on furlough. It was the spring of 1911, the year that was to bring the fall of the Manchu dynasty and the establishment of the Republic. Shortly before they left Kai-feng, one of the hospital assistants came up to Whitfield with a strip of calico in his hand.

"You are going home to England", he said. "Will you take this message to your many Christian friends?"

On the white strip were four beautifully written characters: "K'eh ki, kiu ren"—"Deny Self, Save Men."

"Will you plead with them", he went on, "to deny themselves the joys of home and come out to China to save the lost? Tell them there are many difficulties. They will have to face loneliness, to study a strange language, to endure a trying climate. But if they are willing, for Christ's sake, to deny self, God will use them to save many."

CHAPTER XIV

GROWTH AND CHANGE

1911–1914. Aet. 42-45

GREAT were the changes to which Whitfield returned after his second furlough. Going home a few months before the Revolution broke out, he came back in 1912 to find the Manchu Dynasty swept away and China a united Republic under the Presidency of a Honan ruler, Yuan Shih-kai.

> Never was so vast a Revolution so quickly and peacefully consummated. There was serious fighting at only a few places. . . . Comparatively small bodies of troops were engaged. There were not as many men killed and wounded in the entire Revolution as in any one of several battles of the American Civil War or the [then recent] conflict between Russia and Japan. In most places the revolutionary sentiment was so overwhelming that the Imperial officials yielded without opposition. Within five months from the outbreak in Szechwan and three months from the attack on Hankow, fifteen of the eighteen Provinces had gone over to the Revolutionists and the tide of victorious revolt had swept down the Yangtze to the sea.[1]

Honan had been less affected than other provinces, for the great soldier and statesman who had induced the Manchus to abdicate was himself a Honan man, and had taken good care that his native province had adequate military protection. But tremendous forces of upheaval had been at work, and the hospital at Kai-feng had been flooded with suffering civilians and soldiers. Dr. Carr, who had held on with his family through all those anxious months, was glad indeed of the return of his colleague.

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[1] *The Chinese Revolution*, by Arthur Judson Brown, p. 145.

> This provincial capital [he wrote], never went over to the Revolutionaries as most of the others did, but stood firm till the Republic was declared. . . . According to the newspapers Kai-feng had "fallen" more than once, and sometimes we scarcely knew whether we had "gone over" or not. Scares were of almost daily occurrence, and it was not reassuring to bicycle into the city one morning, after specially serious rumours, and meet streams of people fleeing for supposed safety. The danger feared was not so much the shot and shell of invading armies as the ever-ready bands of brigands who take advantage of such times to rob and murder at their pleasure.
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> From the first battle at Hankow (October, 1911) through the following year and almost up to the present we have been treating wounded soldiers in the hospital, or country people who have suffered through the lack of law and order. Groups of wounded would be brought in from time to time, taxing our staff to the utmost. . . . We have had many women too, suffering from fright, whose husbands and other relatives had been killed before their eyes. . . .
>
> Never before have officials shown themselves so friendly, and there is evidence that our work is appreciated. We have had handsome gifts from the authorities in return for our care of wounded soldiers. At first one was surprised to find that some of the bullets had not entered from the front. But this appeared quite natural to the victims, so one did not make superfluous remarks.

It was this new friendliness on the part of the officials, and indeed all classes, that constituted the most noticeable change in Kai-feng. A new day had dawned indeed when the missionaries found themselves "hobnobbing with grandees and great ones". It was not that they sought these associations. But in the Revolution the

Westernized group had come to the front. An intellectual awakening of stupendous proportions was taking place. A new system of Government education had been introduced, in which western arts and science were taught alongside the old Confucian classics. Tens of thousands of Chinese were learning English and were finding that the missionaries whom they had despised were familiar with many branches of knowledge in which they were eagerly seeking teachers. This led to foreigners being greatly honoured, and while it was not without danger for the Christian Church, so recently purified through fires of martyrdom, it brought wonderful opportunities to the missionary.

Whitfield was by nature and training well fitted to meet the new situation. He loved and admired the Chinese and had a happy way of coming into close touch with them as man to man. He was continually adding to his knowledge of the language, his musical ear enabling him to speak in a way pleasing to his hearers, and he was willing to take any amount of trouble for those who sought his help.

Before the Revolution there had been efforts in the direction of progress now so general, but they had been much less intelligent.

> We were sitting at dinner one day [Whitfield recalled] when a message was brought in that a visitor wished to see me. I went out at once, for we are careful not to keep Chinese friends waiting, and found in the guest-hall a cultured-looking gentleman who said:
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> "I have an important request to make of you. We realize how many lives are lost year by year through lack of knowledge in the treatment of disease, and we are about to start a medical school in Kai-feng. I am deputed by those interested to ask you

to become one of the Faculty. Will you accept the position of Professor?"

I pointed out that we were absorbed in our hospital duties and could not do justice to such an undertaking.

"Will you at any rate help us", he urged, "to start the work? Will you give the opening address and tell us what books we should use in teaching our students?"

This one could not decline to do, and with considerable interest I went to take part in the opening exercises. Sixty or seventy intelligent young men, would-be doctors, were waiting in the room where I was to speak. I gave a talk on the value of medical science and the importance of earnest application to study. For the tendency is to expect the teacher to do the work, rather than the student. They listened attentively and at the conclusion were profuse in their thanks for the address. But three weeks later we heard that the attempt had been abandoned. The scheme was too ambitious. Anxious though they were for a medical school on modern lines, they could not carry it through.

Now, however, new forces were released, strong enough to overcome agelong inertia. A public press had sprung into existence, the *Peking Gazette*, for centuries the only journal in China, being supplemented by hundreds of daily papers. A host of scientific terms and modern phrases were finding their way into the language, such as, ideal (in Chinese, "the thing you have your eye on"), society, reform, the public good, constitutional government, taking the initiative, removing obstructions, to volunteer one's services, freedom of religion, and to educate as distinguished from to instruct.[1] Whitfield had already been successful in awakening an interest in matters relating to public health, and now found himself much more effectively supported.

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[1] *The Chinese Revolution*, pp. 82, 83.

> He was keenly interested in the work of famine relief [wrote Bishop White of the Canadian Church Mission], in the Red Cross, the Anti-Opium Society, and particularly in the Honan Public Health Association. He was the prime mover in founding and carrying on this Association, which for many years exercised the only general influence in Kai-feng making for public health and personal hygiene. The Chairman was a very able and well-known official, afterwards Commissioner for Foreign Affairs in Shanghai. I was Vice-Chairman, and Dr. Guinness was Secretary from the beginning right up to the time when it was merged in the Red Cross Society. As far as our city was concerned, Dr. Guinness was the pioneer missionary, working with the officials and gentry in social welfare activities for the benefit of the community.

Constantly in touch with leaders of this sort it is easy to be diverted from one's objective as a missionary. But Whitfield never lost that constraining love of Christ which led him to put the eternal welfare of his hearers first, always, and everywhere. Through the Public Health Association, lectures were arranged for him in the School of Agriculture and the Military College, where over a thousand men gave him a great ovation. Whatever might be his subject, he always brought in some joyful testimony to the saving power of Christ, so that any who desired to know more need be in no doubt as to where to find help. His very presence seemed to change the atmosphere, and this without wounding or upsetting anyone. Even those who had not his convictions came to appreciate the bold stand he always took for the highest. As a younger medical colleague recalled:

> His chief enthusiasm at all times was for the preaching of the Gospel. I well remember that in my first period of service in Kai-feng there was a big meeting in connection with the Public Health Association, recently organized in the city. The

> hall was crowded, and the programme included music and speeches. The latter were many, delivered for the most part in orthodox Chinese style, but only one speech, as far as I could estimate, gained a hearing. During the other orations the audience continued smoking and chatting with the utmost unconcern; but when Guinness took the platform the buzz of conversation ceased and everyone listened to his words—a straight Gospel message.
>
> At another time he obtained an opening to address the cadets in a large military academy. Many a time since then have I heard one and another comment most appreciatively on his message that day. Go up and down the counties of Honan, travel on the railways, and many will you meet who have known Dr. Guinness and heard the Gospel from him. The sight of my "Chief" preaching in the hospital chapel, or pleading by the bedside with a soul, is so familiar as to make any effort of memory unnecessary.[1]

Of the meeting in the Military Academy, Whitfield wrote himself:

> Eleven hundred men were present and listened with marked attention for forty-five minutes. Subsequently, in the officers' dining-room, half an hour was spent in showing Christ as the only power for a life of victory over sin. It was a splendid opportunity, and several men found their way to the hospital to hear more. The Head of the College came himself and gave a cordial invitation for another talk next term.

This was in connection with the Alliance of Honour, a society of which the first President in England was Dr. Harry Guinness, our elder brother.

> An effort is being made [Whitfield continued] to combat the appalling degradation of morals which prevails everywhere. After discussing the condition of Government Schools with a number of the Principals, ready permission was granted to deliver a lecture to the students on the subject of social purity. Thus far three schools have been visited and enthusiastic

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[1] Dr. D. M. Gibson of Kai-feng.

receptions met with, the scholars rising at the close of a straight talk, every man raising his hand in token of hearty approval of what had been said. . . .

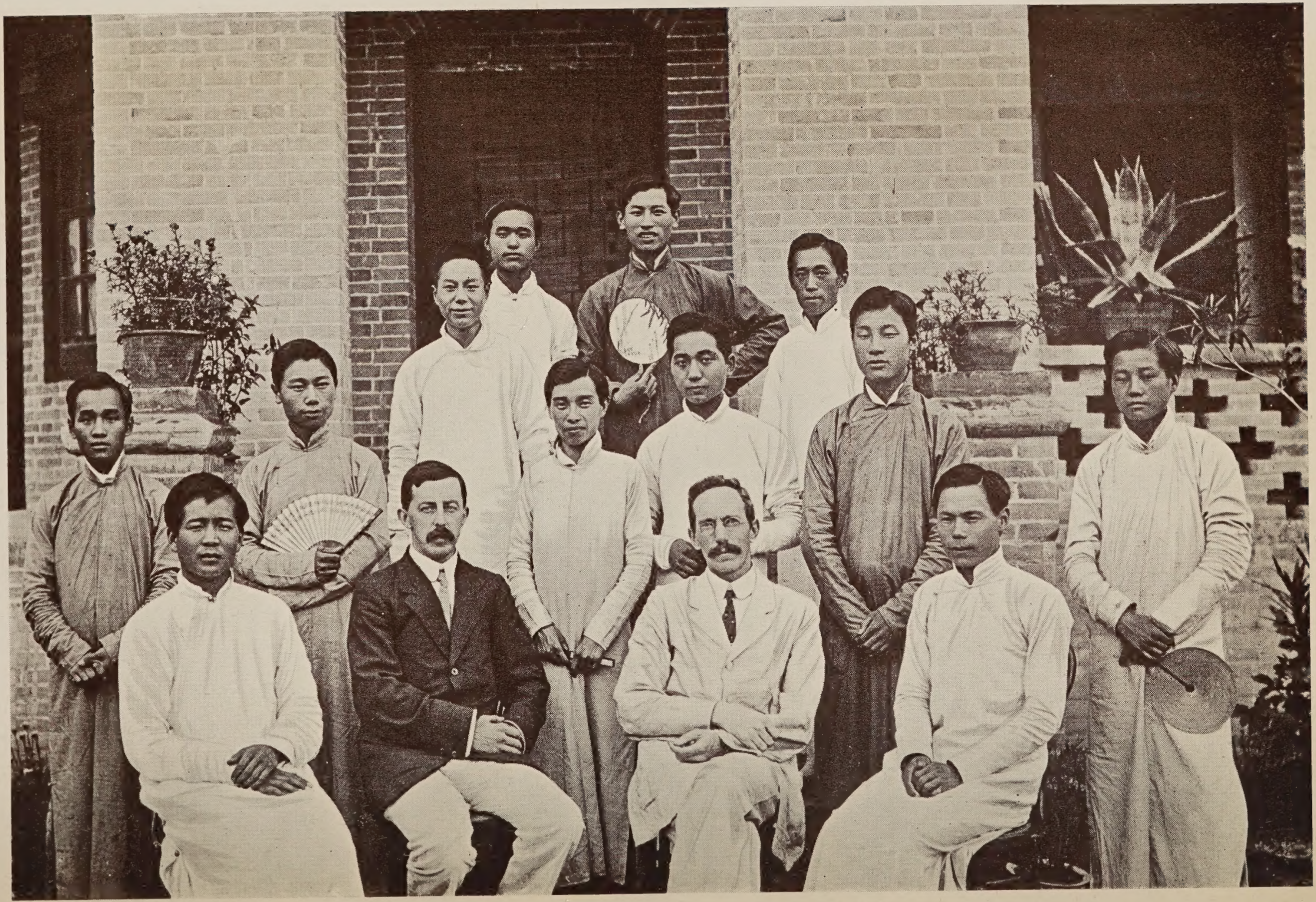
Owing to the fact that plural marriages are so common, it is exceedingly difficult to form such an association as the Alliance of Honour. A highly educated official in Peking, who dared to advocate monogamy, was thrown into prison, so great was the opposition brought to bear against his views. The moral condition of life, both public and private, is exceedingly low. We long to see a barrier of protection thrown around the young manhood of China. Here surely is a matter for prayer and continued effort. The need is unspeakably great.

Meanwhile the interests of the hospital were not neglected. Days of rapid growth had come and Dr. Carr and Whitfield were more than ever busy and happy in their united service. They fitted in perfectly with one another and in the work, Dr. Carr standing for everything that was simple and honest, good and thorough. They had much to be thankful for in the student band which had grown up around them. Several of their senior men were in practice already, but a dozen or more were carrying on in the hospital. And they were all needed, for patients were more numerous than ever. Mrs. Song was still the kindly despot of the women's department, though a trained nurse was in charge when she could be spared from the care of fellow-missionaries—a welcome addition to the staff in the person of Miss E. Dives of the London Hospital. No lady doctor was as yet available, though the women's work was growing beyond its restricted accommodation and the power of the staff to deal with it.

Under these circumstances, the coming of a second nurse was more than welcome, and Miss Hilda Vickers proved to be as helpful spiritually as in medical matters.

Her bright smile and kindly manner won the hearts of the patients, and her earnestness was a fresh inspiration to her fellow-missionaries. Great was their sorrow when her first summer in Honan brought the deadly contagion of typhoid fever. Famine was raging, and a Government isolation hospital had been put up just behind the mission compound. Dr. Carr's house was nearest to it, and both Mrs. Carr and Nurse Vickers, who lived with them, were infected. Unconscious of what had taken place they left for the hills, but had hardly reached the cool and comfort of the mission bungalow before both were prostrated. Nurse Vickers developed cerebral symptoms from the first, and while Mrs. Carr was still desperately ill her bright young companion was called away—called to higher service. In a quiet spot far above the crowded plain she was laid to rest, but the work she loved in Kai-feng went on, and in her name. For the family in England sent gifts to carry out the longing of her heart and supply accommodation for the women patients. Mrs. Carr recovered, and within a year prayer was answered in the coming of the lady doctor, now so widely known and loved among the women of Honan.

But before this and other developments could be consummated, a still greater test of faith came to the Kai-feng circle. Everything looked bright, and expectation was centred on the new block of buildings, almost finished, including chapel and waiting-rooms, consulting-rooms, dispensary, surgical dressing-rooms, and a basement for storing drugs. This long-needed Out-patient Department was to be opened at the end of April, and the occasion was to be celebrated by the



DR. SYDNEY CARR AND DR. G. W. GUINNESS

granting of certificates to the group of students who had completed their seven years of study and clinical work. With the warm spring days had come the usual rush of patients, and the doctors were hard at work from morning till night. And then, just then, only nine months after the loss of Nurse Vickers, one who could even less be spared was stricken down by typhus fever caught from a patient.

Sydney Carr was young and strong, and with the help of an extra doctor and nurse who were in Kai-feng at the time, every care was possible.[1] But gradually it became only too evident that his course on earth was run. Impossible as it seemed, the one who for years had poured out his life in help and healing was passing from scenes in which he was so needed. The grief of the students and staff was second only to that of his family; yet there were glimpses too of his unutterable joy as, in the early sunshine of that spring morning, just as the bell was ringing for prayers in the hospital chapel, the beloved doctor passed to his reward.[2]

Chu Hwa-nan, his first helper and student, was not to be denied the privilege of a son, and himself provided the coffin, giving all the help he could in the hospital while carrying on his own practice in the city. Yes, it was a test of faith, for the opportunities had never before been so wonderful for making known the saving grace of God. How Whitfield longed to multiply himself as the spring rush went on, bringing people from far and near under the sound of the Gospel! Riding or on foot they came, and wheelbarrows, carts, sedan-chairs, and stretchers filled up the courts of the hospital. Over the entrance of the new Out-patient building were several shining characters in gold, silently proclaiming, "God loves the people of all the world". It was that love daily "shed abroad in (their) hearts" which alone enabled the depleted staff of the hospital to carry on. An impression comes to us of those full days from a few lines Whitfield wrote just a week after Dr. Carr's Home-going:

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[1] Dr. Stanley Hoyte and Mrs. George King, then Miss Eva Wallis, were providentially at hand in this crisis, and with Whitfield and Nurse Dives did all that love and skill could devise.

[2] It was Wednesday, the 8th of April, 1914, twelve years after his first coming to Kai-feng.

> *April* 15, 1914.
>
> Yesterday we were faced with forty-seven operations to be done, and to-day there will be about two hundred patients to see. Last Monday we had two hundred and thirteen, including seventy women. Daily the Gospel is preached, and hundreds who would never otherwise hear the Truth are being reached. Praise God with us over many conversions!

A little later he was writing of two hundred and fifty patients a day and that the student-helpers were responding well. In the midst of it all, their spiritual life as well as his own was maintained by the regular times of prayer and Bible study they had found essential to their best work.

Encouragements reached them from time to time in letters received from other stations in their own and neighbouring provinces. From no fewer than twelve districts, reports were received in one year of returned patients from the hospital joining regularly in the worship of God. A missionary, not of the China Inland Mission, wrote:

> Yesterday a man called on me, bringing a letter from you to the effect that he was interested in the Gospel. His name is Wang.

> He seems a very nice fellow. He states that a neighbour is also interested, and that they both wish to attend services here. They live in a village eight miles to the north of us. For some time I have been hoping that someone from that particular village would become interested in the Gospel, so that we might have an entrance there. I am therefore very thankful to the Lord for this development.

From a C.I.M. station, Mr. Mathews reported several who had gone to the hospital for serious operations and had returned to Si-hwa with a saving knowledge of Christ.

> They are willing to put away their idols and worship the true and living God. One man had taken his son with him to act as his attendant. The lad seems to have learned the way of Life while in the hospital, and promises to make an earnest Christian.

Another missionary wrote of a man named Yang, who after a visit to Kai-feng for treatment had made up his mind to follow the Lord fully.

> He did not live long, for he had an incurable complaint, but as a result of his testimony a preaching place had been opened by the believers, and there are many who meet regularly in his village to worship God. We hope to baptize quite a few from this place next month. Our evangelist went out to conduct worship, and found *eighty people there*, all most interested in the message.

Whitfield himself was cheered soon after Dr. Carr's lamented death by the visit of an old hospital patient.

> On inquiry as to what he was doing, he told me that he was engaged in evangelistic work. He dated his conversion to the time spent in the hopsital, and he has gone on steadily ever since.

Family joy and love were also a wonderful help. Tired though he was when night came, Whitfield managed one evening to write a birthday greeting to the loved one at his side—dated for the following day—which reveals something of what home meant to him, as well as of the secret of "the shining heart".

May 6, 1914.

If all I wish might come to you to-day, you would indeed be flooded with joy and blessing. And if our poor hearts are so full of desire for each other's joy, what must His be Who lives to make intercession for *us*? Oh, may He enrich you, my own precious wife! You have enriched my life these many years, so much more than I can possibly tell you, and every day I thank God and rejoice in His good gift to me.

You have the sweetest Little Ones heart could wish and a husband who loves you with growing love and appreciation, year by year, and you are helping him to be better. . . . May you have a year of deeper blessing than ever before; a year of the realized presence of God; a year of the shining heart.

CHAPTER XV

THE TRUE MISSIONARY OBJECTIVE

1914–1917. Aet. 45-48

It was a great step in advance when the lady doctor, so long needed, joined the staff at Kai-feng, for she proved to be well worth waiting for, and was, as Mrs. Guinness said, "nothing but a joy from the first". She came at the very busy time just after the loss of Dr. Carr, and was soon proficient enough in the language to give considerable help. She was so young and girlish-looking, that it seemed impossible that she could have done years of post-graduate work; yet Dr. Jessie M'Donald had studied in London, Glasgow, and Vienna, after graduating as M.B. of Toronto University, had held internships in Boston and Philadelphia, and had taken a course at the Glasgow Bible Training Institute.

Never was efficient medical and missionary service more needed than among the women of Honan. In England and Wales there was at that time one bed, in hospital or infirmary, to every three hundred and twenty people; in China there was not one to every twenty-seven thousand, and in Honan not one to fifty thousand.[1] The mass of *relievable* human suffering was limitless, and as always it was the women on whom the heaviest burden fell. In addition to the constant torture of bound feet, they had all the troubles incident to the rearing of large families, amid utterly unsanitary conditions, and passing unsuccoured through every phase of suffering from birth till the dreaded hour of death. Jessie McDonald was the only woman-doctor in Honan, south of the Yellow River, a populous district larger than England or the whole State of New York. Well was it that she was a practised surgeon and as brave as she was skilful.

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[1] For more detailed statistics, see Dr. Harold Balme's *China and Modern Medicine*, p. 79.

Happily, Dr. McDonald's coming coincided with the gift of a young girl in America of a sum sufficient to build a women's hospital in Kai-feng. To Whitfield's great joy it was possible to put this in hand, and by the time Dr. Jessie and her invaluable co-worker, Miss Mabel Soltau, a nurse with English training, were ready for it, the building was complete and the waiting patients could be received. Semi-Chinese in architecture, this pleasant hospital attracted the women from the first. With a large court of its own and ward-space for forty patients, as well as private rooms for a smaller number, the hospital was lighted with electric light (though the current was available at night only) and had a well-appointed operating room. More than this, it had a promising group of young Chinese nurses in training, and a Bible-woman and ward-maid whose hearts were thoroughly in the work. Both were Honan women, led to Christ through a mission held in connection with the Kai-feng church. The Bible-woman, Mrs. Chang, was persuaded by a friend to attend the meetings. Miss Gregg was speaking that day on the Prodigal Son, and the wonderful message about the Heavenly Father's love reached her heart. At the close, among not a few who stood to ask for prayer, Mrs. Chang rose quietly and said:

"I do not understand all that has been said, for I have never heard these things before. But I do know one thing—I have come Home to-day."

Mrs. Tien, the ward-maid, was won through a very different message, but also the first time she ever heard the Gospel. It was the story of the ark and salvation from the punishment due to sin that reached her heart. A "home" for the one and a "refuge" for the other—yes, their deep heart-need had been met in Christ, and they were untiring in their efforts to make Him known to others.

All around the hospital seethed the rising tide of New Thought and patriotism, especially among the young people of the Republic. The great war in Europe was passing from phase to phase of its ghastly progress, and China, keenly alive to the situation, was learning many lessons. Boys and girls in their teens were taking the lead more and more in the student agitation, and a new womanhood was emerging, as well as manhood, fraught with immense possibilities for good or evil. Under its devoted doctor and nurse, the hospital at Kai-feng was taking part in shaping that new womanhood. Could any greater task be entrusted to Christian hearts and hands?

Among the girls in training in the hospital was one in whom Whitfield was specially interested. He knew and loved her father—the remarkable leader of the most purely Chinese of all the Honan churches—and could see in that young life signs of unusual promise. The girl, refined and sweet and gentle, was a young widow, and had known suffering, though her sister, whom she greatly loved, had endured much more. Poor child! her life had been sacrificed on the cruel altar of family pride and custom.

They were both little girls when their father first heard of Christ and, from being an utterly miserable and hopeless opium-smoker, passed into the light and liberty of the children of God. The home was changed, and the daughters grew up with unbound feet, knowing and loving the Lord. But both had been engaged in infancy to marry into heathen families, and do what he might the father could not free them. He kept them at home year after year, longing to protect them from what he knew such marriages must mean. But the time came when the families would wait no longer. They demanded the girls, and unwilling though they were, both sisters had to be married to men whom, of course, they had never seen. There was no love in the homes to which they went, and the mothers-in-law were more than angry about their having "large" feet.

The family of the elder sister would not endure this disgrace, and though she was a well-grown girl of eighteen or twenty, they took her and with the utmost unconcern bound her feet, crushing them with strong bandages that she was not allowed to loosen, and which were drawn tighter and always tighter, in spite of her agony day and night. When her baby was born a year later, both it and the young mother drooped and died.

The younger sister did not suffer so cruelly. But "White Wolf" came with his terrible brigands, and the home was looted and her husband killed before her eyes. The family did not want her, as she had no children, and always there was the terrible fear that, without her consent, she might be remarried—sold, practically, to the highest bidder. She was a good deal at home with her father as a widow, and longed to go to the new Women's Hospital for training as a nurse. She did not shrink from the hard work involved, or the loss of her father's personal protection. But she did dread the interference of the family to which she legally belonged. When they heard of her going to Kai-feng, would it precipitate the action she feared?

She came, however, and under careful training began to develop and find her work in life, while the Christian influences of the hospital strengthened her spiritually. More than this, she proved to have remarkable gifts for imparting the Truth of which her heart was full. It was a joy to see the manifest working of the Spirit of God in her and through her. When the first mission for women, conducted by the Christians themselves, was held in the Kai-feng church, this girl was one of the speakers and much used of God during the five days of meetings. Think of it, a five days' mission for women in which all the speakers were Chinese women and girls, little over twelve years from the time the first women missionaries came to the city![1] To-day, Nurse Wen, greatly respected in Kai-feng, is carrying on a hospital of her own, in which women of all classes are finding help and healing for body and soul. She has adopted a little son, and is a leader in the best interests of the community. But we have run beyond the developments of 1914, when Dr. McDonald began her progressive work.

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[1] Before the arrival of Mrs. Carr (1905) and Mrs. Guinness (1906), Mrs. H. T. Ford had visited Kai-feng, coming over with her husband from T'ai-kang (1903). Mrs. Ford was thus the first to bring the Gospel to the women of the capital. The mission mentioned above was in 1917.

Lack of funds prevented equal developments on the men's side of the hospital, but the coming of Dr. D. M. Gibson as Whitfield's colleague brought a strong impulse toward up-to-date methods. A graduate of the London University and St. Thomas's Hospital, Dr. Gibson was eager for a high standard of professional work, yet he was able to appreciate the advantages that still pertained to the old style of hospital, at any rate in places so far from the coast. For prejudice in favour of what was familiar had not yet died out in Honan, and when a new and very modern hospital was opened in Kai-feng, people would pass it by to come to the old place, where they could have much more of comfort from the Chinese point of view.

> We look forward longingly to the day [wrote Dr. Gibson] when our wards shall blossom forth into iron bedsteads, complete bedding, and a nursing staff. But in the absence of these, are we to close our doors and turn the sick away?

The question was being much agitated as to whether the old type of hospital should be tolerated any longer in these days of standardization. There was a strong feeling too against any medical training being given to students "outside a fully staffed, perfectly equipped medical school—*i.e.* one possessing at least fifteen professors, with much expensive laboratory apparatus and other accessories". That there was growing need for such centres, fitted to turn out fully trained Chinese practitioners, up to twentieth-century standards, there could be no doubt; but missionary doctors in the interior, surrounded by the unrelieved suffering of multitudes to whom half a loaf was better than no bread, had another point of view. Their objective was different.

> Take a turn around our wards [Dr. Gibson continued] before deciding. Here, in a "private room", is a man being treated for a chronic complaint which confines him to bed. He seems, however, quite cheerful, and why? He is "at home". His wife, two jolly little sons, and a serving man are all on the spot, to say nothing of a portable stove which warms the room and cooks his food just as he likes it. The medical soul of the physician may be sorely distressed, but the soul of the patient is at ease, and one important factor in his recovery is thereby attained.
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> This very morning the writer looked into another room where there were four or five men, only two of them patients—one operated on some weeks ago for carbuncle which was endangering his life, the other a friend of his recently arrived. The "ward" was theirs *pro tem.*, and on a huge stove imported by them a savoury meal was stewing, and they with their companions were literally enjoying life. They rose as one entered, and the whole scene wore an air of conviviality unusual to hospital wards. The carbuncle case had just sent his paper gods in to our city church to be burned. Both he and his wife, who was here with him previously, seem to have really believed and received the Truth.
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> It is, further, an incontrovertible fact that the presence of the patients' relatives or friends enlarges the opportunity for the Kingdom of God. Numberless instances might be cited in corroboration of this. One man, most soundly saved when within these walls, was at first attended by his old mother, who also understood the message and expressed faith in Christ. The patient then arranged for her to return home and send his wife in her place, for the express purpose that she too might hear the Word of God and believe. Speaking to a soldier one evening, at his bedside, another patient came up and, joining in the conversation, evinced a surprising knowledge of the Gospel. When questioned as to where he had learned so much—
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> "Why, don't you remember?" he replied, "I was here last summer, waiting on that man with the gunshot wound."
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> And so it is often the case that husband and wife, father and son, business man and apprentice, soldier and mate leave the

hospital together, agreed that God is the only living and true God and that Jesus Christ is the Saviour of men.

Needless to say, Whitfield and his colleagues were anxious to do the best work possible from the professional point of view. Looking over the Reports they published, one is impressed with the variety of cases dealt with and the immense amount of suffering relieved. That the utmost care was taken is evident from the fact that in one period of about ten months (1913–1914), with over sixteen hundred operations, major and minor, there was *not one fatal case*. The Chinese students and nurses were carefully trained in matters of surgical cleanliness and attention to detail. A large up-to-date sterilizer was early in use, and later on an X-ray apparatus was of invaluable help.

> Dirt and delay are two of our most powerful antagonists [wrote Dr. Gibson feelingly]. The former is ever with us. We get it in finely divided form whenever the wind blows from the West or North, which, in the spring when patients are most numerous, is usually two or three times a week. It is amazing, the penetrating power of this Kai-feng dust! It laughs at closed doors and windows, and quickly covers everything with a layer of buff. The patients at such times are quite hard to find, for rolled up inside their bedding they present the appearance of tumuli in the desert. We get it too in concentrated and accumulated form on the epidermis and habiliments of our patients. It is quite an education to watch the amused expression on the face of some old countryman when asked as to when he last washed his face. The very idea is so absurd. . . . However, we look forward to the time when we shall be able to provide clean hospital clothing for some patients at least, without "breaking the bank", and to put new-comers through a process of solution without ruining our reputation for kind and considerate treatment.
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> Delay, too, constitutes an immense difficulty in curative treatment. A man came to the city chapel one Sunday morning to ask Dr. Guinness to go to a case which he described as very

urgent. On inquiry it was found that the man had been ill for months and had been treated by relays of Chinese doctors. On arrival at the house, the man was dead. . . . The writer on first arrival used to ask a patient, "How many days have you been sick?" Now he asks, "How many years?"

Delay is in itself serious, but when aggravated by malpractice it is often fatal. Many is the sorrowful shake of the head accompanied by the information, "Too late to do anything". The appalling spectacles that one sees of totally ruined eyes—often just an unrecognizable mass of inflammation and disintegration—might in almost all cases have been averted by prompt and simple treatment in the initial stages. And they are so numerous! Some mornings there is a perfect procession of "eyes"—in many instances real museums.

The oft-used, much-vaunted "needle" is responsible for many bone affections and other septic conditions. If it does not kill, it is nearly always cruel and seldom curative. Called to see a sick child one day, in the country, one found its lungs full of bronchitis. But the native treatment had been "needling" in face and hands, and idol worship, the patient confined in a dark, stuffy, well-populated room.

Not long ago, a young fellow of twenty-three came to us, his left foot a bag of sloughing tissues and rotten bones. Six weeks before he had sustained a slight graze, and the three successive "doctors" who had attended the case had so successfully plastered up the poison, and probably added thereto, that this horrible result had been obtained. The foot had to come off. One gets soul-sick at times at so much mess and preventable mutilation, but it is pleasant to be able occasionally to prevent it. We have two crushed feet in now, a boy and a man, both very serious train injuries. Both were taken in hand early, and with an initial trimming and cleansing, under chloroform, and subsequent assiduous daily dressings, have done very well. Sepsis would have been inevitable, outside, probably with a fatal termination. . . .

It is distressing to hear the agonized cries of a little child suffering from "Stone" resounding over the hospital courtyards on the days preceding operation, and to reflect that this pain and misery have been going on for months if not years. It is correspondingly gratifying to visit that same case a day or two after the operation and find that the old pain is no more, and then watch day by day a smile of comfort and friendliness replace the look of chronic suffering and frightened anticipation. During the past year (1916) forty-one of these cases have been dealt with, most of them children. We lost one case, for no obvious cause, but it served to remind us that the operation in question is not child's play.

But with all his ardour in professional work, Dr. Gibson was utterly true to the standards for which Whitfield had stood from the first. In an article published when he had been six years in Kai-feng, he admirably expressed their convictions on this important subject:

> What can medical science *per se* do for a heathen or any individual who is out of Christ? It can give ease of body, and to some extent peace of mind, in so far as it banishes pain and annuls the fear of immediate death or of physical incapacity. This is all right as far as it goes, but it does not go very far. The benefit of mind and body, which are both mortal, can only be temporary, while the soul of the individual, which is the man himself, remains *in statu quo*. After all, a whole sinner is not in much, if any, better plight than a sick sinner. No, the medical missionary who is true to his Divine commission cannot for one moment rest content with the mere patching up of bodies and cheering up of minds.
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> The commission is, "make disciples". Heal if you like; teach if you can; plant trees and plough fields if that be your bent; preach if you are so impelled; but by any means and all means achieve the same end, viz. make disciples; save men and women, boys and girls, from spiritual death, which in horror, hatefulness, and pathos far exceeds the mere corruption of flesh and blood. The command is plain, but it is appallingly easy to put time and brains and strength into the medico-scientific side of one's work to such an extent that the command is all but forgotten. This is, at any rate, the experience of the writer, and may possibly be true in the experience of others also.
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> Therefore, to avoid the catastrophe of failing in our commis-

sion, we must give time and brains and strength to the Christian-scientific side of our work, *i.e.* the Soul Quest. We will arise at midnight to grapple with an acute abdominal case, spending and being spent to save life. We may save it. But if recovery means merely a return to the old habits of living, and ultimate loss of soul, what shall it profit that man or woman? It is, of course, far easier to spend oneself in the operating-room or in the office than in the quest for souls. While the former must not be left undone, the latter must be on no account shelved or relegated to the second place.

The four essentials of a hospital are: clean wards, order, proper hygiene, and careful nursing. These things we must have, but much more must we have them in the spiritual sphere. Loose morals or dishonesty on the part of nurses or dressers are a far greater menace to the real efficiency of our work than muddy footmarks on the floor of the ward.

It is very necessary to have a well-ordered organization—everything just in its right place. But do we always give Jesus Christ, and the souls for whom He died, the right place in our thoughts and régime?

It is, of course, incontrovertible that every patient in a ward should be assured his full cubic measure of fresh air. An atmosphere from which this vital element is absent, or in which it is deficient, is prejudicial to the recovery of a sick body. There is, however, an equally vital element, the absence or lack of which practically precludes the possibility of the recovery, *i.e.* rebirth of sick souls. This element is the love of Christ. An atmosphere of self-effacing love is as essential in our hospitals as good ventilation. The medical missionary may be the most skilled of modern surgeons, but unless the Christ-love vibrates in his every look and word and action he will accomplish little for the Kingdom of God. The assistants and nurses may be fully trained to the *n*th degree, but if they lack love in their contact with the patients, they will do more harm than good.

In the care of the sick, good nursing is of paramount importance, and nursing is essentially an individual matter. Patients cannot be nursed by machinery. Special care and attention must be given to each case. It is vital, too, in the winning of souls to be personal. Merely herding patients *en masse* to the hospital chapel and requesting someone to preach to them, is only preliminary. The really effective work is done at the bedside, where, with tact, discrimination, and sympathy, the message can be brought home to the individual.

Again, who among us would dare to perform a laparotomy were we not sure of our aseptic technique? But there is such a thing as soul sepsis. And unless we take time in the sterilizing chamber of God's Presence, to render our souls clean and free from all those toxic influences which mar our witness, how dare we go forth to our daily task as physicians of souls?

Our aim, then, must be to let medical science and soul science work hand in hand, neither antagonizing nor ousting the other. To this end the following suggestions might be considered:

1. That as far as possible only true Christian men and women be employed on hospital staffs, coolies and door-keepers included.
2. That time be found and opportunity given for all members of the hospital staff to do personal work among the patients.
3. That we take heed to maintain as rigid a standard in spiritual asepsis as we do in the matter of surgical cleanliness. In other words, that we make—simply make—time every day for definite communion with God.

Medical work in the Kai-feng hospital was undoubtedly focussed upon the true missionary objective —winning men to Christ. And it was successful. Song Sin-kwang, by this time hospital evangelist, had much to report that was encouraging.[1] He loved to bring his book, in which each patient's name was entered, and turn the pages with Whitfield, recalling their spiritual experiences. His beauty of character and real love for the patients enabled him to win his way to their hearts, and his prayerful efforts resulted, by the blessing of God, in many conversions. In 1916, a hundred and twenty-eight men were led to Christ in the hospital, and twelve months later Whitfield wrote:

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[1] The only son of Mrs. Song, many of whose gifts he inherited.

> Song Sin-kwang has just been in, talking over the year's work (1917), and it did one good to see the keen, interested look on his face. We read the list together and recalled many of the patients, a hundred and eighty-one in all, who have given in their names as deciding for Christ.
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> I am just back from preaching in the hospital chapel [he added in a private letter]. I wish you could have seen the response at the close—so many with glad faces and raised hands determined to trust in Jesus. The Day will declare how truly they have responded to the love of God in Christ. Military men, police, business men, scholars in Government schools, farmers from the country—from all ranks they are turning to God. Over seventy men this spring, apart from the women in their department, have been brought in through the work of the hospital. Praise God and be glad! From dear old China they are coming to Christ.

Part of Song Sin-kwang's work was to send a letter with every outgoing patient who lived at a distance from Kai-feng to the mission station nearest his home, and he was cheered by replies which told of not a few having joined some local church. In one year (1916) patients took with them on leaving the hospital fourteen complete Bibles, a hundred and twenty-six New Testaments, and nearly three thousand catechisms and tracts. What a scattering of the good seed!

Not only through the hospital itself, but through those trained there and imbued with a like spirit, blessing was spreading near and far. Of one of the graduates who had returned to his home, four days' journey south of Kai-feng, the local missionary wrote, "He is worthy to be Pastor of the church". And another, in the busy town of Chow-kia-kow, was actually called to that responsibility. Young though he was, and supporting himself by his medical practice, Dr. Ho was so helpful to the Christians and so much respected in the community that the church insisted on his becoming their leader. He would accept no salary for his pastoral work, and now, sixteen years later, the missionary in that important centre writes:

> Dr. Ho is able to mix with rich and poor and to maintain his witness. At feasts he always refuses wine and makes a point of asking God's blessing, though the company may not be Christians. As a doctor he has had some remarkable successes, both along medical and surgical lines—restoring sight to the blind and relieving long-standing ailments. He has been blessed, too, in leading his patients into the light and liberty of the Gospel.
>
> Elder Chao is one of his converts. He went to Dr. Ho to break off opium-smoking. The risk was great, for he was very low in health, but with careful treatment and teaching the opium craving was conquered and a love of the Bible instilled. Now, the man who used to have his attendant come slowly into the room, lest he should cause a draught of air, himself rides a bicycle, visiting converts and preaching in the city and country, and is a veritable Barnabas, a "son of consolation".
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> Dr. Ho is a good preacher, and gives helpful teaching in an earnest, attractive way. He is excellent also in bringing out the gifts of others. The Lord's Day services are led by different preachers every week, and Dr. Ho gives them every opportunity of developing into effective speakers.
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> It was very pleasing to me, at the Provincial Conference at Yen-cheng this spring (1930) to see how our beloved physician and pastor was accorded the leading place and chosen Chairman for the province. His messages and pronouncements always made an impression and carried weight. Dr. Ho is very generous and gives freely to those in need, whether in the church or outside. He charges fairly high fees for surgical cases when people can afford to pay, but he keeps no accounts, and if patients fail to discharge their obligations he does not press the matter. Like Dr. Guinness, Dr. Ho wins the love and respect of all classes, and our preachers and church people willingly accept his leadership.

Another who entered into Whitfield's spirit was Kao Kin-ch'eng. He had come to the hospital even before

Dr. Ho, and they were a great help to one another. Both had desired to serve the Lord, but hardly knew how to set about it, until in Whitfield's Bible Classes they learned to use "the sword of the Spirit". And the Word of God was "quick and powerful" in their own lives. Kin-ch'eng was alone one evening, studying the Bible, when all unexpectedly a deep conviction of sin began to come over him. All the sins of his life seemed to stand out in the light of God. He was completely broken down. And then the words came with power: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness". As he grasped the promise in faith, a wonderful joy flooded his soul, resulting in new experiences of victory over sin.

It was not long after this that he became conscious of a call from God to devote his life to making Christ known in some unevangelized part of his own land. Kansu was laid upon his heart, that long-neglected province in North-West China, bordering on Tibet. And to Kansu he was led, at the cost of no little suffering to himself and Mrs. Kao, a few years later. Supporting his family as a medical man on the same lines as Dr. Ho, he was a missionary in the truest sense, living and preaching Christ in a region of great strategic importance, with twelve or more cities to which no one was bringing the Gospel. But while Dr. Kao and his wife were the instruments used in the remarkable developments that took place, it was God Himself Who was the Great Worker.

The fascinating story of the growth of the little church on purely Chinese lines, of its missionary spirit from the first and the wonderful outreach of its prayers and efforts, cannot be entered upon here. Before long it had its own band of unpaid preachers, reaching city after city, and everywhere meeting with prepared hearts, ready to receive the saving message. Five years later the church had seventy-seven baptized members and a large number of inquirers, many of whom were young people of ability and devotion. Daily meetings for children were being largely attended, and a tent made by the Christian women would be filled with a thousand people for evangelistic services.

Seeing the wonderful openings, Dr. Kao earnestly desired the co-operation of foreign missionaries and did his best to obtain them. But there was no one free to take up the work. So, as men were not to be had, the Kan-chow Church and their leader began to pray for *women*.

> I was pressed in spirit [he wrote] for this whole region, and knew that the burden which lay upon me was more than I could bear. To preach the Gospel, train workers, and heal the sick was beyond my power to accomplish, and I could only ask the Lord urgently to prepare for me. I therefore prayed with several of the church leaders that God would send us some *women-teachers*, who would have strength of mind and body and be able to eat bitterness [*i.e.* to endure hardness]. They also prayed that the ladies might have *white hair*, so that they would be able to teach the newly converted men as well as the women.
>
> We did not know then that the Lord was already answering our prayer, and that in Shan-si He was calling out the leaders of the Ho-chow school for girls. Although we heard that these ladies were coming to Kansu it was not until the end of the year (1923) that we received a letter from them saying that they would like to spend two months with us in Kan-chow. The whole church answered this letter with a warm invitation, saying

nothing of our hope that they would remain with us permanently. Meanwhile, we went to a monastery in Tibetan territory where we had good opportunities for preaching, and there we gave ourselves to prayer that the Lord would show them His will. Praise God! When they came, they knew that this was His purpose for them.

The sequel is too well known to need telling here. Through the Misses French and Miss Cable, the situation in Kansu and Central Asia has been laid upon the hearts of Christian people all round the world.[1] They are still evangelizing and teaching in that remote region, and, with the Kan-chow Church and its first leader, need our prayers to-day more than ever before.

From the very beginning of the work here [he wrote, soon after the arrival of the ladies], I deeply perceive that I have been in the Lord's hands. Were it not for the abundant grace of God, the church could never have reached its present standing. It is as though we heard a great company of friends daily praying for us: for there has been, and is, a power constraining us, so that we cannot but arouse ourselves and, for the Gospel, fight the good fight of faith. May I lay it upon you to continue that work of prayer, so that in this very dark Kansu the Lord Jesus may be seen as supreme.

The growth and missionary spirit of this church—an offshoot, practically, of the Kai-feng work—were a great joy to Whitfield, who followed his students with the keenest interest, and welcomed their return from time to time to their Alma Mater. Meanwhile the work was growing, both in the men's and women's hospitals, and with a good deal of responsibility for the latter, Whitfield's days were full. Sometimes difficult operations called for help; sometimes precious souls born into the Kingdom needed shepherding. One of these, baptized about the time that Dr. Kao was beginning his work in Kan-chow, was a lady of some distinction, her father and husband having both been Government officials of high standing.

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[1] In *Dispatches from North-West Kansu*, and *Through Jade Gate and Central Asia*, by Miss F. French and Miss M. Cable, some of the wonderful story is told. To be obtained from the China Inland Mission.

Through sickness and trouble this lady had become an opium-smoker, and the married daughter with whom she lived, an attractive girl of only twenty-three, had fallen into the same snare. The widowed mother was completely enslaved by the habit, and it meant a good deal to her to decide to come to the hospital with her daughter for help in breaking it off. For the mother it was a terrible struggle, for she had smoked for more than twenty years. The girl had less difficulty, though enough to make her feel the need of a power beyond her own. To both, the tidings heard for the first time of God's wonderful way of salvation were of intense interest. They could not hear enough, and not only studied for themselves the Way of Life but were eager to teach their serving-woman. The daughter's husband, a military official, would not allow his wife to go out after their return from the hospital, but the mother attended worship on Sunday and manifestly grew in grace.

"He cannot but see the change in our lives", she said of her son-in-law, for whose conversion they were praying. "We no longer smoke opium; we kneel daily in prayer and read the Bible; and we have stopped gambling and go no more to theatricals."

More than this, their home life was happy as it had never been before.

But one day they heard that they were to leave Kai-feng. The son-in-law had been appointed to another city, and they had to move at once. They were most anxious to confess Christ by baptism, and though the daughter was not allowed to take such a step, the mother came to Mrs. Guinness and expressed her desire to be received into the church. A meeting of the Christians was convened and they gladly arranged for the service. It was cold wintry weather, at the end of January, but the sun shone brightly, and many Christians gathered in the courtyard to witness the confession of this dear lady and commend her to God in prayer. Thus one more, saved through the hospital, went out to witness for Christ amid the temptations of official life.

> All kinds of women are here [wrote Dr. McDonald in an early Report], ladies in silks and beggars in rags, old-fashioned, simple country-women and new-fashioned girls in spectacles and leather boots. Many a sweet-faced, gentle-mannered woman attracts us, while on the other hand there are loud, repellent women with every sign of sin and shame. And the babies! often poor emaciated little creatures, full of disease, and perhaps incurably blind through neglect and ignorance. Much suffering is alleviated and many are cured and healed. Often the grateful patient goes on to learn more of the truth first heard in the hospital. At Sunday services we recognize them. Some confess the Lord in baptism and enter the visible Church, but many, many more have no help of this sort in their distant homes and feeble health. And what about the multitudes who have never heard at all?
>
> Oh, come, let us go and find them,
> In the paths of death they roam;
> At the close of the day
> 'Twill be sweet to say,
> I have brought some lost one home.

Called out to a village one day, Dr. McDonald found a family in much distress. The daughter, they said, had swallowed needles to put an end to her life, and they implored the doctor to save her. The girl was about to be married, and to have a death of that kind would bring serious trouble on the family.

But the young woman strenuously denied that she had swallowed needles, or anything harmful; and failing to arrive at the facts, the doctor of course could not undertake to operate. Next morning, however, the family appeared at the hospital bringing the girl, much against her will. She *had* swallowed needles—fifty needles they declared—and she would certainly die unless the doctor would save her.

Finally the difficult operation was performed, though the patient had been taking food much as usual, which complicated matters. *Forty-five needles in all were recovered*—some from the stomach, others from various portions of the alimentary tract. And it was no little triumph of surgery and nursing that the patient recovered without a rise of temperature, though for several days she was wildly unruly.

Under the loving influence of Mrs. Guinness and others she quieted down, and little by little they learned what had driven her to this desperate step. She had been engaged, without her knowledge, to an elderly man of undesirable character who had several wives already. Rather than face the misery of such a life, she took the only way of escape open to her. But happily, after the operation, the family was shamed into returning the money received for the girl, and she was allowed to go and live with her mother, who was in Shanghai.

The story is easily told, but think of the suffering involved, and all the anxiety of such an operation and the after-care of the patient. It was at times like these that Dr. McDonald and Miss Soltau, efficient though they were, thankfully availed themselves of the help of their senior missionaries. Of this happy association Dr. McDonald writes:

> Dr. and Mrs. Guinness lived just next door to us, and we were constantly in and out of their home. We went to the doctor instinctively whenever we were in trouble. He always removed your burden if he could, or shared it when that was not possible.
>
> Frequently, when our work was specially heavy and they thought we were in danger of being overstrained, we were invited to go on Saturday and spend Sunday with them. Making arrangement in the hospital so that we need not be called unnecessarily, we would pack a bag, taking our best frocks with us, and go off for a real holiday. Never shall I forget the warmth of the welcome, the cosy fire, the books by the bedside, the music, the flowers in one's room, and the restful atmosphere of the whole place.
>
> In the hospital—well, if you have not seen dispensary work in China, words can hardly tell what it means. There is the large room crowded with patients, each one conscious only of his or her need; each one anxious to be first to see the doctor. There are always crying babies, always mothers who are not clear about the directions given and who come back again and again with questions. Have they not waited years for proper treatment? Have they not travelled many days in order to be seen? Then there are people who will not tell their symptoms, but insist that all we need is to feel the pulse, in order to discern for ourselves. Putting out both hands, they expect you to go through the elaborate process of consulting, with great solemnity, the three pulses in each wrist by which Chinese doctors make their diagnosis.
>
> Beside these, there are the chronic cases, upon which one has lavished time and labour, who come reproachfully asking if we will not give them some "*good* medicine" to take out "the root of the trouble"? Then a case of smallpox or scarlet fever will be found and must be attended to immediately, whether it

is their turn or not. But what an outcry that makes among the other patients, who are quite indifferent to infection!

After several hours in this hubbub and this atmosphere, especially on a summer day with the temperature at 100°, one's patience is apt to be a good deal tried. It was at this stage, often, that Dr. Guinness would come along. Probably he had been having just such a time on his own side of the hospital, but he was never agitated. He would see in a moment that our hands were more than full.

"What can I do to help?" would be his cheery greeting. "Let me carry on here for a time."

Then later, when it was over, "Won't you come and have tea with us?" or it may have been dinner or lunch. "Come just as you are. You have a patient to see, first? Can I help if I come too?"

Perhaps there was nothing more to be done for the patient, but somehow the doctor's remarks would restore the mother's confidence. Her anxious expression would change. She would rise and thank us for our skill and care, and escort us to the door.

There was no one, no matter how uncouth, who could really be rude to the doctor. With everyone, children, servants, or ourselves, he was invariably thoughtful and polite. I never knew him to scold or raise his voice. If an unkind remark was made, Dr. Guinness seemed unconsciously to misunderstand, and the matter would drop. He was too big and sweet-spirited to take such things as personal. And as to disparaging criticism of others, it could not live in his presence.

I shall never forget the first and only time a patient, a sweet, sad-faced young woman, died on our operating-table. It was unexpected, and came as a terrible shock, and such a disappointment! We called in the mother-in-law, and told her what had happened. She looked over and saw for herself. Then she addressed the poor dead girl:

"So this is what you have done! You have worried me all these years, and now you go and do a thing like this! Who do you think will look after your children? Not I, anyway!"

Then she began to weep and wail, and there was a tremendous tumult.

"How can I take her home? Did she not walk to the hospital, and now I have to carry her back—dead! What can I say to the family?"

I, meanwhile, had slipped out and told Dr. Guinness what had happened. He took charge in a moment.

"I am *so* sorry. Leave it to me. You must be very tired."

One never knew under such circumstances just what happened—but in a few minutes all was quiet, the tenseness of the atmosphere had gone and the hard features relaxed.

"Yes," the woman finally said, "the doctor did use a lot of heart, to treat her. Yes, it is quite true."

You have no idea how we miss Dr. and Mrs. Guinness. Even now, it seems impossible that he is gone. I can see him still, with his light step, starting off to the hospital with his books and tracts, never losing an opportunity, tireless in his love for souls. No defeat or discouragement ever quenched that spirit or broke his purpose.

CHAPTER XVI

DEEPENING AND OVERFLOW

1919–1925. Aet. 50-56

CONFIDENCE in the Kai-feng hospital was now so well established that patients were coming from long distances. During the years 1919–1921 its wards were filled with sufferers from no fewer than seven provinces, as well as from a hundred and two out of the hundred and seven counties of Honan itself. The fame of the surgical work done on both the men's and the women's side was so great that it was nothing unusual to have strangers, arriving for the first time, cheerfully asking to be "cut". Dr. McDonald had an increase of seventeen hundred patients in 1919 over the previous year, and a hundred additional chloroform administrations. The funds contributed from Chinese sources rose during the same period to eighty per cent of the total financial receipts. And, best of all, the spiritual side of the work was maintained.

The record, carefully kept by Song, the hospital evangelist, showed that in 1919 no fewer than two hundred and one men put down their names as believing in the Lord Jesus Christ—men who were seemingly true in their confession. It was not possible to follow up all these, but now and again it transpired that the Good Shepherd, Who knows His own, was caring for some lonely one, far from the help of other Christians, and making him a blessing.

About this time, for example, a patient left the hospital who had been a notorious gambler and wine-drinker. His life had been completely transformed through the power of Christ, and was more eloquent in his own neighbourhood than any preaching could have been. There was no one there to preach, but this man, whom we may call Mr. Ting, began to teach his little daughter the hymns he had learned, and that gathered other children who were soon singing the Gospel. The good seed found a lodgment in some hearts, though nothing was known about it in Kai-feng until several years later.

Then one Sunday, a woman, dusty and weary, made her appearance at the morning service. Her name was Pan, and she had come six miles, she said, from her home on the Yellow River. Her purpose was very definite—she wanted "to worship God and follow the Doctrine". There seemed something unusual about this, until Mrs. Pan told her story.

Her husband had been crossing the great river, not long before, on a crowded ferry. In the swift current the barge had overturned, and he found himself with more than a hundred others struggling in the water.

"If there be a true God," he cried in desperation, "save me, save me from drowning!"

In some marvellous way he was among the very few who reached the shore, and a determination took possession of him to worship and serve the One who had heard his cry.

How did he know anything about the true God?

Why, he had heard from Mr. Ting, whose hand had been healed in the hospital, and whose life had been so different ever since.

Regularly this Mrs. Pan, and often her husband, attended the Sunday services, though it meant a walk of six miles each way through wearisome sand. After a time, Mrs. Lo, the devoted Christian lady who was working as matron in the women's hospital, went out to spend a few days in the village. She found other families interested in the Truth, and heard from Mr. Ting that they were eager for an evangelist to come and teach them, and that they had asked the head of the clan to set apart a large room for use as a chapel.

While Mrs. Lo was in the village, two women sought her out to ask about the medicine they had at the hospital to stop people from drinking and gambling—"that good medicine Mr. Ting had taken years ago"—because they wanted some to give to their husbands.

The Governor's young wife in the city, a flighty, brilliantly dressed little lady, mistress of his Yamen, was no less interested in the work of the hospital. What a contrast she was to the Governor's mother, an ardent idolater, as stern as she was sorrowful-looking! But both were patients together under Dr. McDonald's care, and the younger lady, at any rate, was not far from the Kingdom. So grateful was she for the help received that she gave the large sum of two hundred dollars towards the funds of the hospital, repeating the donation a few months later.

Not long after this, her little son was taken very ill, the boy on whom the Governor's hopes were centred.

Photo by G. W. Guinness

THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE AND SONS

The older of the boys was the little patient whose recovery was so marked an answer to prayer

Intimate though they were with Whitfield and the hospital, the father felt that as the highest official in the province he must not pass by the Chinese medical profession. It was not until these "doctors" had all failed, and the child was almost dying, that the mother's pleadings prevailed. The sequel is best told by the ladies of the hospital:

> I wish you could picture the scene—the sick child on the bed, supported by grandmother and servants, who all seemed to be holding on to one part of him or another, the bed-curtains shutting out all air, a charcoal fire burning in an open pan in the room, every crack of the paper windows sealed up, and everyone distraught as to what to do next.
>
> It came out that the child had had fever for over a month—he is only five years of age—and that now the doctors refused to give any more medicine, feeling the case to be hopeless. And hopeless indeed it looked—heart and lungs in a terrible state and the little body swollen all over. Not much could be done, but next day the Governor's carriage came again. The child seemed a trifle better, and they begged Dr. McDonald to continue the treatment. . . . The Governor explained that there being two hundred Chinese doctors in the city he had had to consult them first, and that now he felt very badly in asking Dr. McDonald to take a dying child; if she could cure him he would be very grateful, and if she could not, he would still be grateful. They all wept and sighed and groaned, and the Governor paced to and fro in his agitation.
>
> Every private room in the hospital being filled, we knew we must take the child into our own house, so when the message came that they were on the way there was a grand bustle to get some of the sitting-room furniture moved out, fires put in to raise the temperature, and the window carefully opened from the top before they arrived.
>
> Soon the procession began—soldiers carrying piles of bedding, fur rugs, etc., others with baskets and cooking-pots, tea kettles and cups. Then a brilliant spot of colour in the garden showed that the ladies had arrived, two grandmothers, the mother, relatives and servants, all having come in carriages.

Finally the eight-bearer chair was carried up to our door, and the Governor himself emerged carrying the patient.

"Keep off the air! Keep off the air!" everyone shouted, and the boy was deposited on the bed.

We were very glad to see that he was still alive, for we had rather doubted that he would be. Of course he began to cry to go home, and we realized what we were up against! The three ladies, grandmothers and mother, all stayed in our house with three women servants, and none of them would leave the child. Even at night it was only now and then that one lady with her servant would go upstairs to sleep a little. A room behind was speedily fixed up as their kitchen, a stove built, cooks and supplies brought along, electric light put into the hall and all settled down. A telephone was at once installed to connect with the Yamen, so that at any time, day or night, the Governor could get messages about the child, and a man was stationed by it to answer every call. . . .

I cannot begin to describe things as they really were. It seemed a hopeless task some days, and the family were told again and again that only prayer to the true God could save the child. And pray we did, and many of the Christians with us.

Of course everything was regarded with more or less suspicion. The fresh air in the room and uncovering the child every day to listen to his heart and lungs seemed terrible, though the uncovering was only a square inch at a time. . . . No water had he seen all those weeks, and the little hands were so grimy! Clad in his full outdoor clothing, long fur gown and black hat, there he sat, propped up by attendants. By degrees he was got to lie down without anyone holding him and trained to keep from incessant moving, to save the poor little dilated heart. After some days the hat was got off and joyful we were when the fur gown was shed! But so cautiously had all to be done! . . .

Never shall we forget those days. If we began to think he was improving, some other symptom would get worse, and *down* our hearts would go. The whole house was turned upside-down; we spoke in whispers; no bells rang and everyone went on tiptoe. . . .

It was rather a relief when, after Christmas, the Governor's mother fell on the stairs and sprained her foot so badly that she had to go home. She is a great idol-worshipper, and had tried every idolatrous device in vain over the child. It was a pathetic sight to see this old lady on her knees in the courtyard, beseeching her gods for the child's life.

From the time she left, the boy began to improve, but he looked like a famine refugee—such a poor little thing, only skin and bone! . . . He really was very good and made no fuss over the many hypodermics. Whenever he had one, his woman used to call his name softly, lest his spirit should depart with the prick. The medicines were hard to get down, and quinine *is* very bitter. All the family used to stand round, one holding the medicine and spoon, another sugar, another hot water to rinse his mouth, while the rest shouted directions as to what he was to do and that he was not to be sick, etc.

When he began to recover it was interesting and exciting. He never ceased wanting food, and no sooner was one supply eaten than he was crying for more. . . . The first time he swore at them, the whole room chuckled for joy and proclaimed the news abroad. Then one day his skin was moist, and the next good sign was that his eyes had tears. When at length he sneezed and the next day yawned, his recovery was complete. It was truly remarkable to see the improvement in heart and lungs, until there was no trace of the disease left.

By this time the little patient had become interested in the Bible pictures and stories, to which the servants also used to listen eagerly. One thing they all realized, and that was the futility of idol-worship. That it was God Who had healed him in answer to prayer they could hardly doubt.

The child is very bright mentally [Miss Soltau added before he left them, escorted with soldiers and banners like a little prince]. He announces that he believes "the Doctrine", and is going to be a preacher and a doctor when he grows up. He said to me the other day:

"You have added two this year".

As I did not quite understand, he explained—

"Myself and my younger brother".

The father's appreciation was expressed in the generous and unexpected gift of four thousand dollars toward the enlargement of the women's hospital. A maternity ward and other improvements were needed to keep pace with the growing work, in which the Governor's young wife continued to take the warmest interest.

But by this time Whitfield had been called away from Kai-feng. In the midst of the greatest opportunities of usefulness, he was suddenly overwhelmed with personal trial and sorrow. The channel had to be deepened that was to overflow in blessing more than ever before. There is an inward growth as well as an outward, and God's emphasis is not always where we should place it.

To Whitfield and his loved ones, in their home life, three perfect years had been given. There had been years of separation when Henry, the only son, had been left with relatives in Sweden on account of his health. But in 1915 he was able to return to China, and the friend who accompanied him on the long journey remained with them as governess. Mrs. Guinness was thus enabled to continue full-time work in the church and hospital, while the children made good progress with their lessons.

Whitfield delighted in his children. They had never been a worry or weariness to him. From the first he loved to enter into their childish fancies, to tell them stories and join in their games and to answer as best he might their endless questions. As they grew older they only became more interesting to the father, who counted it a privilege, as well as responsibility, to take his full share in their training. Love reigned in that home, but it was a real reign. There was no lack of discipline because of the tenderness. Gentle manners and thoughtfulness for others went hand in hand with obedience and the most perfect happiness.

One secret of that happiness was that the father and mother were so truly united in the Lord. A friend of many years, who had been closely associated with them in Kai-feng, wrote of this a little later:

> Your lives both have the same ring and the same high ideals and motives. Often one sees husbands and wives so different in disposition that the one is obliged to be always helping the other, the strong giving to the weak. But your lives are so much alike and so congenial that I always think of you two as just one person.

Amid the pressure of those busy years, when the work was making large demands on time and strength, it was this family life that supplied much of the refreshment needed.

> I can see the dear doctor now [recalled one of his fellow-workers], always walking to the hospital, down the long garden-path, and always running home to dinner by the same way. What a lover of home he was!
>
> So often, when tired, I have known him to fly in with a bound and settle down to his organ and just pour out his soul in music, till we all felt invigorated and brave again to face sand-storms and the daily rubs of life.

It was over that home life the shadows gathered when in Christmas week, 1918, little Mary, the youngest of the three children, was not quite herself. She was the brightest bit of sunshine imaginable, a radiant, loving little maiden of eight years old. Acute appendicitis, a difficult operation, long days of alternating hope and fear when the comfort of God alone could strengthen the soul, and the parents were called to part from their treasure.

> Gone from us [Whitfield wrote], gone to be with Him! Our precious little Mary—that radiant soul—how can I tell you what she was? Though only eight years old, she raised a standard we would do well to follow. Her high sense of honour and truth, the diligence and thoroughness with which she did everything, the order and neatness of her work, her thoughtfulness and intelligence and her unvarying faithfulness gave promise of a future of more than ordinary usefulness.
>
> Gifted and lovely in person, in mind, and in heart, she was nevertheless unconscious of it all. She radiated love, always and everywhere. Can you imagine how the heart of her mother was satisfied in her love? They fitted being into being, the one a counterpart of the other. As flower to sun, so did Mary turn to her mother. When we went out—with father on one side and mother on the other—she would dance for joy and gladness.

> My heart is breaking for her [the mother added]. She was more to me than anyone knows. But "*He is worthy*". Pray that we may be able to dwell on the glory-side of our unspeakable loss and go on with our service.

But this was not all. The Christmas holidays over, Joy and Henry had to go to school. This meant a long journey to the coast and up by steamer to Chefoo, and it was felt that the parents should accompany them. Other children were to join the party, which needed responsible escort. Thus it was that Whitfield wrote from Shanghai a little later:

> *Jan.* 31, 1919.
>
> My own Sister—God is permitting us to pass through deep waters. Just now we are like a flock of sheep scattered on a hillside by some grim enemy. And yet we know that God who loves us so much has permitted it all for our good. Janie, without whom we have no home, is lying seriously ill at the Isolation Hospital.

Photo by *G. W. Guinness*

MARY GERALDINE GUINNESS

At four years of age

Three days ago we were travelling with a party of Chefoo children to Shanghai. . . . It was very cold in the train. Janie shivered on the journey (two days) and had quite a sore throat, so I put her to bed as soon as we reached the mission-house. In the morning her temperature was 104.4 and it stayed up all day. . . . Dr. Jackson, a fine Shanghai practitioner, confirmed my fears: it was scarlet fever. He sent for an ambulance at once to take her to the hospital. Though in communication by telephone, I have not been allowed in to see her. Meanwhile Joy has a sore throat and a slight temperature.

Henry is isolated in his room, Joy is here with me, mother away among strangers, Mary in glory. How suddenly the united family circle is broken up! Never can I show you our beautiful little Mary, your namesake. She was worthy—our precious child! And now, Geraldine, the mother is away. . . . It has all come so suddenly that one feels bewildered. The foundations are moved—but "underneath are the Everlasting Arms".

That fruitful year followed, 1919, and Dr. and Mrs. Guinness, restored to one another though without their children, were enabled to devote themselves to the work in Kai-feng. Then, all unexpectedly, a call came to leave the hospital for a sphere in which they were even more needed.

The schools at Chefoo with three hundred children, whose parents were mostly engaged in missionary work, required competent medical supervision as well as an efficient teaching staff. The teachers were all full members of the mission, and a C.I.M. doctor also was in charge. But Dr. Hogg was badly needing furlough, and had to be replaced at short notice. A younger medical man, newly arrived in China,[1] was appointed to Kai-feng to work with Dr. Gibson, and Whitfield was set free for the more responsible task. Two years and a half at Chefoo, with a return visit to Kai-feng, were followed by two years and a half of furlough and deputation work, strenuous years, rich in service touched with a new tenderness of sympathy.

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[1] Dr. R. N. Walker, who with Mrs. Walker is still doing devoted work in the hospital at Kai-feng.

At Chefoo it was a cheer to meet an old friend and colleague from Honan, with whom Whitfield had passed through the Boxer troubles. Anxious days were again pressing upon workers in the interior, due to the rising tide of Chinese nationalism and political unrest. Recalling their fellowship at this time, as well as in earlier days, Mr. Conway wrote:

> Few know what missionary life in China cost him. Truly it was "The Utmost for the Highest". He rarely trod the easy path. It was ever the strenuous road for him—so unselfish and devoted that one might easily have foreseen that he would die as he did.
>
> How he gloried in the Word and in teaching it! Perhaps the thing that tried him most was the pressure of medical work that kept him from the spiritual ministry to which more and more he longed to give himself. You will not misunderstand this.
>
> Oh, what some of those journeys cost him, when called to the help of fellow-workers in sickness! Surely he and Sydney Carr have met in heaven, and talked over conflicts below! You should have some rich contributions from Chefoo, where his sunny, almost seraphic, face at times brought comfort and courage to go on amid increasing difficulties.

Very varied were the opportunities at Chefoo, both on the mission compound and among European residents in the Settlement. There were sick and tired missionaries in the C.I.M. Sanatorium to care for, as well as all the boys and girls and the large teaching staff. Perhaps it was to the little ones in the Preparatory School that Whitfield's heart specially went out. They had been the companions of Mary's short life at Chefoo, and responded with the intuition of childhood to their doctor's merry loving ways. Joy and Henry were in the Girls' and Boys' Schools respectively, so that their parents were in close touch with pupils and teachers alike. In Dr. Hogg's beautiful home they kept open house, just as at Kai-feng, and there was no part of the life around them that did not feel the uplift of their prayers and sympathy.

"Nothing was too much trouble if it relieved pain", recalled one mother to whom Whitfield's gentleness had been a comfort. Her baby had a boil that needed opening, and Whitfield came by arrangement when the little one was asleep and managed the small operation without waking him. What mother could forget that?

> My grateful memories linger around his kindly visits [wrote another], and especially does the day stand out when he had to tell us that our laddie's illness was typhoid fever, and that he must be removed to the hospital for night and day nursing. Our hearts were too full for many words, and I think Dr. Guinness found it hard to say much either. But with a sympathetic hand-grip and a voice as unsteady as ours, he comforted us with a word from the Bible, and was gone to make ready for the patient.

One of the staff of the Boys' School, in temporary charge of the sick-room, remembered that he never missed an opportunity of speaking to a boy about the things that matter most. Every visit to a bedside brought some helpful thought just suited to reach a boy's heart. And when, through overwork, Mrs. Bromby herself was laid aside, she discovered in a new way the depth of his sympathy. In the dark, week after week, with ulcers on both eyes, she was tempted to feel as if the Lord were far off and her cry unheard. But every day came the doctor's visit. He never missed even a Sunday for two long months. And every time he came faith was strengthened. "God has not forsaken me" was the assurance each visit brought, until with eyesight fully restored the trial passed away.

Even people who made no Christian profession came to feel that it was Whitfield they wanted in a great emergency, not as a doctor only, but a friend. In one of the wealthy homes of the Settlement, a little boy of two or three years old fell into a bath of boiling water. The father was connected with a big shipping company, but instead of sending for the Port doctor, Whitfield was implored to come to their help. He did all that could be done, but it was not possible to save the life of the child. In their distress the hearts of the parents were awakened to spiritual realities, and he went again and again to see them. In their home and others where he was a welcome guest he always spoke quite naturally of the things of God. At a dinner party or a musical evening, it was no surprise to find him engaged in earnest conversation with someone who wanted the help he was so ready to give.

In the meetings on the mission compound he was a welcome speaker, for he made the Christian life very attractive to young people. He had had an experience in Shanghai which profoundly impressed him and led to definite waiting upon God whenever he was to speak in public. He had been asked to speak at the Sailors' Home one evening. There was to be a concert first, followed by an address which he had consented to give. In the course of the day he met a lady whose life was a great blessing in Shanghai. She was a woman of prayer, and the work among the sailors was much upon her heart.

"I hear you are to speak at the meeting to-night", she said. "Have you got the Lord's message?"

Whitfield answered something about having "a subject", but he went home to spend the afternoon in heart-searching and prayer. The result was that the subject had to go, as he waited upon the Lord for *His message*.

There was a lively concert going on, with songs and recitations, when he arrived at the Sailors' Home, and the atmosphere did not seem favourable for the message he had to give. When the time came, he told about the leper coming to the Lord Jesus with the heart-cry, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean". A deep hush fell upon that gathering as the Saviour's words came with power: "I will; be thou clean". The Holy Spirit was working and several men, that night, sought and found cleansing in the precious blood of Jesus. Little wonder that "the Lord's message" was the thought most present to his mind when called upon to speak, from that day forward.

When at home on furlough, after those full years in Chefoo, he felt the responsibility of deputation work just as keenly. He gave much time to prayer and preparation for his appointments, but was ready to speak when unexpected opportunities occurred. And in trains and casual meetings with people, anywhere and everywhere, he always seemed to have a helpful word.

Travelling up to London, on one occasion, he was alone in a railway carriage with several young men who were having a good time. Whitfield drew them into conversation, and before the journey was over they were kneeling with him in that compartment, seeking the Lord. One at any rate was truly converted, and finding that he was going shortly to the East on business, Whitfield earnestly warned him of the dangers he would meet and explained the secret of victory in the spiritual life. Some months later he received a letter from Burma from this young man, for whom he had often prayed, saying that things were just as he had pictured them. But for the help given in the train that day he would certainly have gone down before the fiercest temptations of his life. As it was, he was proving the power of God to keep.

It was a changed England to which Whitfield and his family returned in 1923. Not only had the Great War shaken life to its foundations; there were gaps in the home-circle that could never be filled. Our beloved father and our sister, Mrs. Karl Kumm, were gone from the scenes of their earthly labours,[1] and our elder brother's fruitful life had reached its unexpected close. In the midst of evangelistic engagements among soldiers on their way to the front, Dr. Harry Guinness had fallen a prey to some insidious disease, the result of African fever, and while four of his sons passed through the war unscathed, he was taken in the prime of life to higher service. The Congo Mission and the work of the Regions Beyond Helpers' Union which he had founded were being carried on by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, with Mrs. Harry Guinness and the Council, but the College at

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[1] On our sister's grave at Northfield, Mass., in the private burying ground of the family of D. L. Moody, are inscribed the words:

"In very loving memory of one who, living and dying, pleaded the cause of the suffering and oppressed; who bore the heathen on her heart; whose life, from love to Christ, was spent to the utmost and for all; Lucy Evangeline Kumm (*née* Guinness) who fell asleep at Northfield, Sunday, August 12, 1906. 'Love never faileth.'"

Harley House, closed during the war, had not been reopened. It had accomplished its fruitful and abiding work.

All over the country Whitfield found many friends, and his time was fully occupied with meetings. In the C.I.M. Home in London his presence was more than welcome. There and wherever he was, he would slip into the circumstances, just as he found them, and turn them all round to the Glory of God.

> I thought him so unchanged [wrote a cousin who had known him intimately], only broadened and sweetened. His exquisite courtesy impressed me deeply—courtesy of spirit, the result of his whole being. It was sympathy, it was modesty, it was Christ-likeness. He gave me also the impression of living apart in the heavenlies—a secret life with a secret joy and ideal that were controlling him and that gave a sense of rest. "Found in Him" seemed to express it.

The spiritual power of his addresses was very marked.

> We were tremendously impressed [recalled an old friend at Ilfracombe]. The unselfishness and beauty of his character were utterly shining. There seemed to be not a speck of self left to mar the helpfulness of his ministry. Everybody loved him and wanted him to come again.

But time was found for needed rest and for delightful journeys too, when Joy and Henry came home from school and with father and mother would go off for the holidays. Together they went to Sweden one summer, staying both with Mrs. Faxe and with Mrs. Guinness' mother in Wänersborg, on the great lake Wänern. Joy found her Swedish relatives "perfectly charming" and "very, very hospitable".

> There seemed to be a good deal more convention than we are accustomed to in everyday life. People shook hands whenever they met, and we curtsied every time we went to see grand-

> mother. The lakes and forests were lovely, with wonderful fir trees and pines. We went out fishing a good deal and enjoyed cycling, photography, and reading. Most of mother's people spoke English. With one uncle, a distinguished doctor, father used to talk medical things in Latin.

"Everybody loved him" was her conclusion as to her father's welcome in Sweden. A friend of her mother's had written after an earlier visit:

> My chief impression of Dr. Guinness was that Christ had been formed in him to an unusual degree. His whole life radiated Jesus . . . and his heart was glowing with love to the people of China. I well remember how naturally he spoke of spiritual things and how trustful his prayers were. There was nothing strained or artificial about his Christianity. He lived an overflowing life, for he knew how to receive of the fulness of Christ, not to keep it to himself, but to share it with others, making many rich.

Another summer was spent in Savoy, near the Lake of Geneva, with Mount Blanc in full view of their windows. Glorious walks and climbs, with excursions to Chamounix and on the lake enriched the days. Then it was that Whitfield was most of all himself, blossoming out into the ideal companion and friend. He found it possible in term-time, too, to keep in touch with his much-loved son and daughter. It was not easy to write helpful letters amid constant travelling and meetings, but he knew that they were needed, and love made a way. Henry, who was at St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate, kept a number of these precious letters, some written in railway stations or from post offices, others from hospitable homes in many parts of the country. What they meant to a boy who was taking a stand for Christ in a large school community, a whole world in itself, may be judged.

BATH, *October* 26, 1923.

It was with joy and thankfulness we read your letter yesterday, and such true sympathy with you in your purpose to consecrate your life to God. He has entrusted you with your one life that you should live it "unto Him", and invest it in His service. As you respond to His purpose, and give it back into His keeping, what joy it brings to the Lord! We do rejoice with you, and thank God. . . .

We are having good meetings, and I am sure the Lord is granting blessing to many. I am speaking to doctors to-night and to nurses to-morrow, and preaching twice on Sunday. Mother spoke so helpfully yesterday. Many were touched.

How we love you and think of you and pray for you, and rejoice that you are what you are! Some day we may come to Ramsgate.

BRIGHTON, *Jan.* 27, 1924.

We have been thinking much of you, commencing a new term under new surroundings. . . . I am sorry you are not with the set you expected. It is a new opportunity to bear testimony for Christ—faithfully to read and meditate on the Scripture morning and evening, and like Daniel of old, to pray. How God notices such faithfulness! Daniel's action in boyhood is recorded by the Holy Spirit and kept for all time. God knows where we live and watches our response to the opportunities He gives us of witnessing for Him.

I pray that very clear guidance may be given as regards your future, and it surely will be given *when the time comes*. God has a purpose for each life, and if we are faithful and obedient we shall fulfil our ministry. Paul said, "The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work and preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom". That confidence be yours, my son—a life of deliverance and victory, through God's keeping, and one that is guided step by step in the path of His choosing. Never for one moment let that which defiles enter in. May the citadel of your life be kept clean, "unspotted from the world"—then your strength shall be "as the strength of ten", because your heart is pure.

BATH, *Feb.* 1, 1924.

I am glad that being on the study floor is so jolly. It is nice to be able to get some quiet when you want it. It is splendid being in the Vth for English, and studying geology. Think about all you learn, going over your geology between times so as to fix it in your mind. Think on the passage of Scripture you read each day. Meditation can be acquired by practice.

CHIDDINGFOLD.

Oh, let us be up and doing! Get ready, my son, for the work to which God is calling you. Understand what you learn. Keep it in mind by going over old work if you have a chance. Live close to Jesus. Get quiet moments with Him when you can. . . . Study the Bible to feed by faith on its teachings. Learn much of it by heart, and make its prayers your own.

KESWICK, *July* 20, 1924.

It was so jolly seeing you, and it did not matter our missing the train. I much enjoyed tea in your study, and can so well picture you now in all your surroundings. What a glorious cricket ground you have! Some day you may get into the second eleven—who knows? The chief thing is to grow in grace and in the *knowledge of God*, and wherever we are to show by life as well as lip what it is to be a true servant of the Master. "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me." I am so glad you have begun to witness: humbly, faithfully keep on.

LONDON.

It will be a grand day, if you and Joy come out so that we can be together in China! Forge ahead with your work. Continue living near to the Lord. Grow strong in grace and in the knowledge of His Word, and so be fitted for service "unto God". We are looking forward to a happy visit to France and Switzerland. I am so glad we shall have this time together.

To his own children even more than to others Whitfield's life overflowed in love and blessing.

CHAPTER XVII

"THE SECOND WATCH"

1926. Aet. 57

THE last summer they were together, Whitfield had the joy of having his wife and children with him at "Keswick". Many old friends were there that year (1925), including Dr. Ruben Saillens from Paris, Bishop Taylor Smith from Africa, and a full platform of speakers for the Jubilee Convention. It was a wonderful gathering, uniting Christians from all parts of the world as well as of all denominations. Whitfield, as one of the first "Keswick missionaries", was very much at home and warmly welcomed. From first to last the weather was perfect, so that the beauty of mountains and lake was almost beyond belief.

This was followed by a month in Scotland, and in the quiet of a cottage put at their disposal by Lord and Lady Kinnaird, on their beautiful estate near Perth, Whitfield's thoughts often recurred to an address which had been for him the message of the Conference. The young Scotch speaker, the Rev. John MacBeath, had dwelt upon the testings of life, the strain of temptation, difficulty, grief, or pain which was sure to assail each of his hearers, in some form or other, when they took up again their work in the everyday world. He spoke on the parable of Luke xii. 35-38—the servants watching for the return of the Master from the wedding feast—and especially the words of our Lord, "If He shall come in the second watch".

The second watch, the speaker said, is from ten at night till two in the morning—midway between the setting and rising sun. It is the dark lonely stretch that always seems so long, when the cheerless night settles down and there is no promise of brightening in the eastern sky.

> There are periods in our life that correspond to the second watch, and in a few days we shall be in the grip and the strain of a season that may well bear that name. We are going to discover that the second watch will be to us *a test of endurance*. . . . When you step out on a long road there is in your heart, at the beginning, the glow of a great adventure, the charm of a new undertaking. You step out with buoyancy of heart and travel with easy stride. It is always simple to begin a thing. . . . Then, at the other end of the road, when you are approaching its goal, you turn the corner of the long lane and there is the spire of the home church, the smoking of the home chimney. You stride on with alertness and gaiety, for the end is in sight. But the difficulty comes when you are in between start and finish. The glamour of the start is past and you are not yet in sight of home. There is no landmark visible in your journey; you are in the grip of the second watch. It is then your staying power is put to the test.

From notes Whitfield made in the tent that day one can follow the thoughts in this address which most impressed him. But no brief notes can convey the quickening and uplift they brought as he went on into the very experiences they dealt with, in his own "second watch".

> Most failures in life and character come in the second watch.
> Toilsome, unseen, unromantic hours—alone.
> A Test of Endurance.

A Test of Loyalty—

Stanley said of Livingstone: "When I saw that unwearied patience, that unflagging zeal, those enlightened sons of Africa, I became a Christian at his side, though he never spoke to me about it".

The *witness* of a loyalty unshaken, a heart unseduced, a love unfaltering, a patience untiring through the second watch.

A Test of Courage—

The tools of the day's handicraft are gathered and put away, and lamps are lit for the night vigil.

The first watch has its evening star, the third watch its morning star. In between, no glory of setting sun, no gleam of rising dawn; just the cold and dark of midnight.

Compare The Scene in Gethsemane—

First: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me".

Last: "Not My will but Thine be done".

Between: "Being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly". Drops of blood. Treading the winepress alone.

He was alone, for of all the sons of men there was none with Him. We are not alone, for of the sons of men, the Son of God is with us.

We are to be like the Servants—

While the whole city slumbered, these faithful servants kept their lights burning.

He appointed me my watch; my trust is with Him and not with man; and though every other light go out, I will keep my candle burning.

Test of Readiness for the Unexpected—

We live our lives under the discipline of uncertainty.

"If He shall come in the second watch."

Vigilance cannot be relaxed.

Uncertainty of Life Itself—

"What I say unto you I say unto all: *Watch.*"

"Minute Men" of the American Army: ready for active service at a moment's notice.

We never know what emergencies may be approaching, what commissions may be ripening, what chances may be on the way, what temptations are ambushed, ready to spring upon us unawares. Watch!

The Second Wind for the Second Watch—

Cultivate the habit of prayer. Your closet will be the place of life's renewal.

Accustom yourself to reckoning on God in every situation of your life. Count on His faithfulness.

One who tasted bitterness, betrayal, loneliness to the uttermost will come to you with love unspeakable: "I will be with you through life's long second watch, of whatsoever fashion it may be, at whatsoever hour it may befall. Count on Me: I will stand by you to the last."

The testing of the second watch was beginning that summer for Dr. and Mrs. Guinness as they faced the separation from their children involved in their returning to China. Henry was still at school, and his sister had been accepted at Westfield College for her course in the London University. There were no relatives able to offer them a home, and they were at the age when young people most need to be understood and lovingly guided. It was with aching hearts the father and mother sought to make suitable arrangements for them, and found it far from easy. Yet the joy of the Lord was very manifest in Whitfield's life through all those last weeks together.

"He would come down to breakfast so often", his daughter remembers, "singing, 'Now thank we all our God, with hearts and hands and voices'."

Oh, may this bounteous God
  Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
  And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
  And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
  In this world and the next.

It was on the 11th of September (1925) that the long parting came, Joy accompanying her parents to the station in London and Henry going with them to Tilbury Docks. They were travelling via the Suez Canal and Singapore, and to his daughter Whitfield wrote just after sailing:

> Only His call could take us away at this time. Your dear face, so bravely smiling to the last, filled us with gladness through the tears. It is heart-breaking, leaving you behind, but we are thankful to God that you are His and in His keeping. . . . In every hour of loneliness and temptation, if you will sit still and look up, His comfort will steal into your soul. . . .
>
> Though in coming days you may make many friends, there can be none who will bear you on their hearts like your own father and mother. Some day, in God's own time, we shall meet again. . . . Tell all your heart to daddy. We shall watch for news in our far country and for your dear letters at the ports.

And two days later:

> You can imagine how thankful we were to read your letter with its news of deepening blessing and a clearer call. It is rest, as one faces the realities of the mission field, to know "God has put me here". Steadfast study of His Word, an obedient attitude of heart and life, and earnest following of God's work in the world, with increasing knowledge of its needs, will lead to a clear understanding of God's will for your future service. You have felt the call; feed the fire, and when the time comes you will go forth with a burning heart. It is splendid to go through college and Bible school with the thought, "I am preparing for His service". Keep this ever before you, and serve Him all the way through the course by a humble, earnest, happy life.

Great were the changes Kai-feng had witnessed during the five years of Whitfield's absence. They had been years of increasing confusion, politically, and increasing alienation between North and South China. Civil war had been almost continuous, and Honan had again and again become the scene of conflict. Brigandage had so much increased that hardly anywhere was there safety. One interval of good government stood out against the dark background—six months when Feng Yü-hsiang, the Christian General, was in power. Mrs. F. S. Joyce, who had been more than twenty years in the province, spoke of it as "bringing to us in Honan the wonder of a God-fearing and Christian Governor".

> Kai-feng became a transformed city and the heavens seemed open above us. When General Feng was welcomed by the Christians, he spoke to us simply and humbly on the words, "If any man knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin". That was characteristic of all his life and work. He began by cleansing the Governor's yamen of all bad characters and idle hangers-on, and of all traces of idolatry. As we sat with him at a feast given to missionaries and Chinese Christian leaders, suddenly from an adjoining courtyard rose the strains of "Praise God from whom all blessings flow". It was startling! Where for centuries the devil had been worshipped, God was glorified; and from all over the city, from camps and soldiers' quarters, came hymns of praise. The military band would often play well-known hymns as they marched along the street. At that same reception, General Feng said:
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> "I want to help you, and I want you to help me".
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> Often had missionaries longed for an entrance among the soldiers, and now the time had come—in Sunday services for the offices, in churches packed with men from the ranks, in examination of candidates for church fellowship, in baptismal services and in intercourse with Christian officers. It was wonderful to join in a Communion Service with six hundred soldiers gathered round the Table of the Lord.
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> And what a change took place in the city! The abounding beggars disappeared—all were housed in a temple, fed and taught. Cigarette advertisements vanished from one end of the city to the other. From the massive walls and city gates our eyes were greeted with exhortations in large characters, standing out on white plaster, such as: "Rise early", "Be diligent", "Practise economy", "Speak good words", "Do not smoke, drink, or gamble"; and the hand-painted pictures of vices and public

dangers were marvellous. One was of a man being dragged along the ground by his pig-tail, entangled in the wheel of a cart (to discourage the use of the *queue*); another showed a sick man with an enormous fly buzzing round him (the source of his troubles). Yet another was of a train with women-passengers whose natural sized feet had enabled them to board it successfully, while a woman struggling along with tiny bound feet was too late. These and many other suggestive pictures were the work of the Commissioner of Police, who is an earnest Christian. The currency also was stabilized and proper accounts were kept of public funds. Soldiers were not allowed to run accounts; everything had to be paid for in ready money. And in the east of the province, where General Feng had full control, the brigands were being dealt with, he himself superintending operations in person.

The province had been afflicted with long-continued drought, and General Feng called a mass-meeting to pray for rain. He mounted a platform on the largest drill-ground in the city, surrounded by Christians from all the churches and a vast concourse of soldiers and civilians. There he confessed his sin and the sin of his people. He pleaded with God to send rain, asking that if anything wrong in his life were the cause of displeasure, *he* might be punished and the people spared. Before those thousands could reach home, clouds had gathered and the rain was pouring down.

Another great day had been the Anniversary of the Inauguration of the Republic. Mrs. Joyce, who was present, continued:

Government schools, mission schools, and all classes of people gathered on the parade ground to witness a splendid review of troops. General Feng looked so proud of his soldiers, whom he loves so much, as they came marching or galloping past him. The army choir sang hymns and patriotic songs, and General Lee, before that vast concourse with bowed heads, pleaded with God for blessing upon China. When General Feng mounted the high platform he was greeted with tremendous applause.

For a time he was too moved to speak. He just stood there, looking out over that vast assemblage. Then he turned to the Chinese flag, and all saluted it with bared heads. After that he gave a heart-stirring address on self-sacrifice for the good of their country. . . .

Self-sacrifice—he expected it of his soldiers, he pleaded for it from his people, he made it himself. I can bear witness that while he was in Kai-feng General Feng was an example—in his food, in his clothing, in the very bed he used, in his early rising and busy days, an example in everything to his people. To a missionary friend he said:

"I am no great man in myself; but I have given all that I have to God. So far as I know, everything is at His disposal."[1]

But upon the removal of Feng Yü-hsiang a very different régime had supervened. Peace seemed farther than ever from the distracted country. Sun Yat-sen had established the National Republican Government in Canton, as opposed to the divided northern parties, and there were two Presidents and sometimes as many as twenty independent armies preying upon the suffering people. To all this was added the horror of increasingly cruel and relentless brigandage, the brigands being, too often, soldiers of the party for the time being out of power. Armed with rifles and pistols, knives and swords, these marauders stopped at nothing in extorting money from rich and poor alike, and the hospital at Kai-feng was needed as never before to succour the wounded from raided districts as well as from the battlefield.

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[1] Of the remarkable achievements of General Feng in the training and discipline of his forces, no less an authority than Dr. Paul Monroe of Columbia University writes:

"This army was usually kept long enough in one quarter to raise its own food through extensive crops. I have visited this army; seen its well-kept streets and quarters; inspected its schools and shops; talked with its soldiers, officers, and commander. Granted that an army was necessary, this was a model army. The United States Army Commander in that region pronounced the camp to be as well kept as any he had ever seen. The commanding general, illiterate till middle life, had learned to read and was learning English. The walls of his headquarters were plastered with Confucian and Biblical texts. No liquor was allowed in the camp or at the table. The soldiers made and repaired their own clothing and some of the equipment; they manufactured soap and even tooth-brushes and tooth-powder; they set up fully independent communities. They assisted the people of the countryside, fought disease, insects and floods, made roads, established schools, policed the country. They formed the one army that the population of a region would petition to come." See *China: A Nation in Evolution*, p. 175.

It was to these conditions Dr. and Mrs. Guinness returned at the urgent request of the Kai-feng staff. There had been calls elsewhere. Whitfield had been wanted as Superintendent for first one and then another distant province in which the mission was working. But after conference in Shanghai the call to Honan was felt to be the most clamant for the time being, and they were soon back in the old home and work.

A great year followed, but one beset with difficulty. With the spread of Bolshevik propaganda, public feeling had turned against missionaries in common with other foreigners, and against the "Imperialistic" governments they were supposed to represent. Under the stress of anti-foreign movements, not a few of the Christians had withdrawn from their foreign friends, and had set up independent churches. Where all had been harmony and love, estrangement had come in and an atmosphere of suspicion, most painful to meet. The simple country people were still the same, but in the city cold indifference had replaced the former kindliness of feeling, and vindictive epithets were common, such as "Foreign Dog" or "Foreign Demon".

Yet the wards of the hospital were full, and on their own ground the doctors had greater opportunities than ever. General Feng, while still Governor of the province, had presented the hospital with a valuable X-ray plant, which was in constant use for the benefit of wounded soldiers and civilians. This met with unqualified approval, as did the splendid surgical work on both the men's and the women's side of the hospital. Dr. McDonald and Miss Soltau had the advantage of their well-equipped new buildings, and though Dr. Gibson and Dr. Walker had still to carry on in the old premises, they were doing work of a much more responsible nature than in former years and worthy of better surroundings.

Early in the spring, after Whitfield's return, serious fighting broke out in the east of the province, and many wounded began to reach Kai-feng for whom there was no adequate provision. Whitfield soon found himself called upon to revive the old Red Cross Association, and when an urgent request was made for the use of the C.I.M. hospital, he and his colleagues agreed to do what they could to meet the situation. Immediately they were flooded with the wreckage of battlefields, wounded men in an indescribable condition through neglect and semi-starvation. For more than a month the Red Cross flag floated over the hospital, during which time they were doing hundreds of dressings daily and performed two hundred operations under general anaesthetic. Even the women's hospital had to be requisitioned, and fellow-workers from other missions in the city came to give much-needed help. Soldiers who could not be admitted were seen and dressed, fractured limbs put up in splints and daily care given. Many had been wounded for weeks or months without receiving medical attention.

Famished and filthy in their blood-stained garments, they were most appreciative of all that could be done for them, and whether as out-patients or in-patients were ready to respond to the spiritual ministries of the hospital.

For Whitfield and his fellow-workers were keen as ever on their supreme task. The medical students of former years had been replaced by a dozen or more young men in training as male nurses, but Christian character and service were emphasized as before. Song Sin-kwang was still the hospital evangelist and many a story found its way into his note-book that meant "joy in heaven".

It was wonderful how, even through the busiest days, Whitfield managed to make time for home letters. To his daughter he wrote in January, 1926:

> It is cold, but there is bright sunshine. We are up at 5.45 every morning, so are glad to welcome the sun when he appears. Breakfast and prayers are over before eight, and an early start can be made. I go across to the hospital and meet the men nurses and we have a time of prayer before entering the wards for personal work. It is such a joy to sit beside a patient for a few minutes and read and expound some Bible story, and see the daily growing interest. I believe in personal work. There is nothing like heart-to-heart contact with individuals.
>
> Civil war is terrible, with its result in wounded men. Thirteen thousand soldiers are engaged in the fighting in this neighbourhood. Brigandage too brings its train of misery. Many old friends, in addition, are estranged from us, owing to anti-foreign agitation, and a somewhat forlorn and forsaken feeling comes over the heart of the missionary. We can enter into more of what it meant to our Lord when many forsook Him, and of Paul when he had to stand alone. It is a hard but wholesome experience.
>
> *March* 8, 1926.
>
> China is no easy place to work in just now, but it is very needy. Our hospital is overflowing with badly wounded men.

Their friends are allowed in with them, and form a splendid field for evangelism. Last night we had a glorious service (Sunday evening), singing and Gospel preaching, and there was such warmth and enthusiasm that all hearts were cheered. How much this means, when all around us bandit-raids and soldier-attacks are laying waste cities, towns, and villages! Women and girls are carried off, fathers and sons seized for ransom; cattle and food supplies are ruthlessly stolen, leaving the people starving, mourning, and hopeless. Many Christians have been carried away and some killed. Wounded soldiers nearly fill our Women's Hospital. The upper wards are reserved for women, but downstairs all is given to men, and the girl nurses are doing heroic service. Mother looks after the evangelistic work, and is appreciating the opportunity, which is wonderful—for these men come from many parts of central and northern China and will carry the Truth far and wide, if only they are converted to God.

March 29, 1926.

Daily services and personal work in the wards have been fruitful of results, and much good has been done. The strain on the staff has been considerable, but it is all in the day's march, so we press ahead. If you stepped into the wards you would see all kinds of weird contrivances to deal with the terrible conditions we meet. It needs mechanical ingenuity as well as surgical skill. Dr. Walker and Dr. McDonald work together; he is clever at devising ways of helping the poor men, and she is a splendid surgeon. So also is Dr. Gibson, who looks after the Men's Hospital. . . .

In a few days we revert to our ordinary work again. Of course we cannot turn out the soldiers, but wish to welcome as well the many civilians who are longing to come in. The difficulty will be to find room for both, as many of the soldiers cannot be sent away for weeks yet. Their terribly infected wounds and un-united fractures, resulting from neglect at the beginning, produce a condition never seen in our homelands.

A badly wounded soldier, very dirty and poor, lay in one of the wards, such a picture of suffering! Hearing a voice speaking on and on, he slowly turned his head and listened. It was the Evangelist with his bright face and loving message. The sufferer proved to be an educated man, formerly secretary to a Government official. He became deeply interested in books that were lent to him—holding them in the one hand he could move and reading all day long. The Truth gripped him, and before he left the hospital it was manifest that Liu Chen-hwa was "a new creature in Christ Jesus".

For three months a Chinese doctor had treated another patient, named Chao Hsuan, but he was worse rather than better. A hundred dollars was the fee, and time and money were both lost. When, finally, he was received into the hospital, the outlook was not bright.

"How long will it be before I am well?" he asked.

"Three months," was the doctor's reply.

Another three months! He could hardly face it. But those first days in the ward brought him unexpected comfort. He heard the Gospel, wondered, rejoiced, and truly received it. Soon he was telling the Good News to other patients "like an experienced believer". When discharged he was loath to leave.

"I have received two great benefits here", he said; "one the light of the Gospel, and the other healing in the exact time Dr. Gibson specified. I go out after three months to a day—well, in body and soul."

Many other such cases might be mentioned, for Song, the soul-winning evangelist, had between one and two hundred names in his record of those who, as far as they could tell, were led to a saving knowledge of Christ in that year of distress.

The strain was great as the busy months went on. Whitfield had almost thirty years of missionary work behind him—a long road—and the burdens were not growing lighter. How often he was reminded of the courage and endurance needed for the second watch! Uncertainty was one of the elements of trial—never knowing what was going to happen; rumours and fears on every hand; and in their own case, prolonged uncertainty as to their path of service. Urgent appeals from the Kai-feng staff to the mission executive in Shanghai finally resulted in their staying in Honan, where they could ill be spared, though they had come to the point of being willing for the uprooting suggested and the responsibilities of a larger sphere. Then there was all the heart-strain connected with the young people at home, who were meeting, very much alone, the brunt of life. The daughter especially, at college, was finding it hard to stand for the things she knew to be highest and best.

> What an avalanche of strange notions and opinions is descending on my girlie! [her mother wrote in reply to early letters]. Thank God you know Him as your Counsellor and Friend, and He will lead you on. Your own common sense and enlightened conscience will help you, and above all, God's Word. Test and prove everything by that.

But it was hard to be so far away, and not able to supply the home life and love that would have meant much in the long vacations. Very conscious of this, one summer day her father wrote:

> I have a wistful kind of longing to see you for a talk over so many things. When you are away from the swirl of college life, you get a calmer view. I read a story which you can pass on to young folk. A young fellow employed in cleaning a Bank picked up a roll of dollars that had been dropped by mistake. Recalling his mother and invalid sister needing medical care, he thought, "Finding is keeping! I may use them as I like". But better

counsels prevailed. He returned to the Bank; put them before the Manager, and with the words, "I found them", rushed away. Next day the Manager sent for him.

"Why didn't you keep the roll of dollars? No one knew that you had them."

"I have to live all my life with myself", was the reply, "and I did not want to live with a thief."

How far-reaching is that principle on the "positive" side of life—"I have to live with myself!" As I look back, the things that give me joy are always connected with victory over oneself: unselfishness, devotion to duty, purity—in other words, pleasing God and serving men. Such memories, too few, alas! are a joy in retrospect and a stimulus in the present. To hang beautiful pictures in the chamber of one's inner life is a wise thing to do. Hence many things which others consider all right are dropped out.

God bless and guide you, darling, as you face decisions fraught with such important issues. We cannot help you with our presence, but we always pray; and if you look up, not around you, the Lord will give just the direction you need. It will not be "I see no harm in it", but "Is this God's will for me—the highest that I know?"

Piles of letters lie before us, precious letters that one longs to quote at length because of their helpfulness, but only a few extracts can be added that carry on the story of that eventful year.

Father keeps bright and busy [the mother wrote]; so much to do in supervising workmen, conducting worship daily, caring for patients and preaching in the city on Sundays. Dr. McDonald is doing a beautiful work with Miss Soltau: the Women's Hospital is very up-to-date and efficient. I spend time there daily, talking with the patients. The Gospel is more beautiful and wonderful as you bring it to others. It is living seed and produces life and peace and joy.

When girls in college talk to you of their views on life, just tell them what you have found; it will make them hungry, and they may drop the stones and long for bread. It says of the idolater, in Isaiah xliv. 20, "he feedeth on ashes": don't you think many people try to feed their souls in the same way? God offers love, communion, life, service, sacrifice—and by these things we live.

Feb. 27.

It has been a strange day, a day of excitement and some thrills. The city, and I suppose the province, have changed government. The Kuominchun soldiers are defeated and fleeing westward. . . . At dinner time we heard that all the gates but the South were closed; that defeated soldiers were pouring in from the east and that looting was feared. . . .

Father is in the city, seeing patients. He is always ready, always glad, always thinking of others—such a blessing to me and to many!

March 9.

Yes, we are conscious of living in the midst of war. Soldiers, soldiers everywhere, and harrowing tales from so many places of plunder, burning, kidnapping, etc.—one is heart-sick over it all! Wu Pei-fu is now master of Honan. We have a new Governor. The last one fled, and all his followers came in for cruel treatment.

What different lives we live—you in your academic surroundings and bright young life, not without its temptations and testings; we here, with such needs thronging us, no time for reading or social fellowship, and often "faint—yet pursuing!" But it is good to be where the King appoints. We get our morning-quiet with His Word, and the dew falls from His presence. . . .

Father wrote to you yesterday. He is over at the hospital now, giving a lantern lecture to the soldiers, and that after a long day filled with work and endless interruptions. He is wonderful, really—taking everything just as it comes and meeting everybody with a smile, always patient, always kind.

March 17.

How we would love to have a home to receive you in for the Easter holidays! But it is all for His sake who gave up all for us. . . .

This dreadful civil war drags on, and the people are suffering more than words can tell. . . . There are splendid opportunities of witnessing to the men in the hospital. . . . When I go into the wards there are such happy, friendly greetings and exclamations of, "Come and sit here", "Come and talk to me!" Yesterday, nearly all were eating sugar-cane when I went in and many sticks were offered me. But there is the tragic side too. Some of the wounded are very ill and scarcely able to speak. One was found in his bed yesterday morning, dead.

From a neighbouring station, where he was caring for a fellow-worker in desperate illness, Whitfield wrote on May 19:

For us in China there is need of courage and joy. The day is difficult: brigandage, student opposition, anti-foreign agitation, Bolshevism, civil strife—a strange medley of conflicting influences sweep no one knows whither! As you stand below Niagara, the boiling surf of the rapids swirls and eddies round you and the thunder of the falls drowns you in solemn sound. Whither does it all tend? Is this a river—this confused mass of leaping, raging water? Yes, beyond the rocks and rapids, there it is again—and it was there all the time—flowing and widening in its path to the sea.

We see not yet what China will be. We stand amid the rocks and rapids. But the day is coming when all over this glorious land songs of praise shall rise from homes and hearts that own our Saviour, King. . . . The day is coming when sorrow and sighing shall flee away. Our share in bringing it seems small; but it is a share, a part of His plan, a help toward the carrying out of His purpose. And you too, darling, have a share, as step by step you *go on with Him.*

To us he could write more freely of things as they were.

March 10, 1926.

You wouldn't recognize China, were you here. All our stations are surrounded by brigands and marauding bands of soldiers, stealing everything and carrying off thousands of people for ransom. Our hospital courtyard and chapel are covered with stretchers and beds, bringing the wounded. It is heart-breaking to see the results of savage warfare, medical ignorance, and culpable neglect. . . . The crippling and maiming of such multitudes of men is so awful that it seems as if the devil were let loose and all vestige of goodness and kindness gone.

At Sin-yang-chow, when Wu Pei-fu's troops entered, they seized all the food of the city and let the people starve. They put civilians in front of them, when advancing against the enemy. All women under sixty were carried off at will. From Tai-ts'ang the Christian men went to bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Ford (their missionaries at T'ai-kang) and on returning found homes pillaged and wives and families gone—carried off or fled. So too around Fu-kow many Christians were captured, some returning to tell of marvellous deliverances, others not back yet.

It is easy to write this down, but difficult to convey the sense of oppression and depression that tend to weight the spirit. Yet we are rejoicing in the Lord, and in having a share in lifting the burdens of others. It is exhausting work. Join us in prayer that strength and grace may be given.

One bright spot in that difficult year was the friendship of Commissioner Hsü, the able Head of the Foreign Office in Kai-feng. Whitfield delighted to find in him a true Chinese gentleman and their intercourse led to a warm friendship on both sides. Through the Commissioner, an Order of some distinction was conferred on Whitfield for his Red Cross work, but it was the steadfast sympathy and true understanding of a man of Hsü's type that he valued most. When the Commissioner was called to a higher office elsewhere, a farewell banquet was given in Kai-feng, at which Whitfield was the chief speaker. "Sincere admiration and lasting gratitude", he said, "were words not one whit too strong to express their appreciation."

During the complex year of change since the Revolution, Commissioner Hsü has administered foreign affairs without a hitch. The same kindly interest and courteous attention has been shewn to all. To me, the Foreign Office has been as a bright spot of colour in the drab life of dusty Kai-feng, and to those who have been privileged to know the Commissioner personally, there will ever remain the impression of a true friend and courteous gentleman.

Then there was a day, a red-letter day, that stood out amid the trials of 1926—the day when fifty-three new members were added to the Church by baptism. It was the day before Whitfield's birthday, when he completed his fifty-seventh year. How well he remembered the beginning, when there were only two baptized Christians in Kai-feng! And now to receive, in the midst of all the adversities of this perilous time, no fewer than fifty-three in one day, tried and proved believers, who desired to make public confession of their faith in Christ, was a joy too deep for words.[1]

Another unexpected and growing comfort came in connection with little Mary, the precious child whose loss had drawn their hearts so near to heaven. A short account of her life had been published under the title of *Pearl's Secret.*[2] Pearl had been her Chinese name and the booklet carried the fragrance of her brief, beautiful life far and wide. As the tidings came from many lands of the blessing it was being made to other children, the father and mother could not but realize that their treasure had fallen as a grain of wheat into the ground that it might bear rich fruit.

They heard, for example, of Mr. Robert Powell's experience in Australia. A lady had purchased two or three copies of *Pearl's Secret*, and returning to the

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[1] Of these fifty-three new believers, many were from the outstations, Tonghsü, Chungmow, and others, the result of Miss M. E. Standen's faithful teaching. Of this beloved fellow-worker Mrs. Guinness wrote: "She is such a strength and comfort to the Christians —the friend and counsellor of all".

[2] *Pearl's Secret*, by Mrs. Howard Taylor, attractively illustrated, may be obtained from the offices of the China Inland Mission in London, Toronto, Philadelphia, Melbourne, etc.

C.I.M. Office a little later asked if there were more in hand. Upon learning that there were, she said:

"How many copies have you?"

Mr. Powell went to see and found they had ninety. To his surprise she said:

"Please let me have them."

She then explained that she had a Bible Class of about a hundred children. To some of the girls she had given copies of the little book. Meeting one of them not long after she inquired:

"Have you read *Pearl's Secret*?"

There was something about the bright affirmative that led her to question further:

"Did you find out what the secret was?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And what was it?"

"Why, she gave her heart to the Lord and wrote it down in a little book."

"And what did *you* do?"

"I gave my heart to the Lord Jesus, and wrote it down in a little book."

"If *Pearl's Secret* can do that," the lady said, "I want all my children to have it."

Before we left Melbourne—for we were in Australia at the time—we heard from this lady's sister that not a few others among the boys and girls of that Class had been led to definite faith in Christ through little Mary's joyous experience.

The hospital was kept open all through the summer (1926), though the doctors took turns in going to the hills for a breath of cooler air. The heat was intense, and serious floods added to the humidity and general distress. When Dr. and Mrs. Guinness went up to Ki-kung-shan, it was touching as well as amusing to find themselves pointed out as "Pearl's father and mother". Whitfield was to take the service one Sunday at the Union Church, and learned afterwards of a little girl who ran home to her mother quite thrilled because "*Pearl's Secret's* Daddy was preaching!"

It was always a delight to Whitfield to have a little time for social intercourse, and to enjoy fellowship with missionaries of other societies and nationalities. He loved his kind, and was quick to appreciate gifts greater than his own. There were several very musical people at Ki-kung that summer, and some with beautiful voices from which he derived much pleasure. And he little realized all the while the pleasure he was giving to others. No one on the hill was more loved. He was made Chairman of the C.I.M. Conference and was much in demand for meetings. Of one of these he wrote to his sister:

> I sought to convey the Lord's message to me on "Girded with gladness" (Ps. xxx. 11). Many came up afterwards for several days, to say that that was just what they needed. It just shews how many tired and sad hearts there are. . . . Blessings on you, and much cheer and comfort from God Himself.

It was certainly not from circumstances that the gladness came which shone in Whitfield's life that summer. Even up at the hills his heart was wrung by fresh and more terrible accounts of the doings of brigands and soldiers. Southern forces were gaining ground in the province, spreading Communistic teachings and practices. This meant increasing danger to missionaries as well as Chinese Christians. In the midst of it all, Whitfield's rest and joy in God were unfailing, fed by secret springs of prayer.

> I remember his giving a Bible reading in our home [wrote one who was with him at Ki-Kung] on "Adorn the Doctrine of God our Saviour in all Things". He certainly did this himself. We had many long talks the year before he was called away. He had always been delightful to talk with, but he was wonderfully mellowed and ripe for heaven.

It was at the Swedish School those summer days were spent, where Whitfield and Janie were under the wing of Mr. and Mrs. August Berg.

> Well do I remember him in our home [wrote his delightful host], always cheerful and bright, always looking at earthly things from the heavenly side, always ready to praise and pray. The more we learned to know him, the more we loved him.
>
> He had the gift of entertaining friends with his beautiful singing, and when children were present by his fund of stories and games. In Bible readings and talks over many important subjects he was also very helpful.
>
> And now he is not any more among us! . . . Often I recall the hymn he loved to sing last summer, amid all the distresses that burdened our hearts:
>
> In the land of fadeless day
> Lies "the city foursquare".
> It shall never pass away
> And there is "no night there".
>
> "God shall wipe away all tears."
> There's no death, no pain, nor fears,
> And they count not time by years,
> For there is "no night there".

CHAPTER XVIII

"UP FROM THE WILDERNESS"

1927. Aet. 58

WHITFIELD had hardly returned from the hills before terrible news reached Kai-feng of the increased activity of bandit hordes. Chow-kia-kow, with a quarter of a million people—the oldest mission station in the province—had been attacked and destroyed by an army of ten thousand brigands. Thousands of helpless, inoffensive people had been murdered and thousands carried away as captives, while the whole city was given over to an orgy of wickedness and after being looted was set on fire. The same thing had happened at T'ai-kang only a few weeks previously, and many Christians were among the sufferers. What all this meant to a heart like his may be imagined.

> Won't it be wonderful [he wrote to his sister] when all the kingdoms of the earth become our Lord's! Can you picture the joy of that day?
>
> Honan is bereft of workers in many stations. This terrible bandit scourge brings unspeakable suffering to countless homes. I told you about Pastor Ho's being beaten and burned. Many of the schoolgirls were carried off and kept for two or three days. Dr. Ho brought them back. From this neighbourhood numbers come, wounded and dying. Our hospital wards are largely filled with such cases. Janie wondered at a patient's lack of interest in her newly born baby. "It is a bandit-baby", came the explanation.
>
> Aye, China has an "open sore". How our hearts long for all

these horrors to cease! It is a privilege to be here. Fightings and dangers there are, but we would not forego the opportunity of serving with Him in His yearning love for this people. The Chinese are a fine race in many respects, and though at present propaganda is working against us, we quietly go on ministering while we may. And don't you think the fact of so many new workers coming out from home indicates God's purpose for the future?

A Scotch missionary in Hankow wrote to me recently: "Anything is possible to this frenzied people. Honan is a kind of inferno. What the end will be, nobody knows. 'Cast thy burden on the Lord' is a fine, uplifting promise and assurance at the same time."

So it is! I am called away to a surgical case, so must not add.

The chief comfort in those dark days, as far as the situation was concerned, was the attitude of many of the Christians. One letter that was a revelation of what the grace of God can do came from Dr. Ho, pastor of the church in Chow-kia-kow and one of the early students of the hospital. Writing of their terrible experiences in September, he said:

On the occasion of my being carried off by bandits I was filled with a peace and joy which pen cannot express. I was first beaten, four hundred blows, then burned with lighted sticks of incense held against the armpits. [This was as he was strung up by his hands to the beam of a house.]

The "examination" over, I was shut up in a small room with eighteen other prisoners. Most unexpectedly, I found there a copy of the Scriptures. I clasped it as a precious treasure, read and prayed, then witnessed to the Lord before the other captives. A quarter of an hour later I fell into a deep sleep, and slept till daylight. Although my body was covered with wounds and bruises, I did not suffer, and it was not long before someone came in and I was set free.[1]

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[1] It was through a friendly brigand, who had been treated in his hospital, that Dr. Ho was spared. This man pleaded for his life, and was successful in saving him, though Dr. Ho was forced to pay a ransom of two thousand dollars.

> I dare not, of course, compare my escape from the bandits with Peter's escape from prison, but the circumstances bear some resemblance.

A few weeks later Mr. and Mrs. J. Brock, who had been at home on furlough, returned to Chow-kia-kow and were warmly welcomed by Dr. Ho and a large gathering of church members.

> Each in turn [Mr. Brock wrote] told of the Lord's goodness even in the midst of trouble. I did not need to comfort them, but just joined in praise to God for all His wonderful succour and sustaining grace.

Surely it is a privilege to pray for such fellow-believers who all over China are still exposed to the same dangers. "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; them that suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body."

A letter just received from Dr. Ho tells of his loving remembrance of Whitfield's life and influence. It is so true and warm in its appreciation that one is tempted to quote it at length, but it runs to three full pages. Among other things he says:

> Dr. Guinness, with a burning heart, sought to save men. Except at such times as he was treating patients, he was constantly giving himself to bringing them the Gospel. His object was not only to save their bodies but their souls. Whenever there was a baptismal service, seven or eight out of every ten received into the church would be sure to be ex-patients, converted in the hospital.

Whitfield's love for his students, Dr. Ho recalls at length—how he helped them in their studies, "familiarizing them with the treatment of difficult and rare diseases, which he minutely explained"; how he built up the character of his pupils, teaching them daily in the Scriptures, and how he cared for their social life as well.

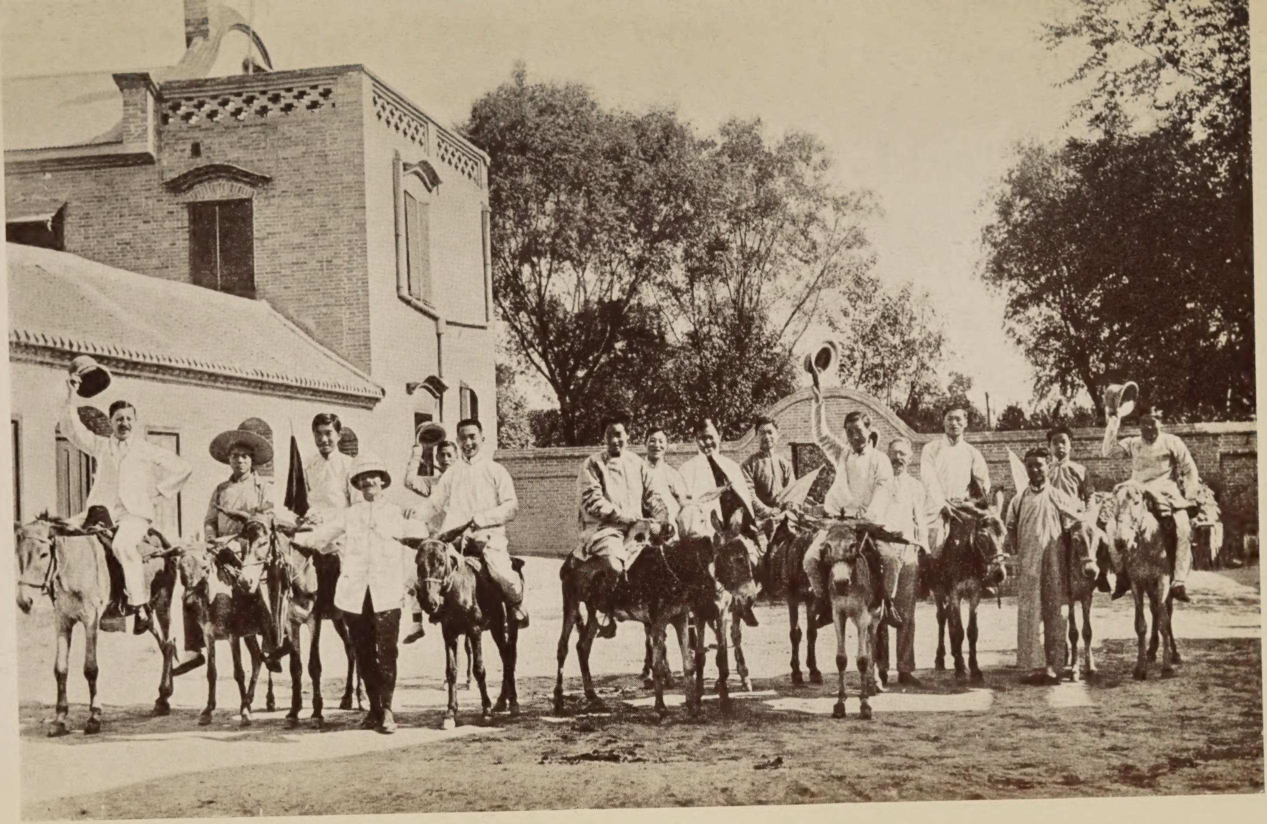
Busy to the utmost every day, Dr. Guinness and his students could hardly have been more so. Naturally there were weary hours. But he would plan exercise for them in the grounds of the hospital, taking the lead, whether at the high jump, cricket, or football. If any of his assistants were sick or in sorrow, he would be sure to find a way to help them. He invited the students, also, to dinner in his own home. Whether with organ or violin, he would often sing with them—for he was skilled in music—so that together their hearts cheerfully did the work of the Lord.

Of the brightness and courtesy of his beloved friend, Dr. Ho had much to say.

Dr. Guinness spoke Chinese well, and to Chinese etiquette and customs under all circumstances he was agreeable. In the presence of elders he was respectful and attentive; in the company of juniors he was approachable and loving. In conversation his whole face would be lighted with a sunny aspect. Thus people were drawn to him; and because he was friendly, he had many opportunities for presenting the Gospel.

The love that "never faileth", that "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things", was made very real to Dr. Ho by Whitfield's dealings with disappointing people.

Truly he never gave up even a bad man. I recall one, Liang Tao-tang, from Nan-yang, who was a notoriously evil character. I do not know what he had done to make the people break his leg, but he came to us to have it seen to. While in the hospital he seemed to receive the Truth, and when the fracture was healed Dr. Guinness retained him as gate-keeper for a time. But though outwardly professing to be a Christian, this man was unchanged in heart. He had not truly received the Lord Jesus. His old temper would frequently break forth. Constantly Dr. Guinness exhorted and quieted him and prayed for him. Eventually, Liang Tao-tang left the hospital and opened a food shop (restaurant) just across the road. His heart was further than ever from the Lord, but Dr. Guinness never gave him up. Both on



THE ANNUAL PICNIC FROM THE HOSPITAL

Dr. G. W. Guinness and student assistants, off for a day at the Yellow River

Sundays and when a special guest was preaching he would go over and invite Liang Tao-tang to the services. Whether the latter ever really repented I do not know. But Dr. Guinness certainly went all lengths to win him.

But perhaps the most cherished remembrance was that of "the print of the nails"—the willing fellowship in the sufferings of the Master.

More than others Dr. Guinness was diligent in labour and ready to endure hardness. Not only was he every day caring for the sick and guiding the affairs of the hospital, but the matters of the church also were carried on his heart. If he had a free day or two, he would go to the branch churches or outlying towns and villages to evangelize, sometimes taking medicines, sometimes lantern-pictures, by means of which to gather the people to listen to the Gospel.

I remember one winter accompanying Dr. Guinness to a farmstead some forty *li* from Kai-feng (thirteen miles). We stayed several days, evangelizing in the district, but Dr. Guinness was taken seriously ill and had to be brought home by cart. A high wind and heavy fall of snow made travelling difficult, and there seemed no warmth left in our bodies. When we reached the city, he could not walk even from the cart to the house. Whether winter or summer, cold or heat, he would go out like this, never missing an opportunity.

The labours of this winter (1926–27) his last in Kai-feng, told upon Whitfield a good deal. A severe attack of influenza left him with ear trouble and health impaired. But in spite of weakness and suffering he was thinking only of others. For himself, he was proving the truth of which he had written to his son the previous summer:

Jesus is with us always—waiting days, working days, perilous days, peaceful days, sad days, glad days, birthdays, death-days: write it on your heart. You know my text, Psalm xxv. 15. Jesus only—"mighty to save!"

Pressure of work in the hospital was as great as ever, and the outlook politically was threatening. Southern troops were advancing toward Peking, and somebody likened Honan to "a walnut in a nutcracker", beween contending forces. Kai-feng was held by Northern soldiers, of whom there were some two hundred thousand in the province, but the victorious Southern armies were pressing on, and what the issue would be no one could tell. All this, and the attitude in which it was met, is best seen in letters that managed to get through, though communications were often cut. To her daughter, Mrs. Guinness wrote:

Nov. 28, 1926.

Wars and rumours of wars are all around us, but we are just carrying on quietly, and when the trouble comes, if it comes, the Lord will give strength.

Dec. 4.

Honan is the centre and the storms are all round. . . . Any day may bring new developments. Still, here we are, the doctors toiling on, healing and operating, and both hospitals full. But *this* is not the China of your young days, darling. The outward friendliness is gone, and foreigners are suspected and neglected. . . . Visiting is not easy: one is not sure that one is wanted. So we need prayer that we may *go on* and give what is still so much *needed*—God's saving Gospel.

Dec. 12.

The Nationalist army is pressing on from the west, and retreating soldiers kill and plunder. . . . But, surely, out of this chaos will come some new and better thing.

I am very much interested in a young lady teacher, a patient in the hospital just now. She is so bright, but the story of Christ is quite new to her. Speaking of the resurrection she said:

"If one only had *hope*, one could be happy."

"Have you any hope?" I asked.

"No, none", she said. "My heart is empty."

She is to be married next month, but that is no joy to her.

In spite of the outward trials of that winter, Whitfield was "just himself, quiet and unruffled", Miss Soltau recalls, and no less keen in his interest in photography, music, and a game of golf at times, round the few holes in Bishop White's compound.

> I remember his being so amused over some fresh expression of slang, heard for the first time—rubbing his hands and looking just as he always did. He stooped a little more than formerly, but his hair was as black as ever, and in response to an outside call for help he would go off on his motor-cycle just like a young man.

He was a real lover of chess, and kept in touch with his children over their sports and games. To Henry he wrote just before Christmas:

> I should have enjoyed seeing you giving away Knights and Bishops to free the Queen for a finishing stroke, as she checkmated the master you were playing! Did it come as a surprise, or was it inevitable? Splendid! Bravissimo!

And in the same letter he went on:

> Our hearts do rejoice in the Lord's blessing on your personal work. Yes, the truth as to the Lord's return should be a means of awakening many hearts. People simply do not know about it—so little is taught in the churches—but it should be the light and strength of our lives.
>
> Mother and I were reading in the *Life of Spencer Walton* lately, a passage in which he said that *the will of God* was his aim—"*nothing more*, *nothing less*, *nothing else*". What a comprehensive motive! . . . There is no joy like that of an undivided heart, given to God. "This one thing I do." If one allows the pull of other things to influence one overmuch, then life is unsettled and cannot be happy. But when the heart is fixed and Christ is enthroned in everything, there is freedom from strain and a fulness of peace that carry blessing everywhere. God ever give you this, our precious son! May you continue in His grace.

Even when pressed with work and weariness, Whitfield's heart went out in many a letter to his daughter, making his sympathy felt in her college problems. He knew how eager she was to hear of home affairs, and did his best to keep her in touch with their surroundings.

October 27, 1926.

One of Marshal Feng's chaplains was in my study last night. I plied him with questions as to the influence of Russia on the Marshal, and he assured me that although Feng has been to Moscow he is dead against Bolshevism and Communism, and that he still remains what he was—a true Christian.

Why did he leave Wu Pei-fu? Wu caused the death of Feng's brother, making him take poison. Wu forced Feng out of his position as Governor of Honan, sent him north with a small army, without providing arms or money, and ordered him to fight the Manchurian war-lord. Had he failed, he would have been executed. Life was impossible, so Feng left him. Wu has no use for Christianity. They could not work together. At present we are in the dark as to how things will go.

November 28.

The hospital is full. Sick and wounded pour in as ever. Yesterday morning four beds were carried in with badly wounded soldiers—one, shot through the neck, was paralysed; another had a badly fractured thigh; and so on.

Soon we shall be singing, "On Earth Peace". As we do so this Christmas, let us remember the world's great need, the need of "peace and goodwill". Unselfishness alone can bring this in. Only when the Lord comes, it seems to me, shall we see the end of all this turmoil and strife. The League of Nations is good, but it cannot change the hearts of men. So let us pray for the coming of our King. Let us have our loins girded and lamps burning—watching, daily watching for Him.

I was reading in Hebrews this morning and was impressed with the fact that throughout the Old and New Testament it is God who speaks. He is the Author of Scripture: hence its authority and power. The Old Testament is not inferior to the New: the writer of Hebrews quotes from it more than from the sayings of our Lord. This should prove its authority and cut the ground from under the feet of destructive critics.

December 12.

We are so rejoiced to have your letter to-day, written only three weeks ago. I have examined the plan of your room and see there is no fireplace. How do you keep warm, I wonder? Facing south-east, you must have the morning light. I suppose you get up in the dark. England, in winter, wakes late. But dark mornings may be made light by His presence.

Andrew Murray points out, in a chapter I was reading to-day, that in our endeavour to keep the Morning Watch we must be careful not to give to prayer and Bible reading a wrong emphasis. They are not an end in themselves, only means to an end. The aim should be *to meet God*, to receive afresh His love and give Him our love, to renew our reception of His Spirit and ensure the presence of Christ in our hearts all day. Joy will thus fill the life. Strain will go—because I rest in His love and in the assurance that He who goes forth with me into the day will enable me to do God's will. Truly this is the secret of heart-rest and happiness. . . . So, morning by morning, look up into the face of Him who loves you so; tell Him all your heart; pour out your inmost thoughts before Him and receive the healing and strength He loves to give. "When I am weak, then am I strong", for "the power of Christ" rests upon me. Thus, like Moses, you will shine with an inner light.

All you tell interests us, your thoughts and views especially, and of course your doings and friendships. Remember there are thousands who are pouring out their lives for the good of humanity—physical, moral, spiritual good—who are far from any tinge of Modernism. How could it be otherwise? All uplift comes from the Lord Jesus Christ—sometimes directly, through His children; sometimes indirectly, through society permeated by His teachings. "Modernists" may be active in social service, but the sad thing is that they are doing away with the authority of Scripture and magnifying the wisdom of man. Contrast Paul: "I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified". May we have a like determination.

January 16, 1927.

Mother and I, so far away, are one with you in spirit all the time. I wish you could come and sit in a cosy chair by our fireside, pour out tea for us, and feel the warmth and comfort of home and the unchanging love that surrounds you. It is blessed in this home. God is here. Prayer is wont to be made here. The Book is honoured, loved, and trusted here. And this is where you were born and grew up and where you are cherished in memory still. Your home, your heart's home, darling, is still here. Let not problems and perplexities worry you; there are foundational things; and love is just that—the foundation of all, for God is love.

There was no peace in the situation around them, however, and Whitfield had cause to be thankful that the children were not with him at the home fireside. To Henry he wrote soon after the New Year (1927):

We may have to evacuate. If the Southerners reach Honan, they will make it hot for Britishers and for the Chinese Church. Missionaries in the centre and west of the province are leaving for the coast and Shanghai is crowded. It is clearly a case of Bolshevik work behind the Southern forces. Borodin is a trained agitator of ability, striving to raise Communistic Revolution in different parts of the world. At Canton he has been successful, and now in Hankow and Wu-chang. The Northerners are trying to prevent their coming to Honan. . . .

I am glad to know that you are enjoying school life, and only wish we had a home to welcome you to in the holidays. It is for the Gospel's sake we are separated, and the Lord will never permit any loss when we obey His commands—He more than makes up in His own wonderful way.

The Day is drawing near! My father, who studied the historical interpretation of prophecy, attached importance to the year 1934, though shortly before his death he also looked forward to a later date in connection with the fulfilment of Scripture prophecies. There is certainly an increasing momentum apparent, and we must watch events, both east and west, and be alive to all the evidences of God's working. . . . Watch the Jew and pray for him.

February 6.

To-morrow we open the hospital again, after the Chinese New Year, but who knows how long we can carry on? . . .

Consular telegrams urge the ladies to leave. Still we wait. We do not want to yield to any spirit of panic, and at present things are quiet here in Kai-feng. The great fact is, God is with us, so all will be well. . . .

I have just been seeing out-patients, and one realizes afresh China's great need. Isn't it glorious that, one day, the Lord Himself will be here! . . .

The city is upset with crowds of Northern soldiers billeted here. They look more like bandits than soldiers, commandeer everything, go into homes and take possession—and there is no redress. Mother bravely keeps on, also Mrs. Joyce and Miss Brook in the city, and Dr. McDonald, Miss Soltau, and others out here.

This afternoon I took the old jumping-pole and taught the students to do the high jump, or rather pole jump. They greatly enjoyed the fun. I drew the line for myself at a little over six feet, as I am too old now, fifty-eight in April! But I remember doing eight feet six at Cliff, years ago.

There the letter broke off, and the dear hand never wrote to Henry again. A couple of typewritten letters followed in March, but the fighting was nearer and the hospital was again flooded with wounded men.

March 7.

Yesterday I met a happy-faced Christian from the country. He was full of joy at the way God had heard his prayer. Soldiers passing his village determined to camp there. Everywhere they rob and maltreat the people, so the villagers fled. This man, however, prayed and was encouraged to face it out.

He went to the officer in charge and expressed regret for his poor welcome and the meagre entertainment which was all he could offer. And he went on to tell something of what the Lord had done for him and about the saving grace of God. The officer was moved and asked many questions. He then gave instructions that the soldiers were to behave well and not steal in that place. The villagers soon came back to help cook for them, and no home was damaged. God had heard prayer. You can imagine how this dear man rejoiced. Such things are encouraging, amid the fightings and fears on every hand.

It is a glorious thing to *prove* the truth of the Word in personal experience. . . . Oh, Dear Ones, "hold fast the form of sound words" you inherit! The Modernist has nothing to give you in exchange for the Cross—for victory through the shed blood and the Holy Spirit. "Christ liveth in me": may that be your experience to the very end.

Mother is wrapped in her dear old brown shawl. It is raining, and a damp dismal outlook quite unusual for Kai-feng makes things a little dull. But it is only passing. "He knoweth the balancing of the clouds." So with the war-clouds round us; they too will pass away. I love to rejoice in hope of the coming glory.

A few days later, guns were audible, and the city was silent and scared. A rush of work was on in the hospital then, and Whitfield's home was invaded by refugees and a fellow-countryman, the Postmaster, seriously ill, for whom there was no room in the hospital. A sudden outburst of hostilities near at hand had brought numbers of derelict, wounded soldiers to Kai-feng for treatment. One of them had contracted typhus fever. At first he was turned away, but when Whitfield heard of it, his heart was moved. It was bitterly cold weather; the man was in great suffering; knocking his head on the ground, he besought shelter; and a fellow-worker of another mission was ready to put up a little hut in which he could be cared for, if permission were given. Whitfield consented, only stipulating that he himself would look after the patient.

Of the situation around them, Mrs. Guinness wrote to the children:

March 11.

Ever since last night the big guns have been booming, so fighting cannot be far away. . . . The stream of country people flowing into the city, yesterday, just made one's heart ache. Mothers with babies and old women with despair written all over them, small children carrying bundles—all trying to save something as they fled from their village homes and the terror of the soldiers. Nobody knows who is fighting whom, and treachery is everywhere suspected.

A week later Kai-feng was taken by the Southern forces. Of that terrible night Mrs. Guinness wrote but little. After making the best arrangements they could for the safety of patients and refugees, with whom every corner was crowded, there was no thought of sleep.

We went up to our room, but did not undress. How could we—with cannon booming quite near and the vicious sound of machine-guns and rifles! Anxious for Miss Standen in our guest-room, I went to move her away. She had pulled her mattress into the cupboard, but the flash of the big guns was like lightning in the room, so we carried her bedding down to the dining-room, where there was a camp bed. Then we lay down and had some rest. At 6 A.M. our faithful table-boy came with tea as usual. It was refreshing and so was daylight. The firing gradually ceased, and then we heard that the city was in the hands of the Southern general.

But the victory was short-lived. Six days later, Whitfield was writing:

March 26.

To-day the Southern forces have been driven away and the Northern troops are coming back. Conflicting reports have been reaching us, and no one knew the facts until yesterday some Southern officers came to the hospital to remove some of their friends. Then I knew they had been defeated. This was confirmed in the afternoon when forty wounded Southern soldiers attempted to gain entrance to our already crowded hospital. They were in such a state of fear that we had to do something to help—so arranged for them to be cared for outside, in a hospital of their own.

The sufferings of the people are hard indeed to witness. Yesterday our back village was raided by soldiers in search of bedding, and anything they wished for they stole. . . . Food and houses are freely commandeered. Numbers of country-folk are brought in damaged by bombs that have been thrown at them, or hidden underground, and that go off unexpectedly. Children even play with them, and faces and hands are fearfully damaged.

The problem facing us now is whether the ladies shall return to their out-stations, or leave for the coast. We are inclined to stay on, and give what help we can to the people. It is a testing time for everybody, and only patient persistence and trust in God can carry one through. Thank God, He is with His people, and will be to the end. And you at home, though in a different way, need just as much the strength and courage that come from His presence, to fight the battle of life. May we all have grace to watch, as He bids us—"I say unto you . . . unto all, Watch!"

The next day was Sunday, and a brief entry in Whitfield's diary is revealing.

March 27.

Meditating on the love of Jesus—John xiii. and xi. and John xvii. 3.

Purpose to be His missionary—always: no relaxing, keen on the scent!

He preached in Chinese that day, taking as his subject 1 Kings xiv. 9 and Isaiah xxxviii. 17:

Thou hast cast ME behind thy back.
Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back.

It was his last message to the people for whom his life had been poured out, little though he realized this as he briefly noted its headings:

Sin separates from God: sin must be dealt with.
    Man's plan—"good deeds", morality.
    God's plan—Matt. xxvii. 46. A "forsaken" Saviour!
I accept God's plan—and am safe.

One more entry remains in the journal, only one. In his last letter to his sister he had written in his own bright way:

For the future—when I believe and sing, my doubtings cease. Duties are ours, events are God's. Keep singing, keep singing—sweet melody in the heart! The Day is coming.

But now he was passing into the shadows of a valley darker than any he had yet entered. All unknown to himself he had taken the dread disease he was fighting in the little shack where that fevered patient lay. He had often cared for typhus cases before, but this was different. Headache and weariness—no, he would not give in. He was weakened from his recent illness, tired with the heavy strain of the winter. Thinking only of others he kept on; but the last entry in his journal shows at what cost.

Wednesday, March 30.

Headache. Fine day—
    Luke xii. 37—"*Watching.*"
Staying power put to the test—
    Toilsome, unromantic hours.
A test of endurance, loyalty, love, courage.
    He appointed me my watch. My trust is in Him. And though every other light goes out, I will keep my candle burning.
Unwearied. Unflagging zeal. Love unfaltering.
    Patience untiring.
Test of Readiness for the *Unexpected*—
    "Minute Men"!

. . . .

A sudden order for evacuation had reached Kai-feng. The hospital was to be closed, and the missionaries were to go at once to Peking, while it was still possible. Most of the little foreign community had gone already and it seemed doubtful whether any more trains would run. Whitfield, moreover, was so ill as to be confined to bed. No one realized what he was suffering, for the brave smile still welcomed those who had time to come to his side. Hurried packing, frequent consultations about arrangements; interviews with the dear Chinese fellow-workers to be left behind; times of prayer, when the little company of unwilling refugees spread their case before God, their "very present help in trouble"; and then—His deliverance!

A special train was starting for Peking, to take General Mi to the capital. It was not to carry passengers. But the General had learned of Whitfield's illness and knew the value of the work done in the hospital. There was a box-car available, nothing else. If the missionary party could make it do for the two days' journey, they might join the General's train.

How hard it was for Whitfield to be laid aside at such a time cannot be told. He was alone, in burning fever, longing to help the loved one whose burdens he always carried, but only able to look up and be still. Did he realize what his illness was? What were his thoughts, his longings during those testing hours? Coming to his bedside in the midst of final preparations, Mrs. Guinness gave him out of the fulness of her own heart's experience some comforting words of Scripture—a promise for that hour of need. But the sufferer's thoughts were not turned inward. "Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord"—the attitude of a lifetime was instinctive now.

"Give me one about the glory of Jesus", he whispered.

"We see not yet all things put under Him", came the gentle answer, "but we see Jesus . . . for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour."

"Ah, that's it!" the fevered lips responded.

It was enough: "Jesus crowned with glory and honour!" It was enough—to uplift the crucified Saviour in death as in life, to worship Him as He should be worshipped, love as He should be loved.

I long to hear the chorus of all voices,
With sweet, harmonious swell,
Uplift the Name at which my heart rejoices,
Immanuel!

The angels their melodious thunder bringing,
Its sacred meaning tell,
And all the host of blood-washed harpers singing,
Immanuel!

The God of glory Who in love transcendent
Has stooped with man to dwell;
The crucified, the risen, the now resplendent
Immanuel!

The Name Whose meaning evermore remaineth
A truth unspeakable;
Which praised of all, above all praises reigneth,
Immanuel![1]

"Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory . . . that the love wherewith Thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them."

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[1] Lines written by our own dear father, in our childhood.

CHAPTER XIX

"THE ISSUES FROM DEATH"

1927. Aet. 58

STRANGELY in contrast were the outward scenes with the eternal glory so soon to break. The hurry of preparation, the trial of leaving the work not to speak of home and possessions, everything that had made the setting of life for so many years, the pains of parting from beloved Chinese colleagues, the anxiety of caring for the sufferer on the long, difficult journey—these and other distresses did but serve to bring out the tender care and wonderful nearness of the Lord Himself.

Whitfield was conscious, though in high fever, as he was leaving in the ambulance for the railway station, and his thoughts were all for the Chinese friends around them. Close at hand stood Miss Wen, the senior nurse of the Women's Hospital, whose tears could not be restrained. Though unable to speak words of comfort, Whitfield lifted his head with difficulty to look at her with his old bright smile.

In a corner of the box-car they laid him on a camp bed—just a rough covered truck, into which twelve other passengers were crowded for two days and nights. There were no conveniences of any kind, but the car went right through to Peking without change, and they had faithful servants with them who managed to get boiling water at the stations, in spite of the crowding and confusion. The constant banging, shouting, and noise were trying, and so were the cold and rain, but the presence of Dr. Gibson and Dr. McDonald in the party and the skilful nursing of Miss Dives were an untold comfort. The distinctive rash of typhus developed on the way, yet it was with some hope that the travellers reached Peking and the shelter of the Union Medical College with its wonderful hospital.

It was Eastertide, Passion Week with all its sacred associations, when the dear sufferer lay silent and unconscious from April 8-12. A brave fight for life was maintained by doctors and nurses, and hoping against hope the watchers prayed on. Almost all the Kai-feng missionary community was in Peking at the time, for, with few exceptions, foreigners throughout the interior had obeyed the order for evacuation. It was like the Boxer troubles over again, save that loss of life was prevented. How glad Whitfield must have been, in leaving the work he loved, if he realized that he had put in twenty-seven years of unremitting toil, since 1900, for the people of the province in which his life had then so nearly been laid down!

Watching at his bedside through those long days of suspense, many were the thoughts and memories that came to the breaking heart that was giving him up to God. There was no wavering of the confidence in His love or acceptance of His will which sustained her, but memory was busy.

> My heart is breaking with sorrow, but full of peace [the lonely watcher wrote]. I stand by his side and praise God, and thank My Own for all the love of these twenty-two years. Such perfect

happiness! Read 1 Cor. xv. and 1 Thess. iv., and stayed my soul on God's truth. . . . There is peace in the little room, and Whitfield is too ill to feel any pain. . . . He put his hand between mine this forenoon.

April 12.

Alone with my Loved One and with Jesus. Opened *Daily Light* at Sept. 26, and got strength and comfort. My Dearest has passed through the sufferings of death and is so near the Homeland—how can I, dare I, call him back, or even wish him back? From weakness, pain, and death he is going into liberty, joy, and life—all the blessed fellowships his soul delights in. Enter in—"into the joy of thy Lord". Heaven is calling, and I let him go. For myself and our precious children, we are in God's keeping. Read John xvii. and Romans viii.

"Oh death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Such parting is not parting; such dying is not death. "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Far away in England the children were writing birthday letters to their father, full of love.

You are just the best father anyone could ever have, and I thank God for you and mother, and all you mean to me, every time I lift my heart to Him in prayer. I would so like to come and bring you my love myself, but that cannot be. . . . God bless you richly, daddy darling, specially on the 25th, and may His protecting care keep you safe from all harm and danger until we meet again, either on earth or in heaven—this is the earnest prayer of your own little girl who loves you more and more as the years go on.

Would not that love have deepened had they known that, even then, their father had laid down his life for another in the quiet fulfilment of duty?

. . . .

A perfect day of Easter sunshine made it easier to lay the beloved remains to rest in the quiet little English cemetery, a few miles from Peking. Many fellow-workers were there, refugees from the interior. One conducted the service in the beautiful chapel of the British Legation in the city, others carried the friend they loved to his last resting-place, and Bishop White voiced their hearts in his address and prayer.

> As we gathered round the open grave [Miss Standen wrote to Joy and Henry], the afternoon shadows were falling. One seemed as in a dream, for while all about us was new and strange, the faces of those present were familiar. The members of the Canadian Church Mission in Kai-feng, the Free Methodists, the Y.M.C.A. leaders, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawton of the Baptist Mission, Cheng-chow, were all there. Chinese friends were represented by Dr. Lucy Kao of our Women's Hospital and a gentleman from the Red Cross Society. The flowers—wreaths and crosses—were very beautiful, and silently spoke the love and sympathy of those who stood by. All was so quiet and reverent, and the place so sweet and peaceful, that one could not help thinking that it was just as Dr. Guinness would have arranged it for someone else, whom he loved.

Sadness there could not but be, but Bishop White touched the true note when he said that, "somehow, the characteristic joy of Whitfield Guinness clings like a fragrance round his memory". It was of that joy and of its secret spring that Mrs. Guinness wrote in the days that followed:

> PEKING, *April* 19.
>
> Every remembrance of my Loved One, these last months, is full of blessing. He lived so near to God! Every morning he was strengthened through feeding on the Word and in communion with God, and came out to the weary days of toil anointed with the oil of joy, to pour himself out in love and service for others. We often spoke of the Lord's return and also of death. It had no fear for him.
>
> *April* 21.
>
> Of all his gifts, his humility was to me the greatest.

TIENTSIN, *April* 27.

I know that strength will be given, and I would not be without the pain. . . .

These last months, all the trials and distresses only brought us nearer to one another; and you know what Whitfield was —how he brought cheer and gladness everywhere and poured out love. . . . Joy seemed to be his watchword always, and specially of late. Now it is his in fullest measure. But oh, how terrible this silence and separation!

ENGLAND, *July* 6.

Do not think I am without comfort. I sometimes marvel at myself for going through "bravely", people call it, but one knows it is only in power given from "the God of all comfort". My journey via Siberia was easy and uneventful. No trouble at all in Russia. . . . My precious Joy met me and is such a comfort, quite unspoiled, I think, and set apart for the Master. . . . Henry is happy at school, and out and out for God. Both are keen on serving the Lord among the heathen, if He so guide. . . .

I have many, many letters telling of the blessing our Loved One has been in so many lives. The more I think of him the more I marvel at his love and humility and selflessness. And then, those last weeks, he seemed so ripened—though often very weary.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord", not only to us, "is the death of His saints."

But there is something more. "Unto God the Lord belong *the issues* from death", and the issue from death is *life*. It is God's way to overcome evil with good; to conquer death through resurrection; to bring out of buried seed—a harvest.

What is the harvest to be for Honan? The work in Kai-feng has indeed gone down into death. Occupied by the military since 1927, the hospital has only recently been returned to the mission. The province, devastated by worse fighting than ever, is still enduring a long martyrdom. But life is coming. Is it working in your heart and mine as we read these pages? Are we being drawn to prayer for its yet unevangelized millions, for the churches facing persecution and the loss of all things, for the hospital overwhelmed with work and opportunities?

> You can understand what it means [wrote Miss Soltau recently (April, 1930)] to be back in this big work and only have two doctors for it all, when in past years five were kept more than busy. . . . We do ask your earnest prayers that God will in some way meet this need. The opportunities for service are as great as ever, for the people come in increasing numbers all the time. Not having had the hospital and skilled treatment, these past years, they seem to appreciate more than ever what it means.
>
> Later.
>
> There just is *not* time for letters! A hundred out-patients cared for to-day, and a number more could not be seen.
>
> *Easter Sunday*, 1930.
>
> How thankful we are that many are praying for us, for with the shortage of help and no word of reinforcements, we wonder how long we can hold on. . . .
>
> The only way to get through has been for Dr. McDonald to operate at 8 A.M. and again in the afternoon, after the heavy morning clinic. . . . She even takes her books to bed with her at night, to read up for the next day. As you know, we get the difficult cases here, that no one else can treat.
>
> *July*, 1930.
>
> Of course, of recent months we have been in the fighting area, sometimes within sound of big guns on three sides of us. But still more trying has been the bombing of air-planes. The hum of one of these coming over us sends nurses and coolies flying out to snatch up children and carry in beds. . . .
>
> Thank God, our prayers have been answered and no harm has come to any of us. Psalm ninety-one is still true. Numbers of civilians have been killed and wounded, and many people have made dug-outs or fled to the country. Now, thousands of wounded soldiers are being brought back to the city, where military hospitals are prepared. But how the poor fellows suffer, many only getting their wounds dressed once in two days! In

our Men's Hospital of late, eighty per cent of Dr. Walker's cases have been wounded officers, who insist on being taken in, knowing that they will get proper care.

What an opportunity for reaching people who might otherwise never be brought under the influence of the Gospel. One last glimpse comes from the Men's Hospital of Whitfield at work among just such patients. It was after he had contracted the infection that cost his life, but though feeling ill and very weary he was still the soul-winner.

> One of my recent patients [wrote Dr. Gibson], an officer in the Northern army whose thigh had been amputated, held up a New Testament to my view as I went round the ward, and told me how Guinness had talked with him the evening before, and how, as he told him of Jesus, the pain in his limb had gone away.

Such work must be followed up by prayer, and it is for prayer that Dr. Walker appeals most of all. The men's side of the hospital badly needs rebuilding. The plans Whitfield made and so hoped to carry through are still in abeyance. Dr. and Mrs. Walker, and Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner in the pharmacist department, are working under discouraging conditions. But while sorely needing adequate equipment and the help of another doctor, it is prayer for the blessing of God that they ask first and most.

> Please pray for revival here [Dr. Walker wrote not long ago]. It is prayer that will avail, and your help in this way means more than we can tell you.

The great needs that drew Whitfield to China remain. The mission to which he belonged is to-day appealing for two hundred new workers from the homelands, and praying that among them there may be not a few doctors.

Nurses too are urgently needed. Women doctors, coming to China, could hardly wish a more favourable opportunity of learning the language and gaining experience than in the Kai-feng Hospital, under Dr. McDonald's experienced leadership.

And all around that centre millions of suffering people are without the consolations of the Gospel. Before reopening the hospital, Dr. McDonald and Miss Soltau spent some happy months in "field work", that is to say in outlying districts where no doctor or nurse was to be found. Taking only the simplest equipment, they relied a good deal upon the help of local Christians, who received them with open arms, and found that they could do "a tremendous amount to relieve suffering and break down prejudice". With fifty to sixty in-patients and their friends, and scores of out-patients daily, they were reaching large numbers of people who could never have made their way to the capital, but who desperately needed the relief from physical suffering which they were enabled to afford, as well as the light in spiritual darkness.

> A number have come to us here [Miss Soltau wrote from Fukow] asking for medicine to keep away evil spirits. Only to-day one woman pleaded for a "Jesus charm" to tie on her garment, to protect her from tormenting demons. Quite a number of patients insist upon staying with us on the premises, because they feel sure that there is a power in our midst which can protect them from evil spirits. One little sentence often comes to my mind in the midst of these people: "*Those whose sufferings are unrelieved by the knowledge of Thy love*".
>
> As you know, the Kai-feng work was started on right lines, and the Lord blessed in a truly remarkable way. Now we have been left. The one who was our leader so long has been taken, and we look into a future strangely unsettled. Yet we are certain

that the Lord is calling those of us who remain to a fresh consecration of our lives and our healing gifts to His service. We cannot see just what His path is for us, but somehow our hearts are full of expectation.

"God is unto us a God of deliverances, and unto Jehovah the Lord belong the issues from death."

We may not see what the future holds, but we can claim in faith the harvest promised from buried seed. The issues belong to God, and He is able to perfect them in spite of every hindrance. As we, each one of us, follow truly along this line of deeper consecration, yielding ourselves, our all to Him without reserve, He will use us in prayer, in sacrifice, in service, as He used the life we have followed to its blessed consummation —the perfect service and fellowship of the eternal years.

THE
CHINA INLAND MISSION

The China Inland Mission—an interdenominational and international organization—was founded in 1865 " under a deep sense of China's pressing need, and with an earnest desire, constrained by the love of Christ and the hope of His coming, to obey His command to preach the Gospel to every creature ".

During the last sixty-five years about 126,000 Chinese have been baptized, and the work is being carried on to-day by 1,150 missionaries and a large force of Chinese workers in 300 stations and 1,700 out-stations.

Although no appeal for funds has ever been authorized, God has supplied all the needs of this ever-growing work, and the Mission has never been one penny in debt.

To God alone be the glory!

⁂

But China's need to-day is as pressing as ever. Multitudes of men and women, great tracts of country, are still unreached. The command to preach the Gospel to every creature has never been cancelled. Have we, then, the same deep sense of the need? Are we constrained by the love of Christ and the hope of His coming to obey His last command?

Believing that, in spite of the unstable political conditions, it is our inescapable duty to advance in every part of the field, we have issued an appeal for *two hundred new workers* within two years, *i.e.* by the end of 1931. We therefore invite the prayers of all on whom God lays the same burden, and offers of service from those who are free and fit to go.

You can help by joining

(1) The Prayer Union, which links together those who desire to pray systematically for the work.

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